Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 30, 1944

©THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PRAYER *for* CHILDREN

By Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

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Dec. 30, 1944

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Nothing takes the place of BACARDI
The Bacardi Eggnog
(20 Servings) Beat, separately, yolks and whites of 6 eggs, adding ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating, ¼ cup sugar to stiff-beaten whites. Mix together with 1 pint cream, 1 pint milk and ¾ bottle BACARDI (Gold or Amber label). Stir thoroughly and serve very cold with grated nutmeg. SUPERB!
CARTA DE ORO
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF - 4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF CUBA
MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI Y Cia
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AND REMEMBER — FOR VICTORY — NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS! . . . Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y., RUM — 89 PROOF. Copyright 1944

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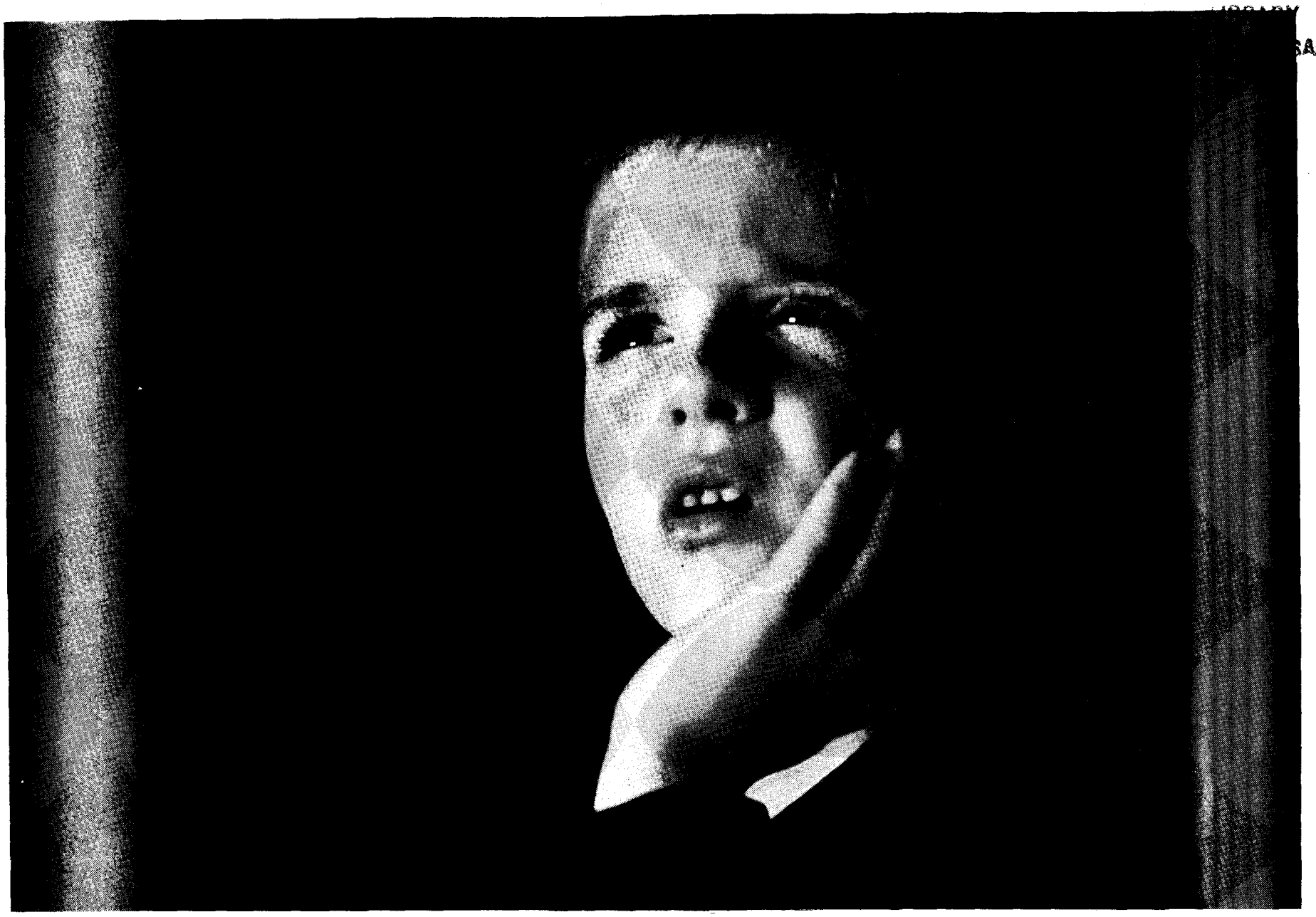


Am I embarrassed! Why, Pop ...

You brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

Pop: What's so terrible about that, Bobby? It's my *teeth* that need care, not my *gums*.

Bob: You'd go to the *end* of the class in our school for *that* answer, Pops. We're taught that regular gum massage is just as important to teeth as regular brushing.

Pop: Well, this is something *I* never learned in school. Fire away, Teacher.

Bob: Oh, you're just kidding, Dad. *Everybody* knows you should massage your gums after brushing, 'cause today's soft foods often let gums get flabby and tender, and then comes "pink" on your tooth brush, and then, "oh-oh"!

Pop: What do you mean, "oh-oh"?

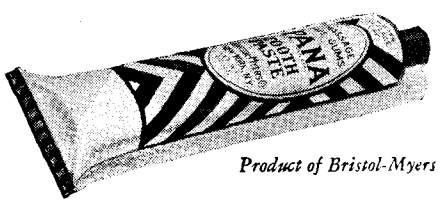
Bob: Just, "oh-oh," better make a date to *see your dentist right away.*

THE importance of regular gum massage for healthy teeth is being taught in thousands of schools throughout the country today.

Not only that: A 1944 survey shows that 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums, protect teeth.

Fortunately, Nature gives us a warning signal when a danger point is reached—a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush. *See your dentist* when this happens. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the health of the gums. One reason why more than twice as many dentists today personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice, as shown by a nationwide survey. So remember ...



Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

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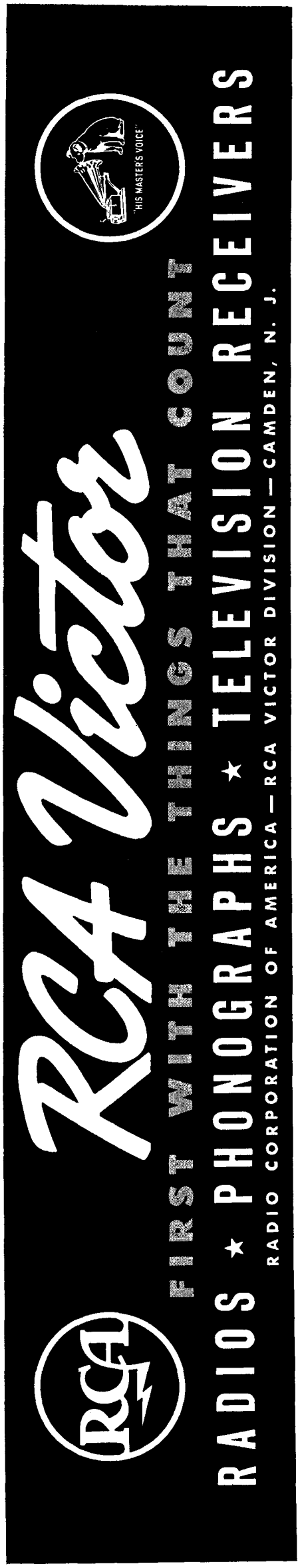

Collier's
FOR DECEMBER 30, 1944

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any week

WE'RE about to send a package of newspaper clippings to Mr. Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information. He'll call them cuttings, not that it matters. We're doing it because he once asked us to define "the typical American story." We've taken our time in answering him, wanting to be sure. Now we're certain. The clippings are about little "Nubbins" Hoffman of Cheyenne, Wyoming, the ailing baby to whom Santa Claus (The United States of America) came five weeks in advance of Christmas. We're keeping a set of these clippings for ourself and filing them on a shelf beside such great interpretations of America as Bryce, de Tocqueville, Beard and so on. In fact, we're putting the accounts of Nubbins Hoffman's Christmas first.

AND yet, believe it or not, we have a letter deploring it all. It was a lady who wants to know why some of this "sentimentality" is not lavished upon the "unhappy doomed children of Europe." Something tells us that we'd be doing ourself a favor by dodging that argument. So we're told by Sergeant Bernie Smith in Italy of a sergeant who was ordered by his CO to go out and investigate a glow which, as anyone with any military sense at all could see, was a warm invitation to Nazi bombers and observation planes. So this sergeant went out to investigate. He wasn't out long, either. He returned, saluted sharply and reported: "Sir, the light you sent me out to investigate is the moon, sir. I was unable to put it out."

A SMALL but intelligent turtle, as yet unnamed, has been sent to us by the Sandisfield, Arkansas, Ear to the Ground Club. We are unable to tell you much more about either the turtle or the club except that an anonymous note came with the creature, bidding us to listen carefully to his voice which, the writer says, will presently be heard throughout the land. Moreover, it goes on, we Americans will be paying a great deal of heed to his voice. We may be a trifle wrong about the turtle's sex, being no expert in such matters. The Ear to the Ground Club promises to keep in touch with us. But what snares our interest is the last line of

(Continued on page 44)

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Laugh at a cold—and PNEUMONIA may laugh at you!

LOTS OF people think "it's just a little cold." But that little cold can use up a lot of your body's resistance against disease.

People who are already weakened by colds make easier targets for such serious diseases as pneumonia, influenza, sinusitis, ear infections, tonsillitis, or bronchitis.

If you take the simple precautions below, chances are good that you won't be one of the thousands of victims of pneumonia this winter—or one of the countless victims of other frequent complications of respiratory infections.

When a cold strikes . . . go to bed if possible. At least stay indoors and rest *all* you can. It may help to take a hot bath, or soak your feet in hot water, and drink a hot lemonade before retiring. Be sure to avoid chilling.

2. You must go to work? Remember that you may inflict your cold on others. If you really *must,* then wear warm, protective clothing. Avoid drafts and sudden chilling. Keep your sneezes and coughs covered up.

3. Drink large quantities of milk, fruit juice, and plain water. Take a laxative if needed.

4. Treat that sore throat to a gargle. For a homemade gargle, add a teaspoonful of salt or bicarbonate of soda to a glass of warm water.

If your cold seems more severe than usual, or if it starts with aching, chilliness, and fever, call the doctor without delay. Pneumonia may be indicated.

Most forms of pneumonia and certain other respiratory infections are often successfully treated with sulfa drugs—particularly if diagnosed early. Remember, sulfa drugs should be taken only when prescribed by a doctor.

But, *an ounce of prevention* is still worth a pound of cure. Do your best to avoid colds. Watching your diet will help. Get plenty of vitamins, fruits, and leafy vegetables. Eat better breakfasts. Don't skimp on your sleep. Dress warmly and avoid chilling. Get regular exercise—some of it outdoors. And keep away from snifflers.

Metropolitan will gladly send you its free booklet "Respiratory Diseases."

• • •

Fight Infantile Paralysis: Infantile Paralysis research and education must not slow down. Epidemic aid and assistance to victims must continue in war or peace. The battle cry of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, "Fight Infantile Paralysis," merits support. The annual campaign, January 14 to 31, is a proper time to echo that cry.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 15C, entitled, "Respiratory Diseases."

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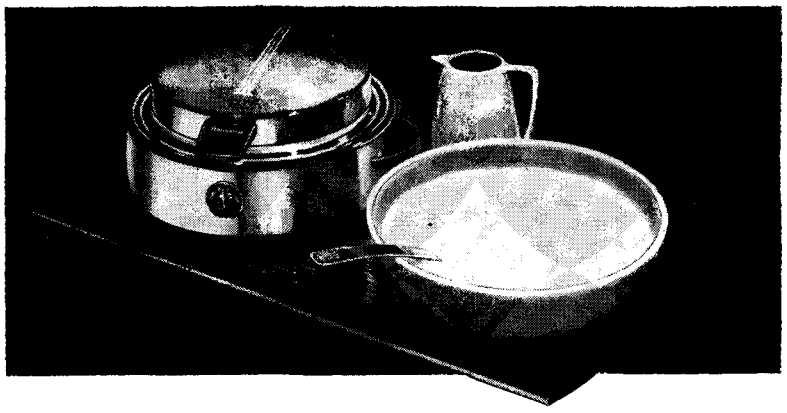
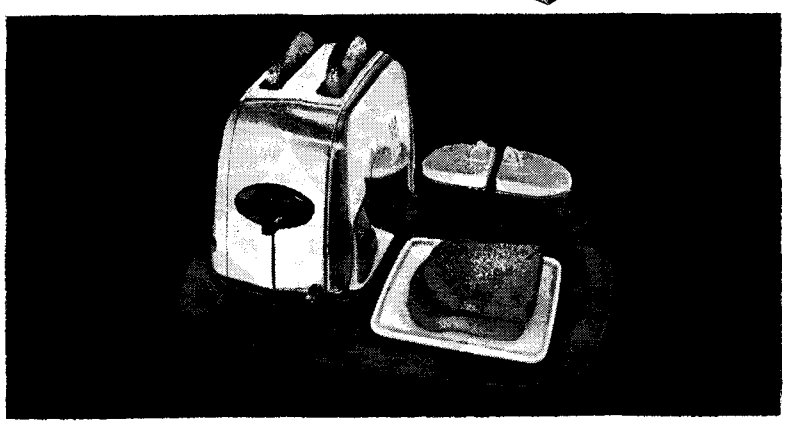
As sure as Christmas!

The future is bright for these good gifts . . . for new *Toastmaster* sets, as beautiful and desirable as their prewar predecessors pictured here—perhaps even more so! The gifts you long to give . . . treasures you long to own! We are planning them for you now.





Toastmaster toasters have served America well during the years of war . . . magically popping up perfect toast every time, with no watching, turning, or burning. We hope *you* will be able to obtain one . . . soon. In anticipation, why not buy an extra War Bond?*

TOASTMASTER *Products*

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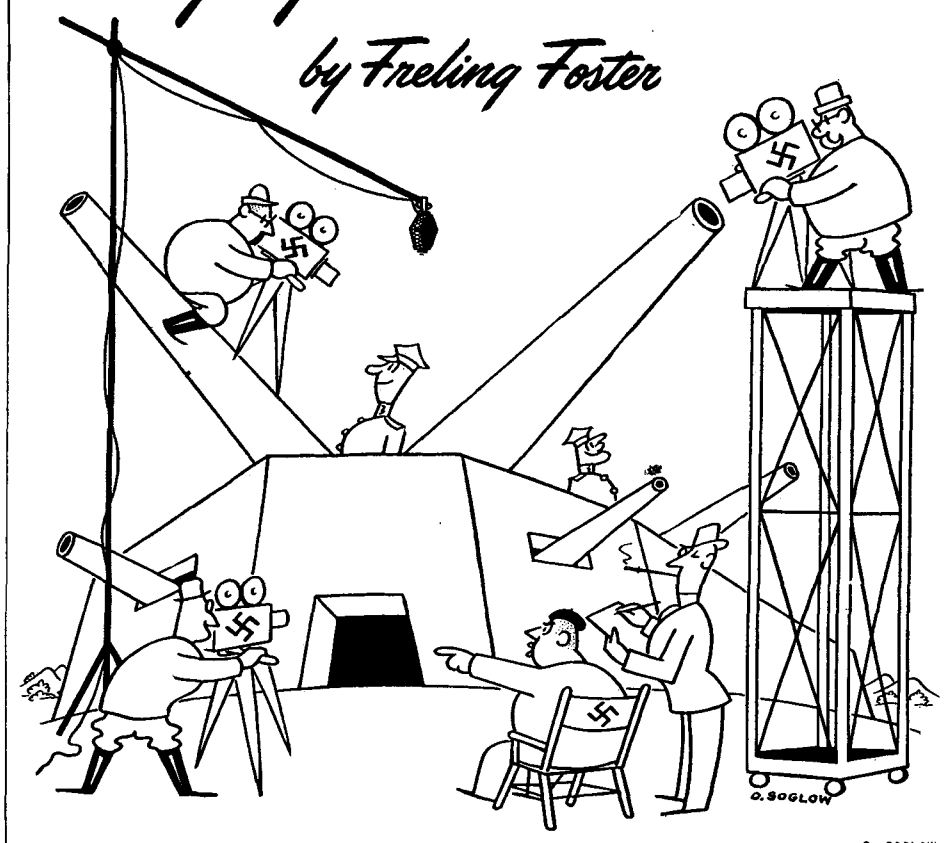
Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster



O. SOGLOW

One of the boldest espionage jobs of modern times was accomplished in Poland by the Nazis just before they invaded that country. On the simple pretext of making a movie of Poland's achievements, for propaganda use, a German picture company was permitted to take more than 1,000,000 feet of film which covered not only the maneuvers of Polish artillery and air squadrons, but also interiors of fortifications and war plants.

All the yellow-fever vaccine manufactured in the United States and many other countries during the past seven years is derived from a strain that was obtained from a sample of blood taken from an infected African Negro at the Rockefeller Laboratory in Lagos, Nigeria, in 1927.

While most watches tick exactly 300 times a minute, when keeping correct time, others vary in their number of ticks from 270 to 360 times a minute.

The odor of liquor on the breath is no positive indication that a person is under the influence of alcohol. The scent detected comes chiefly from the familiar flavorings of liquor, as alcohol is so volatile that it is barely perceptible on the breath 15 minutes after a drink. Thus, the breath of a man who has had many drinks of plain alcohol diluted with water and taken 15 minutes apart may go unnoticed, while that of a man right after his first drink of a strongly flavored liquor may be detected several feet away.

A new aeronautical dictionary, published in the United States and designed for universal use, gives both technical and nontechnical definitions in nine languages: English, Russian, Chinese, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German and Japanese.

Besides buying War Bonds, the average American family has saved nearly $2,000 in the past three years. . . . Human head hairs reach one third of their destined diameter at birth and one half at 18 months. . . . Housewives of Morocco prepare the dough for their bread at home, but send it to a bakery for baking. . . . Japanese names for the days of the week are: Sun-day, Moon-day, Fire-day, Water-day, Wood-day, Metal-day and Earth-day.

One of the most profitable rackets carried on in this country during the past two years has been the selling of Bibles with a steel cover that, it was claimed, will protect the heart of a soldier from bullets or shrapnel if he carries the book in his left breast pocket. When this claim was tested, however, the .38-caliber bullets fired at those Bibles, at a distance of 15 feet, went clear through them and lodged in the planks on which they were fastened.

The log cabin is not native to America and it was unknown to our earliest colonists, such as those at Jamestown and Plymouth. This type of construction was introduced by the Swedes who founded their first settlement here in 1638 on a site that is now a part of Wilmington, Delaware.—*By Robert Blackstone, Silver Springs, Fla.*

Nearly 60 U.S. government agencies are now making motion pictures, which exceed in number and footage the entire production of Hollywood. Among them are: Films for teaching servicemen their jobs and factory workers the parts they play in the war effort, features depicting the causes of the war and the military achievements of the Allied Nations, and pictures presenting correct impressions of America and its people in 22 languages, for exhibition throughout the world.

The world's record for mountain climbing by a woman is held by Mrs. Hettie Dyhrenfurth of Switzerland, who, with her husband, reached the 24,400-foot summit of the Queen Mary peak in the Himalayas in the summer of 1934.

In several species of ticks, hungry females often gorge themselves so excessively that their weight is increased 30 times. . . . The number of calls for weather information answered by the New York Telephone Company has ranged from 12,000 on a fair day to 144,000 on a stormy day.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

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SURE YOU'LL BE PROUD OF IT..

There's a *Ford* in your future!

It's only human nature to be proud of things you like. And when your new Ford car arrives—some day not far away—you'll want the world to know it's yours!

. . . Your friends will call it "handsome". For your new Ford will have smart and youthful styling. It will be big, roomy, sturdy—rich appearing, inside and out.

. . . Naturally, this new car will offer the traditional Ford economy and reliability. And it will reflect all the skilled craftsmanship and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

. . . Yes, we're getting ready now. Our production plans and our designs will be all set when we get the necessary "go-ahead". Then we're going to start making "the Ford in your future."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

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What do you know about Monroe..Francis..Kruger?

SMOOTH IS THE WORD for Vaughn's famous music—and "smooth" is Vaughn's word for Regents. "They're better-tasting," says this young man with a horn. "And you'll go a long way before you find a cigarette as mild."

DARK, DAZZLING KAY—one of the first actresses to entertain at the fighting fronts—made the foxholes resound with "Oh, Kay!" And Regents are plenty okay with Kay, who says: "Their King Size—20% longer—naturally means more value."

A FOREST RANGER before he became an actor, Otto used his first big money to buy a mountain, in order to save its magnificent trees. Suave Otto likes Regent's crushproof box. "It keeps cigarettes in perfect smoking condition," he proclaims.

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better-tasting. Multiple Blending does it—an exclusive process that makes Regents *really* mild, always gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands.*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

BUREAU OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

In a special harness, Sgt. H. C. Conway is picked off the ground by a low-flying plane equipped with a hook and nylon tow rope attached to a reel

SITTING alone on the open field of the Clinton County Army Airfield at Wilmington, Ohio, First Lieutenant Alexis Doster, of Litchfield, Connecticut, watched the Stinson swoop low, level off, and come straight toward him at 130 miles an hour. As an experienced paratrooper, he had been dropped many times by planes, but this would be the first time he was to be picked up by one.

The plane's pilot, Captain Norman Rantoul, tried not to think what would happen if Doster was hit by the low-flying plane; or was snagged by the pickup hook suspended from its belly.

The hook engaged a nylon loop suspended between two poles. The pickup line straightened and tightened. Doster was swept surely, swiftly and easily into the air, skyrocketing as the plane climbed steeply. Then it leveled off; the line was reeled in, bringing Lieutenant Doster to the side of the plane, into which he climbed through an open doorway. That was fifteen months ago, and the Army stamped it secret.

Lieutenant Doster wore a modified parachute harness, with rearranged crotch straps and additional leg straps. He also wore a chest parachute protected against accidental opening, a crash helmet, and goggles with nonbreakable lenses. He carried a knife to cut himself clear of the pickup harness if the plane's reeling-in mechanism failed.

Projecting ten feet below the wheels as the plane approached Doster was a wooden pole which held the pickup hook, guiding it so as to make contact with the nylon loop spliced to Doster's harness. From the hook, the nylon pickup line, 185 feet long and a half inch thick, ran up into the plane, where it was wound on a large reel. Once contact was made, this reel allowed a number of free revolutions, then was braked and at last set to reeling Doster in toward the plane. The reel was driven by an electric motor, with a hand-crank mechanism standing by in case of motor failure.

Lieutenant Doster reported that the starting jerk was much less than the shock of an opening parachute. He found the sensation like that of getting away fast from a standing start with a high-powered motorcycle. He felt a smooth rush of air as he left the ground, a somewhat increased pull as he was reeled in, and a stronger air blast on entering the propeller wash near the plane.

The test took great courage on Doster's part. He knew how many things could go fatally wrong and he faced those dangers virtually alone. A few months later he died in Egypt of polio, uncomplicated, however, by any aftereffects of the pickup experience.

This first success was a challenge to do it better. Technique could be improved. Equipment could be strengthened, lightened, made safer and more effective under a wide range of conditions. The group working on the project at Wright Field was enlarged. Colonel Rudolph Fink, who had originated it, was succeeded by Major N. F. Schrein as the Equipment Laboratory's project officer. His assistants were Captain C. H. Webb, Lieutenant R. R. Ford and Civilian Engineer L. V. Larson. Captain G. L. Maison supervised the assistance given by the Aero-Medical Laboratory.

ALL earlier tests showed the need for specially trained pilots. It takes great skill to fly a plane on a rigidly fixed course at a narrowly determined distance above the ground. It takes precise timing to pull into the proper degree of climb at the proper instant. Captain Rantoul went on to another assignment, and First Lieutenant Norman S. Benedict, a 24-year-old pilot of the Equipment Laboratory, took over. Benedict spent one hundred hours in practicing the proper technique. Experience will shorten this period, but pickup pilots will still require special training.

The plane and flight methods were changed. The Stinson was replaced by a large single-engine Army cargo utility plane, the UC-64, Noorduyn "Norseman," chosen for its good maneuverability and low minimum speed. Such pickups, especially when made in enemy territory, would frequently demand a difficult and steep approach to the pickup site, good control while making the pass, yet always the fastest practicable climb and getaway.

Countless changes and improvements were made. Lieutenant Benedict, pursuing his own training and testing modified equipment, made more than five hundred pickup flights, working with dummies, cargo containers and sheep, before human pickups were resumed again at the Clinton County Army Airfield three months ago. The story of these recent tests may now be told.

The improved ground equipment consists of two poles twenty feet high, set upright twenty feet apart with the nylon pickup loop suspended between them. The man to be picked up now wears a back-type parachute, slipped easily into the new harness, sits on the ground near the poles and signals the plane overhead. In this test he was Staff Sergeant H. C. Conway, a 20-year-old Equipment Laboratory technician of Dayton, Ohio.

(Continued on page 53)

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WHAT RADIO WILL POST-WAR AMERICA BUY?

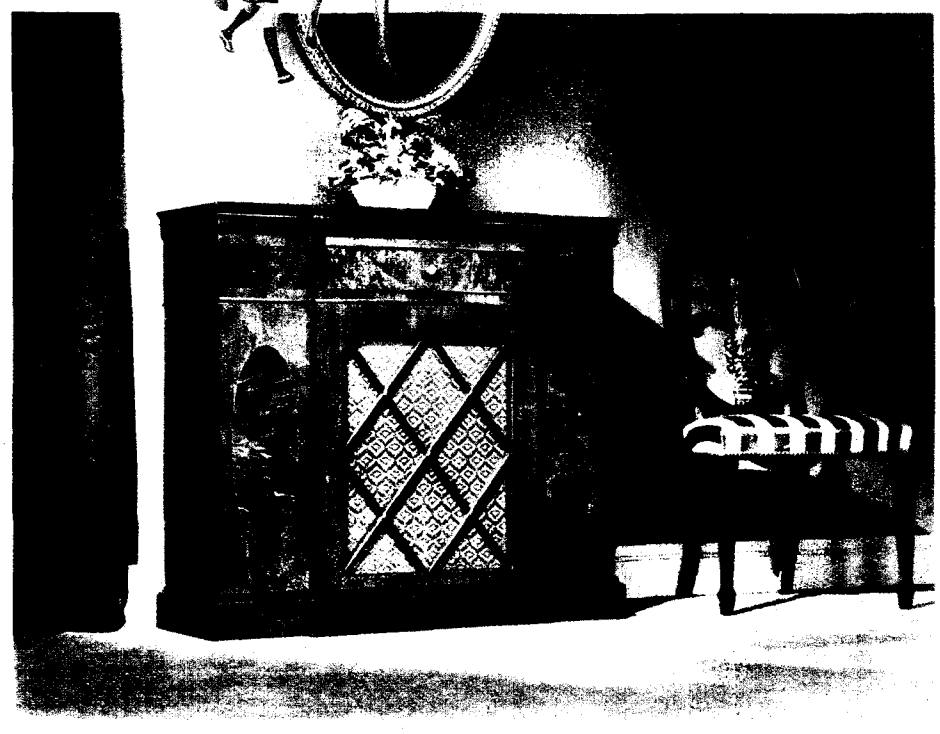
Overwhelmingly... it's a PHILCO!

Yes, in every nationwide poll of post-war buying preference, America has placed Philco first . . . by an average of 3 to 1 over any other make of radio.

You are looking forward to finer radios and phonographs after Victory . . . to electronic developments that bring you a vast improvement in tone and performance, that add new thrills to the use and enjoyment of radio and recorded music. And, according to these impartial polls, you're expecting them from Philco, the leader in radio for 12 straight years before the war.

One survey made by a leading national publication revealed that *four times as many people* intend to buy a Philco as the next leading radio . . . *as many as the next twelve* makes combined. Another national magazine found that among Philco owners, as compared with owners of other brands, the largest percentage intend to buy another Philco after the war.

Philco looks upon this overwhelming vote of confidence as an obligation and a challenge. Its record of the past is your promise for the future. The research laboratories whose achievements made Philco *America's Favorite Radio* will be ready to continue that leadership after Victory. Yes, you can look to Philco for the newest developments of modern electronic science, for radios and phonographs that set new standards of tone, performance, cabinet beauty . . . *and quality.*



Tune in the RADIO HALL OF FAME . . . enjoy a full hour of Top Hits from all fields of entertainment. Every Sunday, 6 to 7 P. M., EWT, Blue Network.

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AND KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!

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THE PIONEER FACTORY-CONTROL SYSTEM . . . PROVED EXTRA MILEAGE

Recap Your Tires by General's Proved Extra-Mileage Method

Only your General Tire Dealer has it . . . and in his own shop:

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Alton, Ill., Alton Tire Sales Co.
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Anniston, Ala., Lena Styles Tire Co.
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Baltimore, Md., O'Toole General Tire Co.
Batavia, N. Y., Seacord & Slocum, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich., Bill Wood's Auto Serv.
Bellefontaine, O., Logan Tire Co.
Benton Harbor, Mich., Benson Tire Service
Bethlehem, Pa., J. Dorfman Tire Co.
Binghamton, N. Y., Tom Lawler General Tires, Inc.
Birmingham, Ala., Birmingham Gen. Tire Co.
Boston, Mass., General Tire Co.
Bradford, Pa., Motor Inn Filling Station
Bridgeport, Conn., Bridgeport Gen. Tire Co.
Bronx, N. Y., Bronx General Tire Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Kings County Gen. Tires, Inc.
Brookville, Pa., Auto Service Station
Buffalo, N. Y., Parshall-Dowdall Gen. Tires
Butte, Mont., Knievel Tire Service
Camden, N. J., Camden Storage Battery Co.
Canton, O., Sampson General Tire Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., Allen Motor Co.
Chambersburg, Pa., Royal Tire Sales & Serv.
Charleston, W. Va., J. E. Ratliff, Inc.
Charlotte, N. C., Myers Tire Co.
Chicago, Ill., Dunne General Tire Co.
Chico, Calif., Jones Auto Service
Chillicothe, O., Art Howson's Tire Service
Cincinnati, O., Sohngen & Bischoff
Clarksburg, W. Va., Shell Super Service
Cleveland, O., Shea General Tire Co.
Columbus, O., Maize General Tire Co., Inc.
Colorado Springs, Col., Dostal-Howard Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex., Dickenson General Tire Service
Cortland, N. Y., Tallmadge Tire Service
Dallas, Tex., Dal-Tex Auto Supply
Danielson, Conn., Danielson Oil Co., Inc.
Dayton, O., Knapp General Tire-Service, Inc.
Daytona Beach, Fla., Cox Tire Store
Denver, Colo., Joe Kavanaugh, Inc.
Des Moines, Ia., Iles-McKinney & Wolf
Detroit, Mich., General Tire Service
Elizabeth, N. J., Abbott-Wright Tire & Treading Co., Inc.
Elmira, N. Y., McKinnon General Tire Co.
Elyria, O., The General Tire Service
Erie, Pa., Chaffee Tire Co.
Eureka, Calif., James S. Cloney
Fargo, N. D., Haggart's Service, Inc.
Flint, Mich., Flint General Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Wisc., Hayward Tire Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Sagstetter General Tire Co.
Ft. Worth, Tex., Mack Williamson General Tire Co.
Fostoria, O., Gillig Electric Store
Franklin, Pa., Brownie's General Tire Service
Fremont, O., Yarger Tire & Battery Co.
Gilroy, Calif., Romeo's Tire Shop
Glens Falls, N. Y., Hoag's Tire Service
Grand Rapids, Mich., Bill Elder
Greensburg, Pa., A. L. McClintock
Greensboro, N. C., General Tire Service
Greenville, S. C., Hunter Service Station
Greenville, Miss., England Motor Co., Inc.
Hartford, Conn., The Auto Tire Co., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa., V. D. Leisure Co.
Hornell, N. Y., Hornell General Tire Service
Houston, Tex., General Tire Sales Co.
Huntsville, Ala., Huntsville Tire Co.
Hutchinson, Kans., Glenn Sheets General Tire & Battery
Indianapolis, Ind., General Tire Co.
Jackson, Mich., General Tire & Treading, Inc.
Jackson, Miss., Gear Tire & Service, Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla., Pruitt Tire Co., Ltd.
Jersey City, N. J., McGuinness General Tire Co., Inc.
Johnstown, Pa., The Del Boring Tire Service
Kalamazoo, Mich., Otto Kihm Tire Co.
Kansas City, Mo., McDowell Tire Co.
Kingsport, Tenn., Young's Tire Service
Knoxville, Tenn., General Tire Sales Co.
Lawrence, Mass., Albert E. Schlott
Lexington, Ky., Lexington Gen. Tire Co.
Lima, O., Lima Tire & Supply Co.
Long Beach, Calif., Richardson Tire Co.
Long Island City, N.Y., Astoria Tire Co., Inc.
Longview, Tex., McCann Tire Service
Los Angeles, Calif., Rude & Fuller
Louisville, Ky., Hurry-Up Broadway
Lynchburg, Va., The Lynchburg Garage
Madison, Wisc., Monona Tire Company, Inc.
Marietta, O., The Tire Shop
Meadville, Pa., Warren Smith Motor Co.
Memphis, Tenn., Newsum General Tire Co.
Miami, Fla., General Tire Co. of Miami
Milwaukee, Wis., General Tire Service, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn., The General Tire Co.
Mobile, Ala., Delaney Specialty Co.
Montevideo, Minn., Anderson's Super Serv.
Montgomery, Ala., Reynolds and Grant
Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 'Bill' Murray's Tire Serv.
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Austin-Bliss General Tire Co., Inc.
Muncie, Ind., Clark's Service Co., Inc.
Nashville, Tenn., General Tire Co.
Newark, N. J., McCarthy & Sharkey
Newark, N. Y., McDougall's Service Garage
Newburg, N. Y., Harvey Brothers
Newcastle, Ind., Henry County Tire Store
New Haven, Conn., Gerry Stevens, Inc.
New London, Conn., Tire Service Co.
New Orleans, La., Jimmie Hanemann Tire Service, Inc.
New York City, N. Y., The New York General Tire Co.
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Horak General Tire Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Va., Joynes Tire Co.
Norwich, Conn., A. J. Senft & Son
Ocala, Fla., Jack Tucker's Service
Oklahoma City, Okla., General Tires
Olean, N. Y., W. L. Sullivan & Co.
Oneonta, N. Y., Kniffen Tire Service
Orlando, Fla., Orange Buick Co.
Paducah, Ky., Paducah Tire & Battery Co.
Painesville, O., Hach's Auto Service
Parkersburg, W. Va., Mahone Tire Service
Pasadena, Calif., W. A. Tobias
Peoria, Ill., Godel-Howland Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., Carnell & Bradburn
Piqua, O., McShane Tire Sales
Pittsburgh, Pa., Campbell General Tire Co.
Portland, Ore., Commercial Tire Co., Inc.
Pontiac, Mich., Pontiac General Tire Co.
Providence, R. I., General Tire Service, Inc.
Pueblo, Colo., E. E. Chrisman
Queens Village, N. Y., Breitfeller Sales, Inc.
Richmond, Calif., Brooker General Tire
Richmond, Va., Marlowe Tire Co.
Riverside, Calif., Gen. Tire Co. of Riverside
Rochester, N. Y., Scanlon-Lewis General Tires, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif., Earl C. Reed
Salem, Ore., State Tire Co.
Salinas, Calif., Don Hultz
Salt Lake City, Utah, H. Spencer Brown, Inc.
San Bernardino, Calif., General Tire Serv. Co.
San Jose, Calif., Stuart General Tires, Inc.
Seattle, Wash., General Tire Co.
Sharon, Pa., John B. Lewis
Sheboygan, Wis., Grasse Bros. Oil Co.
South Bend, Ind., The Singer General Tire Co.
Steubenville, O., Shafter's General Tires, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo., General Tire Co. of St. Louis
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse General Tire Corp.
Terre Haute, Ind., General Tire Sales & Serv.
Toledo, O., Richard General Tire Co.
Traverse City, Mich., Doug. Linder Tire Co.
Troy, N. Y., Williams Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
Tucson, Ariz., General Tire Service
Tulsa, Okla., Appleby Recapping Co.
Uniontown, Pa., Steiner Service Co.
Utica, N. Y., Aitken General Tire Co., Inc.
Waltham, Mass., Roy Johnston's Tavern Square Service
Washington, D. C., Croker General Tire Co.
Waterbury, Conn., Motor Tire Service, Inc.
Watertown, N. Y., *Holton Tire Service, Inc.*
Watsonville, Calif., Watsonville Tire Co.
West Orange, N. J., Lackawanna General Tire Co.
Wichita, Kans., Boone-Scotty Gen. Tires, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., McCarthy Tire Service
Wilmington, Del., C. W. Hazel
Winona, Minn., Kalmes Tire Service
Worcester, Mass., Bowker-Hamblin-Malmquist, Inc.
York, Pa., Huber Tire Co.
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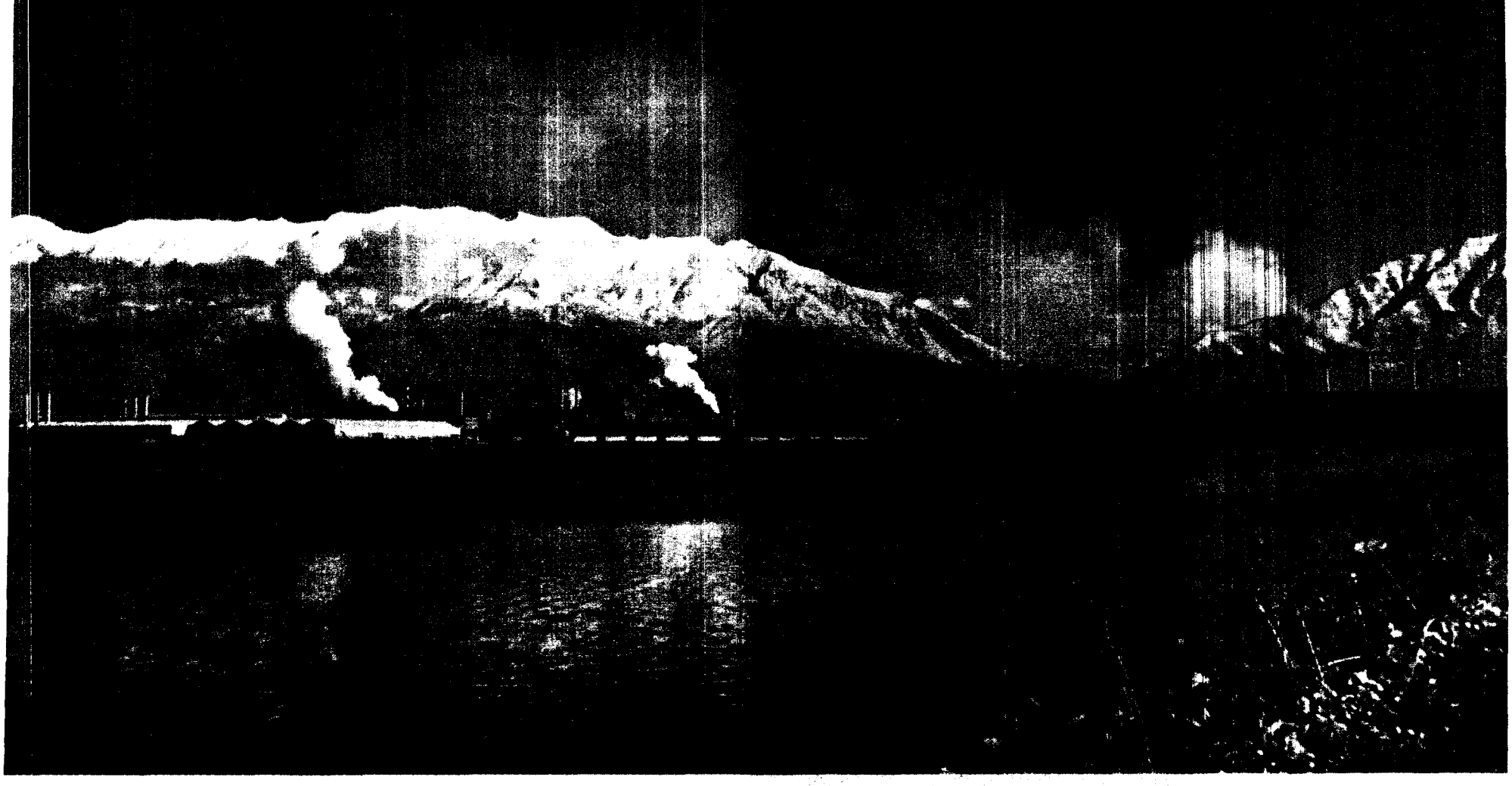
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 30, 1944

UTAH'S STEEL GUINEA PIG

BY MURRAY MOLER and ANDRÉ FONTAINE



Nestled among the snowcaps of Timpanogos Peak and its reservoir, the Geneva Steel Works is a good example of trend toward decentralization in industry

After Pearl Harbor, scores of rural communities suddenly found themselves transformed into major industrial centers. Now, with reconversion facing them, they are worried and their worry adds up to a national problem. Here Collier's dissects that problem by giving a close-up of a typical case

IT STARTED slowly. First there was a handful of surveyors in high-laced boots who did things with transits and chains out near the rotting remains of the old summer resort, Geneva, Utah. They appeared, stayed around for a few days, then were gone without anybody paying much attention to them. In the green fields which sloped gently below the towering Wasatch Mountains, the farmers went about their eternal work without much thought that perhaps in a few months their whole way of life would be changed. The engineers came next, dropping off trains at Provo without any brass bands and disappearing into the city's population with scarcely a ripple.

The people knew, of course, what was coming; they'd read in their papers weeks before that a gigantic new steel plant was to be put up near by. There had been talk about it along the irrigation ditches and on the front porches of the white frame farmhouses in the evenings; but there was as yet no change in their daily lives. It wasn't real for them until the construction superintendents began to arrive and the employment offices opened up and everybody was asked, either directly or indirectly, to come out and go to work.

There was no resentment at first, except possibly on the part of the Mormon Church, which didn't like the idea of a big industry intruding on the peace of the valley. But resentment began when the stories of neighbors having to leave farms their grandfathers had pioneered started to get around. And when it became necessary to import men from other counties and other states to fill out the construction crews, the resentment grew stronger.

The first letters began to come in to Ernest Rasmuson, editor of the Provo Herald, complaining about the boisterousness of some of the construction men, and the older residents buttonholed Mayor Maurice Harding with dire prophecies that the whole valley would be ruined. But the noisy, dusty, ceaseless action out on the shore of Utah Lake near Geneva drew the valley people like a big fire in a small town.

The draft hadn't really bitten deep into the ranks of Utah County's young men yet—it was still early in 1942—and in the long evenings they used to drive their jalopies out to the lake and watch the work. In no time, they became experts on all the statistics of the operation. The work was being done for the Defense Plant Corporation by the United States Steel Corporation, and when it was finished, Geneva would be the first completely integrated steel plant west of the Rockies, the first to gather its own raw materials and fashion them into the finished product in one plant site. Two hundred and sixty miles away is the rich Iron Mountain for ore, 130 miles southeast are the vast Rocky Mountain coal fields, and a few miles to the south is a limestone mountain to provide the flux.

Revolution—in Round Numbers

They learned that, when finished, Geneva would have cost $200,000,000 and would employ 5,000 workers. The construction at its peak would use 10,000 men. The plant's 143 buildings would cover 3,703,000 square feet of what had been meadow; the contractors would have moved 1,500,000 cubic yards of earth, poured 650,000 cubic yards of concrete, laid nearly 100 miles of conduit and 76 miles of railroad track, and put up more than 100,000 tons of structural steel. And all in two years—they hoped.

For their parents, these figures, enthusiastically recited at supper tables, spelled one thing: revolution. And they began to worry about what it would mean to their lives and their countryside.

Across the nation—mostly in the West and South—other parents had similar worries as new war plants began to go up in many a rural area. In Jacksonville, Arkansas, a huge ordnance plant which would eventually employ 13,000 workers was being built in a town of 400 population. Parsons, Kansas, sleepily content as a division point on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, was jerked awake to the realization that it was host to the Kansas Ordnance Plant which would employ about 9,000 workers.

At Las Vegas and Gabbs, Nevada, two basic magnesium plants suddenly began to appear, swept the towns into a frenzy of war-consciousness and prosperity. Lake Charles, Louisiana, content with its memories of two past heydays as a lumber center and later as a resort town, found itself making new memories—perhaps—as the site of a petroleum refinery, a butadiene plant and a copolymer works.

As the construction gangs moved in, the older people in these and other places who remembered the first World War's ghost towns worried about what would happen to them after the war. The younger people didn't worry; they simply took the lucrative new jobs and enjoyed them. The rest of the people watched prosperity wash around them and were thankful. But now that the end of the war is in nearer sight, everybody is wor-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

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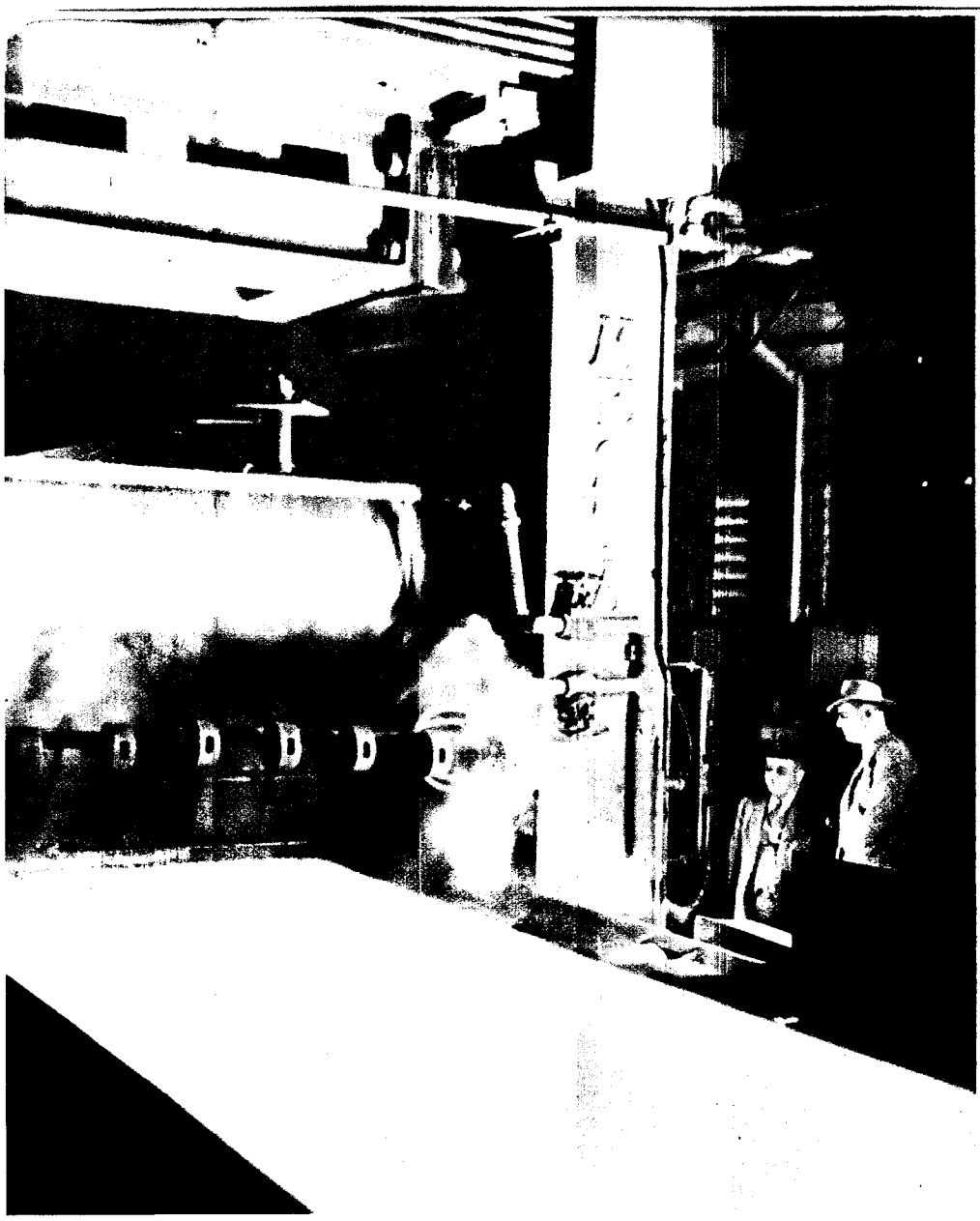


Geneva's vice-president, R. G. Glass, and General Superintendent Peer D. Nielsen watch a red-hot plate emerge from one of the finishing stands of the huge sheet mill

rying. The subject of that worry is now the nation's No. 1 problem.

What is to be done with these gaunt new plants that sprang up in cornfields? Almost everyone seems to agree that they should not be operated by the government, but should be sold to private industry or junked. Suppose private industry doesn't want these factories that have boosted America's ability to produce higher than ever before, what is to happen to the scores of thousands of workers who migrated from every state in the Union to populate cities which grew where hamlets had been?

If the plants close, are they to be left to become a second jalopy hegira like the Okie trek to California in the thirties? And how about the millions of dollars that have been invested in new buildings and new businesses in these mushroom cities? Is this all to be part of war's waste?

Because it is in some ways typical, and because it is so important to the region it is located in, the Geneva Steel Works is a good guinea pig to examine, observe and understand. In a sense, Geneva typifies the problem of all the new war plants, and not the least of its problems is geographical. The majority of the plants that sprang up in rural areas appeared in the West and South, neither of which had been noted for their industrialization. By and large, the people of those areas are now determined to keep the plants and keep them running. This is particularly true at Geneva.

Before the war the steelmaking capacity of the Far West was relatively low, with the Columbia Steel Company a subsidiary of U.S. Steel, and Bethlehem Steel Company, the chief producers. Westerners know that steelmaking is basic in any program of industrialization and consequently are determined that Geneva shall not be closed. For many of them, the fate of Geneva has become the key in the industrial battle of East versus West. They feel that the West has been an economic stepchild of the East for years, that freight and shipping charges have so boosted the cost of materials that it could not compete with the East, that all financing is controlled from the East and, naturally the East has been favored when new industrial opportunities came along. The Westerners, not inclined to meekness anyway, are bound and determined that this won't continue after the war, and they have made Geneva the watchword of their fight.

The East's answer is strong and pertinent It has the industrial plants, the workers and the financial setup already in existence and running smoothly. It also has the larger part of the national market within short—and cheap—hauling distance. Granted that the country can consume just so much of the products of industry, why junk a producing machine that has been doing well for years, just to keep a war baby healthy?

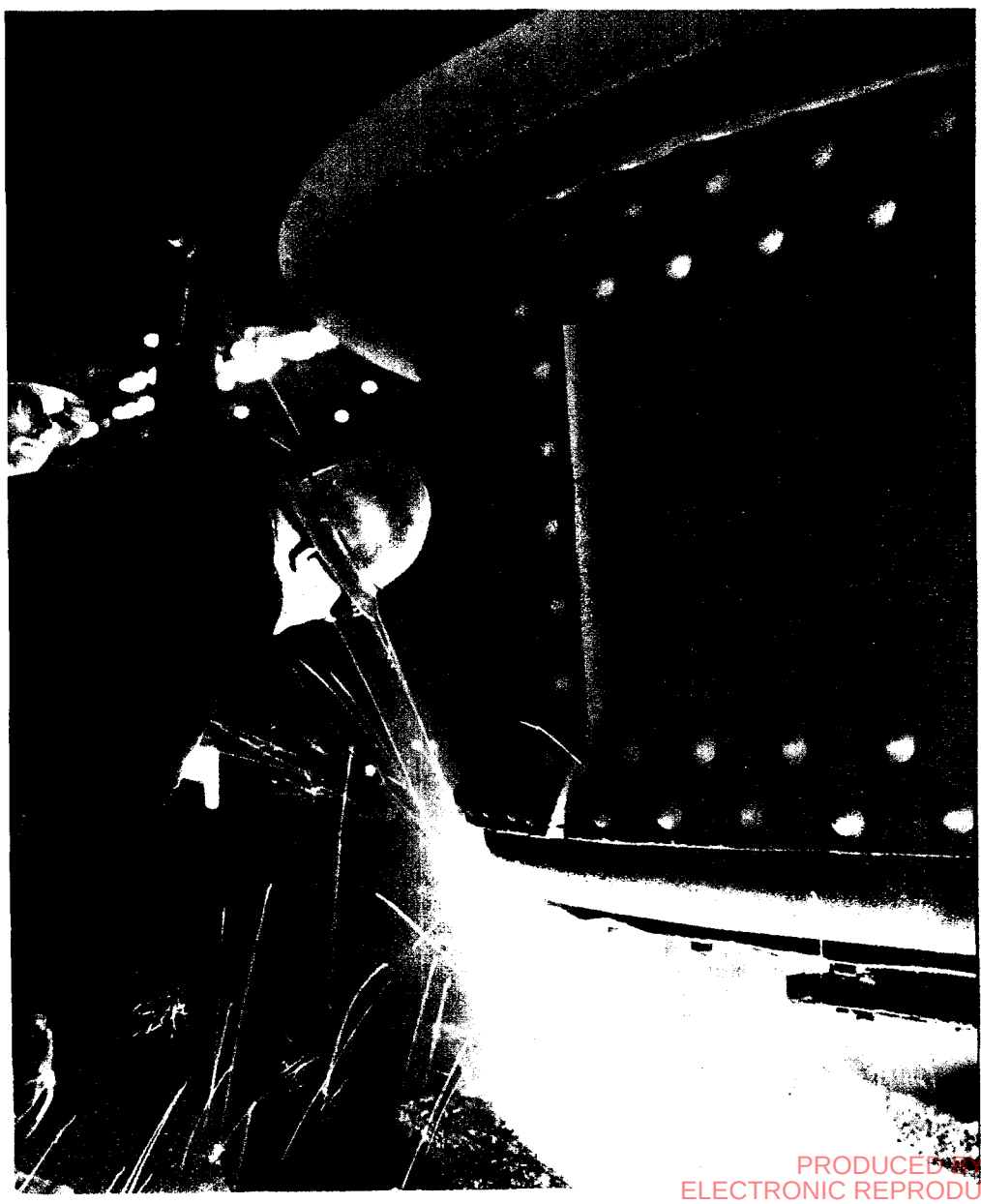
Fierce Local Resentment

It is reported that President Roosevelt personally picked out the site for the Geneva works in the days when no one could be positive that the Panama Canal wouldn't be blown up and our steel-hungry shipyards on the West Coast be thus isolated from the steel-producing East. But even that distinction probably carried little weight with the 58,000 fiercely independent Mormon farmers, miners and businessmen who populated Utah County.

They didn't like the trailer camp that sprang up near Geneva, and some of them were unhappy about the tremendously increased business the beer parlors in Provo were doing. They objected to the sudden overcrowding of everything from stores to homes. They resented the sudden, mushroom growth of near-by American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Lehi and Orem. Doctor Fred W. Taylor, elderly retired physician, warned the new Provoans that they needn't be too fussy After all, he said, it was the Mormon pioneers who had come into the valley when it was no more than a desert beside a muddy lake. It was they who had dug irrigation canals, cleared the land and built the homes

The Mormon Church felt the same way. A church has a long memory, and the sacrifices that Brigham Young and his followers

After refining in the open-hearth furnace, the steel is carried in huge ladles to the ingot molds. There it is "teemed"—released through a small nozzle into the mold



Pig iron, steel scrap and burned lime, in proper proportions, are dumped into one of Geneva's open-hearth furnaces; will come out as steel after 7 to 10 hours

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During the refining process, frequent samples of the steel are taken to be tested. Two or three pounds of the molten metal are ladled out in a long-handled spoon and poured into a mold. After it has cooled, the "first helper" examines part; sends the rest to the laboratory

made to establish a home where they would be unmolested were still too fresh. So they deeply resented the intrusion of big industry, and still do. Quite recently the church refused to let Geneva officials take part in a series of round-table discussions which were held at church-owned Brigham Young University in Provo.

But the tide they were bucking was too strong: it was a flood of dollars. Letters came into the Provo Herald office charging that the old-time residents were too clannish and thin-skinned, that they had no real reason to resent the few slighting remarks the newcomers had made. After all, this was progress.

During the next months, Provo's population climbed steadily to a high of 24,000, an increase of 30 per cent, despite the loss of 2,000 young men to the Armed Forces. The population of the county bounced to 65,000, and in 1943, the peak construction year, the county's pay roll hit forty-five million. It is now leveling off at about twenty million, but that is still double the peacetime normal.

In the face of such prosperity, no resentment could last long. The letters to the editor dropped off, the Mormons began to welcome the newcomers with the simple geniality they have made famous and even helped them form clubs designed to keep up home ties—like the Chicago Club, the Pennsylvania Club and the Alabama Club. It wasn't long before they developed a pride in the big new war baby that had been left on their doorstep.

Even those men who didn't know a sintering plant from a coke oven began to boast that Geneva was an engineer's dream, and to explain in detail just why. They were right, of course; most steel plants have grown slowly, have had to compromise with topographical eccentricities and difficulties of financing. At Geneva the engineers were given their heads in designing the most efficient plant possible, and in picking a site. As a result, Geneva's production costs will be among the lowest in the country when the bugs are out of the machinery.

An Epic of Production

There were plenty of other things for Provoans to boast about. The Geneva works has been known to make hard-shelled steel men think in poetry. Its three blast furnaces can turn out 1,150,000 tons of iron a year, its nine open-hearth furnaces can pour 1,283,400 tons of steel ingots each year, and its two rolling mills can slide out 700,000 tons of plate and 200,000 tons of structural shapes.

U.S. Steel's share in the program was unique. The mighty corporation engineered the construction of the plant without profit of any kind, with the government merely paying all the costs—about two hundred million. When it came time to operate, U.S. Steel set up a new subsidiary, the Geneva Steel Company, to do the job, again without fee or profit. Benjamin F. Fairless, U.S. Steel's president, didn't stop there, either. He assigned his veteran vice-president in charge of all production, Walther Mathesius, to boss Geneva, named the ace production man from his Chicago plants, Robert G. Glass, to be vice-president in charge of operations and Peer D. Nielsen, a 39-year-old production wizard, to be general superintendent.

(Continued on page 28)

Doctor Fred Taylor (right), Provo physician, and Mayor Maurice Harding (center) gather in Editor Ernest Rasmuson's press-room to talk about Geneva's chances of staying open after the war. Harding thinks it will; Rasmuson gives it a "50-50 chance"

One of the reasons why many of the "imported" steel workers want to stay in Provo after the war is shown in this view of Center St. and University Ave. It's a far cry from Pittsburgh or Gary

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What Can I Give Him?

BY BARBARA WEBB

When tragedy threatened two people and their child on Christmas Eve, Parson Sand could only pray for a miracle—and wait for a gift from the heart

ON THE Sunday before Christmas, the Reverend Jehu Sand put a few finishing touches on the altar of his church, Gilead Chapel. Earlier in the afternoon the Sunday-school children had decked the church, but for this first Christmas in the parish, Parson Sand wanted to make certain all was seemly and beautiful in a solitude which would refresh his spirit for the busy week ahead.

He touched the banks of evergreen and holly. He adjusted a twist of red ribbon. He felt the soil in the green tubs which held a pair of blue spruces, one on either side of the altar steps.

Then, like a child wanting to see a gift in all its glory, he lighted the tall candles which were to illuminate the altar and moved back into the body of the chapel to survey the effect. He smiled and spoke aloud, "It's a fair sight," he said, quoting the grandfather of one of the children who had helped in the afternoon, an old man who retained his mountain speech.

From a pew at the back, a pew Parson Sand knew well, came a deep-drawn breath of pleasure. Parson Sand turned. It was dusk now in the church, but enough light remained to show him the figure of a young woman sitting in that pew. Parson Sand walked toward her. She stood up.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," she said in a throaty voice. "I'm Darah Miller, Leila's mother. Mrs. Andrews, she's my husband's aunt, thought it would be all right for me to wait to see you here."

"Of course it's all right," said Parson Sand moving to join her.

Mrs. Andrews was Parson Sand's housekeeper, who had taken the job on the condition she could have her great-niece, six-year-old Leila Miller, live in the rectory with her. When the handshaking and mutual greetings were over Parson Sand stepped into the pew beside Darah.

"It's a great pleasure to me to have Leila in the house," he said. "She is tremendously excited at your being in Orion this week, and at Christmas time, too. Her anticipation makes the holiday seem very real to me."

"That's nice of you, Parson Sand," said Darah. Then, after hesitating a moment, she went on in a lower tone, "There's something . . . I rather wanted to talk to you about, about Deke, Leila's father . . . and me . . . if you have time."

Parson Sand sat down. "Then let us talk," he said.

"Here? Could we talk about . . . well, about . . . It isn't very pleasant what I want to say . . . in here."

"This is a good place to talk," said Parson Sand; "the very best, in fact. Not only the church itself, but this very pew has witnessed to help in time of trouble." He glanced at her. There was a certain reluctance in her face and, to cover it, he talked on, marking her sooty eyelashes, white skin, black hair and what he thought of as a dashing figure.

The pleasure he felt in her beauty warmed his voice. "Last spring," he said, "I learned that my son, my only child, whose mother is dead, was missing in action. You can see that then of all times I had the need of prayer, prayer for strength to bear this blow, prayer for my son. But my faith failed. I could not pray. I had occasion to come to Orion on another matter but instead of attending to it I came wandering here, to Gilead Chapel." He paused.

"Aunty told me," said Darah. "The church hadn't been used for years. It was all broken and dirty, and you came in and prayed and then gave up an easy job you'd had for years to be the minister out here. It's lovely now, all clean and everything, and people . . . well, people out here think you hung the moon, Parson Sand."

Parson Sand smiled. "That must be high praise indeed. It was here, where we now sit that the power of prayer was given back to me, that a desire to do our Lord's work more actively filled my heart. That is why this is a good place to speak of trouble . . . any trouble." He glanced at her and added, "The worst of troubles, Darah."

She relaxed a little. "It's pretty bad," she said, and then, thinking of it, she began to cry.

Parson Sand encouraged her to talk through her tears. Salient facts came clear when told thus, as he'd found in counseling many men and women who came to him with stories of difficulties small and large.

She stumbled through the preliminaries. She and her husband, Deke Miller, were, before the war, entertainers with a small dance band which traveled the district around Orion. They'd grown up together in a nearby mountain town. His name was really John Y. Miller, but he'd taken the name Deke because it went so well with hers. Darah and Deke. Deke played the banjo and she sang with him at high school dances and parties. They won a radio singing contest in a local station. They were married. They joined the band. Leila was born. They bought a trailer and kept her with them while they traveled. They were not big time, but they made a good living, an even better one when it was found Deke could sing with her so that their numbers became duets, half song, half dialogue.

DARAH could speak steadily now: "After a while Deke hardly played at all, just sang with me. He fed me lines and I acted out the songs. Then he went to war. He was out there, in the Pacific, nearly two years. Then he was wounded. His arm . . . he's only got one good arm now. But he could still sing with me. They want him to. They've been after him ever since he got back . . . He won't."

"How long has he been back?" Parson Sand asked.

"Nearly two months. He's been right here in Orion the last two weeks, staying with his people. He bought them a house here when we were in the money. He won't, he hasn't . . . he hasn't even been to see Leila."

"Does he give any reason?"

"No. He won't talk. To anybody. He's like . . . he's like one of those zombies you read about. Dead inside. He won't even talk to me."

"Perhaps now . . . I understand your band is playing here all this week at the Recreation Rendezvous . . . now that you can spend a week together . . ." Parson Sand suggested, but was checked by her lifted chin, and the red flags in her cheeks.

"We aren't together," she said. "He won't let me stay at his house. He won't come to the hotel. He's come to the show several times when we've played in towns near here, and he says he'll come to our opening tomorrow night. But he always goes right away afterward without . . . without staying with me. He sits and watches and keeps mum. That's all."

"Could you give up your present work to settle down permanently?" he asked.

"I've thought about it, Parson Sand, but we aren't like that, Deke and I. This singing . . . it's what Deke and I know how to do.

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ELMORE BROWN

The dance floor was filling as Darah joined them at the table. She gave Parson Sand a grateful glance and then turned to Deke. But Deke ignored her

Leila, well, she's all right with Aunty, winters. Summers when the war's over we can have her with us again. If . . ." she groped for words, "if she knows we love each other, Deke and I, and that we love her, that counts most, doesn't it?"

Parson Sand thought about this. A house, he knew, was not a home. People best came to terms with life when they used the talents God had given them in the way those talents could be best employed. There was honesty in this girl. There was no easy answer to her problem.

As though she followed his thought, she said, "I've tried everything. I've talked and cried and begged and pleaded and offered to give up my job and got mad and everything except . . ." She gestured toward the altar, inviting him to finish her sentence, but he helped her only a little.

"Excepting what?" he asked, gently.

"Praying," she half whispered. "Asking God . . . all this. We aren't church people, Deke and I. It's maybe too late."

Parson Sand smiled. "No. It is never too late. That is the very wonderful thing about God and His Son. They're without pride. This is the season when the Son of God himself was born in a stable, to the family of a carpenter."

"Do you believe," Darah asked, "that He was born to help everyone?"

"Everyone."

"Then why," Darah cried, "doesn't He help us, Deke and Leila and me?"

"In this church," said Parson Sand, "in my house, in the hall where you sing are electric lights. They are there, ready to give us illumination whenever we reach our hands to the switches which control them. But unless we reach out our hands, there is no light. Prayer is a little like that. It makes the connection between our needs and the power of God to help us."

"I wouldn't know how to pray," said Darah.

"It is very simple," said Parson Sand. " 'Ask and ye shall receive.' It is a promise. Someday you will tell me that you asked, only a little, and received full measure." His voice was matter of fact and he went on to ask, "Do you think it would be desirable for me to see and talk with your husband?"

"Would you?" Darah asked, her face lighting, then sobering. "It would be wonderful if you could, only . . . only I'm not sure he'd see you. If . . . there's one way you could be sure of seeing him . . . if you'd come to our opening tomorrow night. He'll be there, at a table. And meeting him there wouldn't seem like . . . well, it would just be a sort of social meeting . . . see?"

"Yes," said Parson Sand, "you are quite right."

"If you would come," said Darah, "I would like it if you would be there as my guest."

"I shall be very happy to be your guest tomorrow night," said Parson Sand. He stood up. "Would you like to see the Sunday-school room where the children are to have a party Christmas afternoon? There is to be a crèche to which each child will bring a toy. Later the toys go to an orphanage. Leila is very excited and quite undecided about what she is to give . . . This morning she said sensibly she'd give her roller skates as she can't wear them in this snowy weather. Yesterday she had decided on a doll you sent her. By the twenty-fifth it will be something entirely different no doubt."

Darah turned a bewildered face up to him, "But . . . but I thought we were going . . . you were going . . . I mean shouldn't we say a prayer . . ."

"I think perhaps we have prayed," said Parson Sand. "This has been an honest statement of difficulties. We have even received an answer to one of them in the arrangement for me to meet your husband tomorrow night."

"Oh . . ." she smiled a little. "Maybe though you'd better tell me what to ask tonight, when I pray by myself."

"Ask," said Parson Sand, "that God's will be done." He spoke with such assurance that for the first time her eyes and mouth smiled together.

She followed him down the stairway into the basement where he showed her a platform at the end of the Sunday-school room. He let her look into a packing case at the figures of Mary and Joseph, the manger which was to contain the Holy Child, the ox, the ass, the shepherds, the wise men.

"And we shall have a tinsel star shining over the scene," he said. "It's to be a surprise for the younger children. My teen-age boys and girls will see it Christmas Eve at our midnight carol service."

"I'm glad Leila is to have a part in this," Darah said. "You've been wonderfully good to her. I think that will help, with Deke. He must love Leila, don't you think?"

"I am sure he does," said Parson Sand. "And now, if you will excuse me, I must go put out the candles we left burning on the altar. Goodby, until tomorrow night."

IT SEEMED to Parson Sand the next night, sitting across a table from Deke, that Darah had spoken the simple truth. The man was dead inside. It was not the truncated right arm with the coat sleeve sewn neatly together above the elbow. Of that Deke seemed little conscious. Nor was it in the drawn thin face, pale from weeks in hospital. It was a lack in the whole man who sat bodily present, who answered greetings and questions, and turned his head to watch his wife when she left to sing her first number, but who gave out the

(Continued on page 52)

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HORSE SENSE

BY GEORGES SURDEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MAYERS

SOMETHING happened when I was a small boy that seemed very casual and unimportant at the time. But when I finally understood, I felt a sort of terror at the possibilities.

My mother had taken me to visit friends who owned a farm a few miles from the little Swiss town in which we lived. I had visited other farms often, but I sensed vaguely that this one was different, not only in size, in the number of cows, but in the manner in which it was run. Satisfaction and pride radiated from the very tiles on the roofs, from the freshness of the paint on buildings and fences.

I met the owners, Gustave Moinier and his wife, Antonia. They were lovely people, big, pink, smiling. Gustave, who had me call him "Uncle," took me through the cow barns, the stables, the dairy. I climbed up and down ladders, dove into heaps of fragrant hay, explored the pigeon cote.

When Uncle Gustave led me back to the main room, to gorge on fruit tart, I was exploding with enthusiasm, but before long the tart and the creamy milk won out, and I devoted my whole attention to them, while the adults chatted.

My mother had gone to school with Antonia, had known Gustave all his life. For some time the conversation offered no interest to me. Then, suddenly, I gathered that something half-humorous, half-serious, was in the wind.

Gustave and his wife were suggesting to my mother that I be left with them. I was her seventh, they said, and they had no children, with small chances of ever having any.

"Here we are," Gustave said, smoking his pipe. "Money and nobody to spend it on. Oh, he wouldn't need to become a farmer. We have enough to put him through the best schools."

My mother listened to them with a faint, pleased smile on her big, handsome face.

"Doesn't seem to matter how many one has," she explained at last. "One loves them all the same."

"What do you say?" Gustave addressed me. "Wouldn't you like to live here?"

"Oh, sure," I agreed.

I was six years old and not at all amazed that people I had known but two or three hours should wish to supply me with food, clothing, shelter and education.

"You have seven," Antonia repeated; "and it isn't as if we would take him to Patagonia. He'd be right here—"

"I'd have to speak to his father," my mother said stiffly. "And I don't think he'd allow it."

Gustave shrugged and laughed, not very happily. I saw his wife catch his eye, shake her head. From that sign and my mother's expression of cool dignity, I knew that the discussion was over. Gustave then put a big hand on my shoulder.

"You'll come and stay with us for a while, soon," he suggested. "Promise?"

"Oh, sure, Uncle Gustave."

He rose to take us as far as the carriage at the end of the lane. I walked with him, ahead of the two women.

"Is that a little horse?" I asked, pointing.

"That's a colt, and that's his mother with him. His name's Bourbaki." Uncle Gustave sat me on the fence and explained that that colt's remote ancestor had entered the country with General Bourbaki's army, in 1871.

My mother and Antonia had stopped near by, and Antonia called the mare over. "Come on, Delphine, show us your baby, don't wait to be coaxed," she said, and the mare bared her teeth, tossed her head, made little sounds.

Bourbaki, evidently curious, shambled loosely across the grass. He was a bay, with white stockings, and the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. All awkwardness and grace, all shine and timidity.

I squirmed from Gustave's hands, slipped off the fence and into the enclosure, headed straight for him. I heard my mother's warning call, the laughing reassurance of Antonia: "Oh, he's as gentle as a lamb, and old Delphine's got good sense!"

I slipped off my steed, strode to the fence, slipped between the rails, to reach for Mother's hand. "We're going home," I announced formally

Then I had hold of the colt. I felt his hard, firm flesh under the rough silk of his hair. I felt his nostrils, soft, incredibly soft and warm, like living tinder.

"Pretty, isn't he?" Gustave said, and he made me run my hands over him again, and explained the fine points.

I was drunk with joy, laughing, almost weeping. I had never seen anything as beautiful, never felt such emotion.

The farmer lifted me, sat me astride Bourbaki, and said, laughing, "Well, here we have a pair of friends! Bourbaki likes that boy of yours, you know."

"And that boy's crazy about horses," my mother admitted. "Well, it's in the blood. My grandfather always won the prizes for horses at fairs."

"I remember that," Gustave declared. "This one won't win prizes."

"He will so," I shouted. I held on to the colt's neck, leaned forward to pat the side of the oblong head. "He's pretty—he's pretty."

Gustave filled his pipe thoughtfully, lighted it, nodded. "How'd you like a saddle to ride him?"

"Oh, yes, thanks."

"Not today," Gustave went on. "Takes time to have a saddle made just right. But you stay with us, and I'll give him to you. He'll always be your horse. What do you say?"

"I—I—" I stammered, overwhelmed.

"Gustave," Antonia spoke, with a queer inflection in her voice. "Gustave."

And that brought about the moment I would never forget. I wanted that colt, to ride him and have him always. But there was something wrong, in some way.

I looked toward my mother for help and I didn't get help. My mother was looking at me with fear in her eyes.

Of what? There was that old fool mare, who wouldn't hurt anybody, and the Moiniers were her old friends. Mother was leaning on the fence, motionless, frozen, with her brown eyes fastened on my face, on my lips. She was afraid of something, awfully afraid. That Bourbaki was a very fine colt, a creature of beauty which I would have been proud to own, but there was my mother, looking as though she were going to cry. What could I do? What could anybody do?

I slipped off my steed, patted him on the nose, strode to the fence, slipped between the rails, to reach for Mother's hand.

"We're going home," I announced very formally.

For no good reason that I could imagine, she kissed me and held on to my hand all the way to the carriage. But whatever it was that had scared her was gone. I could feel that.

I turned twice to look at Bourbaki, who was looking over the fence at me. Antonia, who seemed to be sad about something, Gustave, looking sheepish and constrained, walked behind us.

"Come again very soon," he said kindly, but without conviction, "and—and see the colt."

I NEVER went back, never saw Bourbaki again.

In my relation of the trip to my father I spoke little of the colt. He had been connected in some manner with that anxious pause, with that dreadful, unexplained fear in my mother's eyes.

I grew to wonder whether that moment had been as tense, as grim as I remembered it. My mother appeared to have forgotten the whole episode, but many years later I spoke to her about the Moiniers.

"You remember, Mother, the people who had the farm?"

"I remember," she admitted. She looked at me quietly for a long second, and smiled. "And there was a colt. You probably can't remember, but you gave me a turn, you were raving so about him. I thought for a moment that you'd prefer a horse to your own mother, right before those people!"

"He never had a chance," I assured her.

We laughed.

But once again, I felt the familiar sensation of cold along my spine, and almost hated poor Gustave. I was such a little boy, Bourbaki was such a beautiful colt, that I might have slashed my mother's heart with the wrong answer.

a short short story complete on this page

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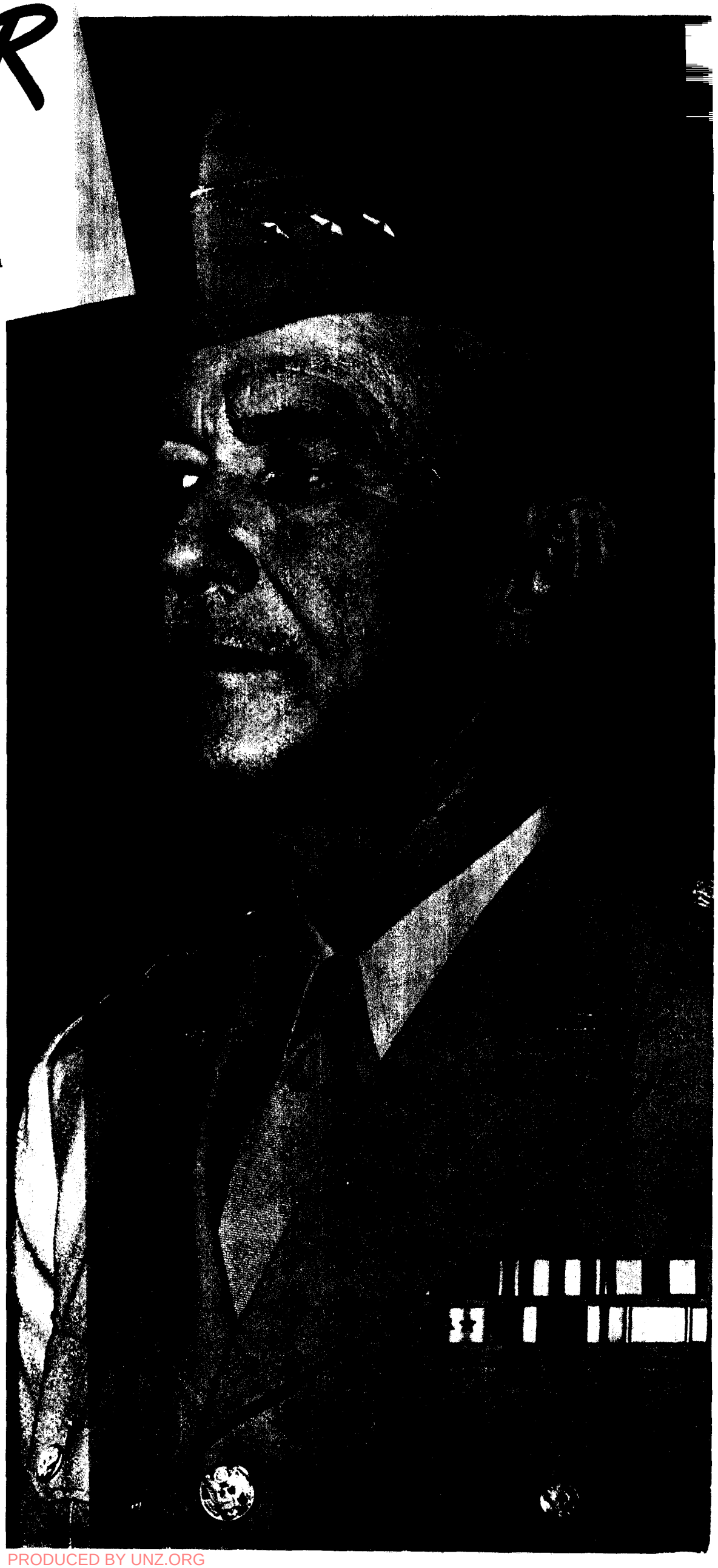
The VICTOR OF AACHEN

BY RICHARD C. HOTTELET
C.B.S. CORRESPONDENT IN BELGIUM



The man who commands the First U.S. Army on the borders of Germany—Lieutenant General Courtney H. Hodges—uses unconventional ideas to win battles. So far he has missed no opportunities through fear of taking chances on any likely military proposition

BY RADIO FROM BELGIUM

PARIS had fallen. Lieutenant General Courtney H. Hodges had to make a decision. The Germans were falling back across France. The opportunity to drive on into Germany was at hand—but our gasoline supply had begun to falter.

Hodges' First Army was not the only one worried by gasoline-supply problems. General George S. Patton's Third Army, east of Paris, had reached a point where brigadier generals were sent out to crossroads to highjack supply convoys. It was at this point that Hodges, who had just liquidated the Falaise pocket, was ordered to race after the routed German armies and prevent them from reforming on the Somme. But he could hardly move, much less race.

Hodges called his staff together. His G-4 (Supply), Colonel Robert Wilson of Philadelphia, recommended taking the field artillery's transport and sending it to the beach for gas. It was a bold proposal. It would immobilize the artillery and cut down the Army's immediate fighting power. There was little time for discussion. Hodges considered and accepted the proposal. Trucks from about twenty battalions of artillery, and two hundred or three hundred trucks from the French Second Armored Division got gasoline for Hodges' Army.

This decision is completely in keeping with his doctrine of calculated risk to keep the enemy off balance. The extra gasoline so obtained enabled the First Army to plunge straight on and over the Siegfried Line and invest Aachen before the Germans ever had a chance to regroup, and before the overextended supply lines once again called a halt.

Hodges is not afraid of big decisions but he is attentive also to little things. When the West Europe battlefield was still a beachhead, and German artillery was landing on the front-line town of Caumont, General Hodges and his aide were heading one June morning toward a battalion command post. Before they reached the CP, they had flattened themselves on the ground six times, as shells cracked into buildings. Each time the general would pick himself up and carefully whack the dust from his uniform. Someone else might not have bothered but the general is painstakingly neat in his appearance.

Battalion officers were waiting at the CP. They made their reports, showed him their maps and politely referred to the artillery fire. When the first formal fifteen minutes had elapsed, they stood around the First Army deputy commander in the slightly bent-forward attitude of men expecting their big boss to say, "Well, I guess we'll be going."

But the general showed no signs of leaving. Major William Sylvan, his aide, looked at his watch and mentally junked the morning schedule. Hodges kept asking questions in his low Georgia drawl and wanting precise details of just who was doing just what and where. Shells kept coming in. Finally he shook hands and left. As they made their way back toward the jeep, he half turned toward Sylvan and grinned wryly: "I know we stayed there too long. But when I was battalion commander in the last war it always tickled me when brass came up and all hell opened loose. So I stayed today to let the youngsters enjoy it."

A Formula That Works

This business of always keeping the other man and his point of view in mind is the way Hodges works in big things as well as small. It is a secret of the smooth functioning of as successful a command team as you can find on any battle front in the world.

The general himself is close to the top of his profession. The battles his Army has fought south of the Seine and then across France and Belgium in breathless succession to carry it first into Germany and first across the Siegfried Line will long be remembered as examples of cold and daring strategy. The responsibility of each move was his. The final decision on major and many minor problems—all the way from plans for the investment and capture of the historic city of Aachen to procedures for accelerating the flow of road traffic behind his lines—rested with him. But—and he is the first to admit it—the smooth planning and direction of the First Army's race toward Germany was born from the closest interaction between him and his staff.

Hodges is a Southern gentleman—soft-spoken, well-mannered. He looks one, too—small, wiry, with deep lines in his face from outdoor life, close-cropped silver hair and mustache. His hazel eyes are friendly and his smile is

(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.—PIX

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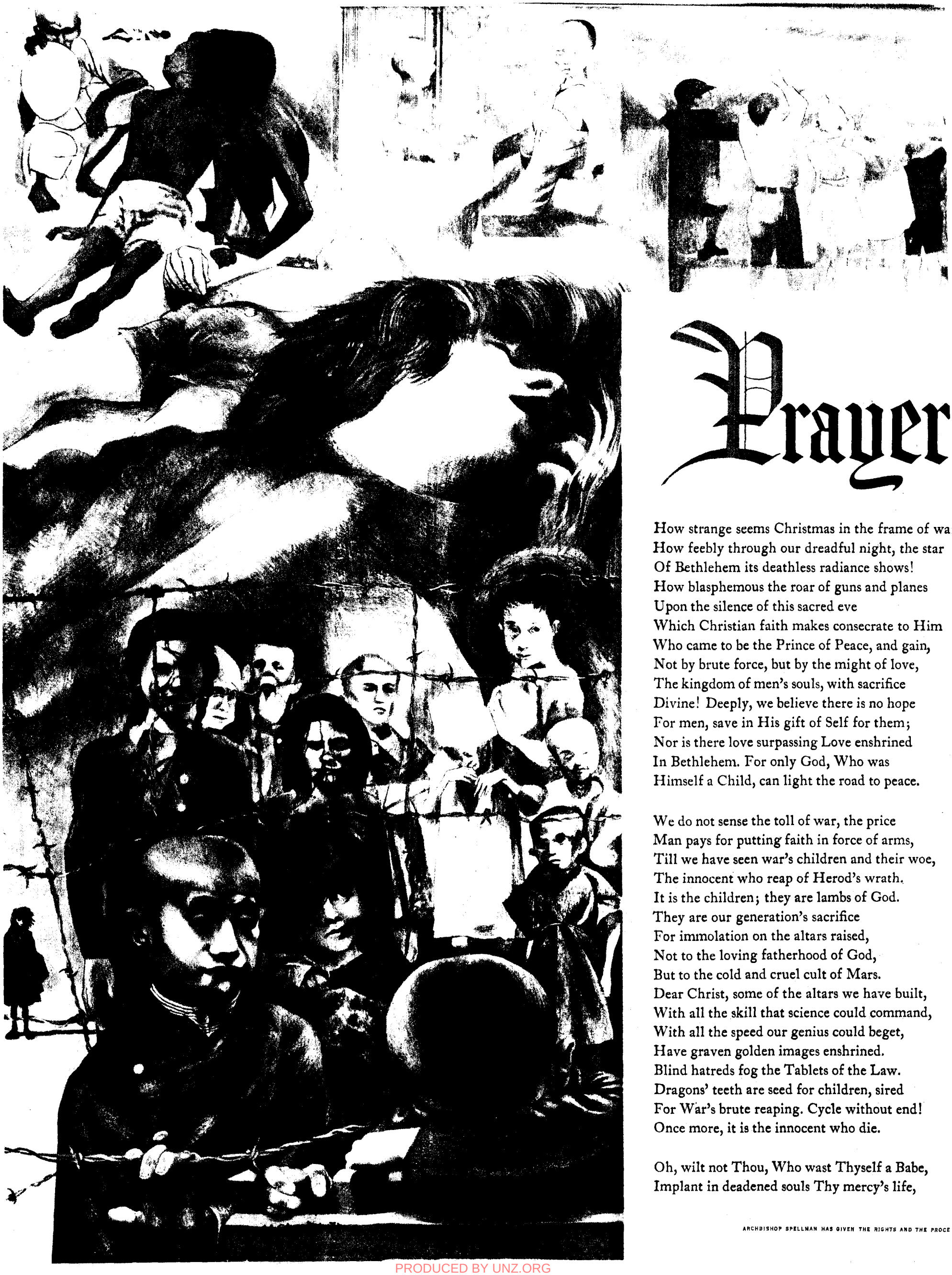

Prayer

How strange seems Christmas in the frame of wa
How feebly through our dreadful night, the star
Of Bethlehem its deathless radiance shows!
How blasphemous the roar of guns and planes
Upon the silence of this sacred eve
Which Christian faith makes consecrate to Him
Who came to be the Prince of Peace, and gain,
Not by brute force, but by the might of love,
The kingdom of men's souls, with sacrifice
Divine! Deeply, we believe there is no hope
For men, save in His gift of Self for them;
Nor is there love surpassing Love enshrined
In Bethlehem. For only God, Who was
Himself a Child, can light the road to peace.

We do not sense the toll of war, the price
Man pays for putting faith in force of arms,
Till we have seen war's children and their woe,
The innocent who reap of Herod's wrath.
It is the children; they are lambs of God.
They are our generation's sacrifice
For immolation on the altars raised,
Not to the loving fatherhood of God,
But to the cold and cruel cult of Mars.
Dear Christ, some of the altars we have built,
With all the skill that science could command,
With all the speed our genius could beget,
Have graven golden images enshrined.
Blind hatreds fog the Tablets of the Law.
Dragons' teeth are seed for children, sired
For War's brute reaping. Cycle without end!
Once more, it is the innocent who die.

Oh, wilt not Thou, Who wast Thyself a Babe,
Implant in deadened souls Thy mercy's life,

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN HAS GIVEN THE RIGHTS AND THE PROCE

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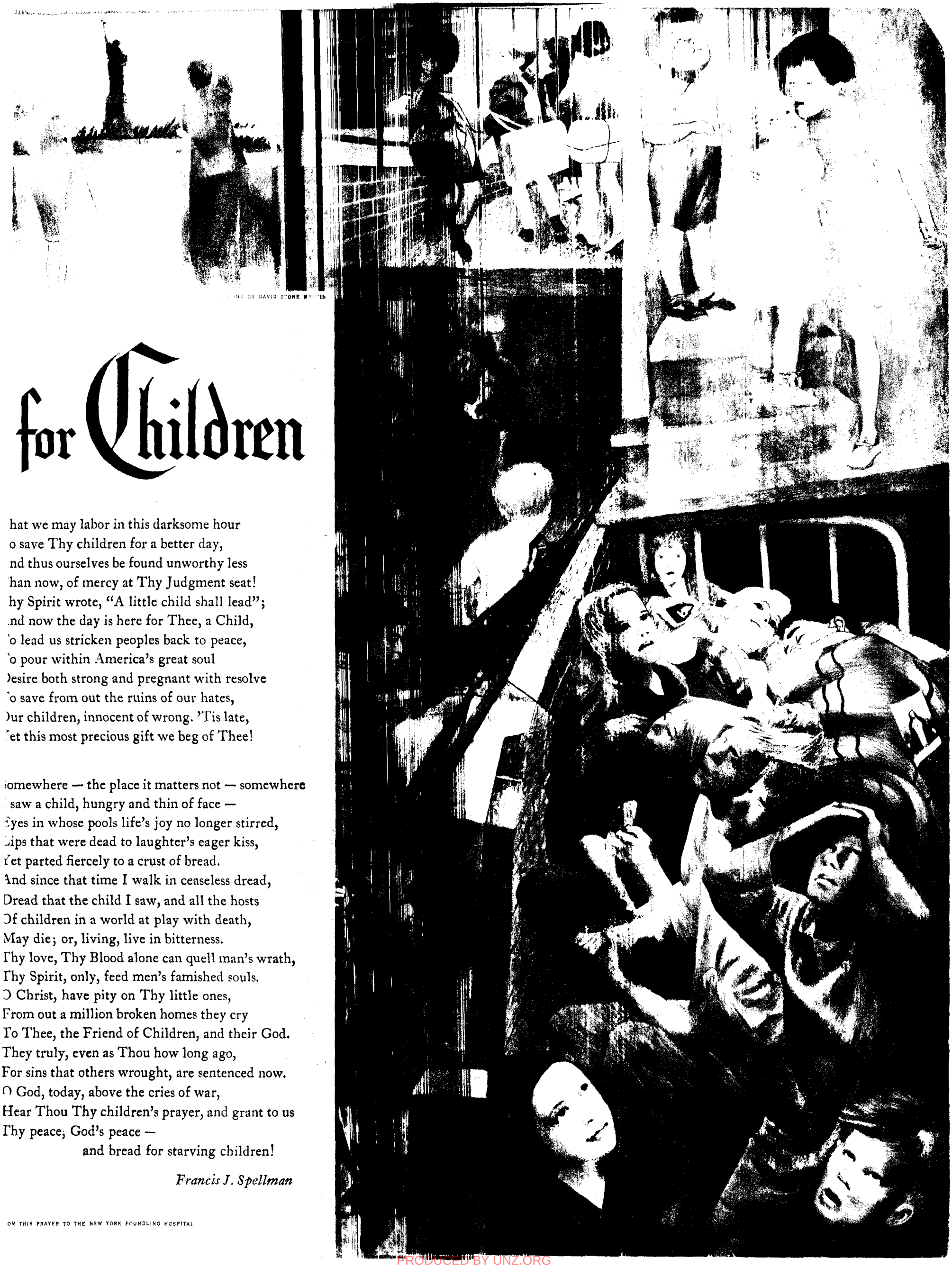

for Children

hat we may labor in this darksome hour
o save Thy children for a better day,
nd thus ourselves be found unworthy less
han now, of mercy at Thy Judgment seat!
hy Spirit wrote, "A little child shall lead";
nd now the day is here for Thee, a Child,
o lead us stricken peoples back to peace,
o pour within America's great soul
esire both strong and pregnant with resolve
o save from out the ruins of our hates,
ur children, innocent of wrong. 'Tis late,
et this most precious gift we beg of Thee!

omewhere — the place it matters not — somewhere
saw a child, hungry and thin of face —
yes in whose pools life's joy no longer stirred,
ips that were dead to laughter's eager kiss,
et parted fiercely to a crust of bread.
nd since that time I walk in ceaseless dread,
read that the child I saw, and all the hosts
f children in a world at play with death,
ay die; or, living, live in bitterness.
hy love, Thy Blood alone can quell man's wrath,
hy Spirit, only, feed men's famished souls.
Christ, have pity on Thy little ones,
rom out a million broken homes they cry
o Thee, the Friend of Children, and their God.
hey truly, even as Thou how long ago,
or sins that others wrought, are sentenced now.
God, today, above the cries of war,
ear Thou Thy children's prayer, and grant to us
hy peace, God's peace —
and bread for starving children!

Francis J. Spellman

OM THIS PRAYER TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

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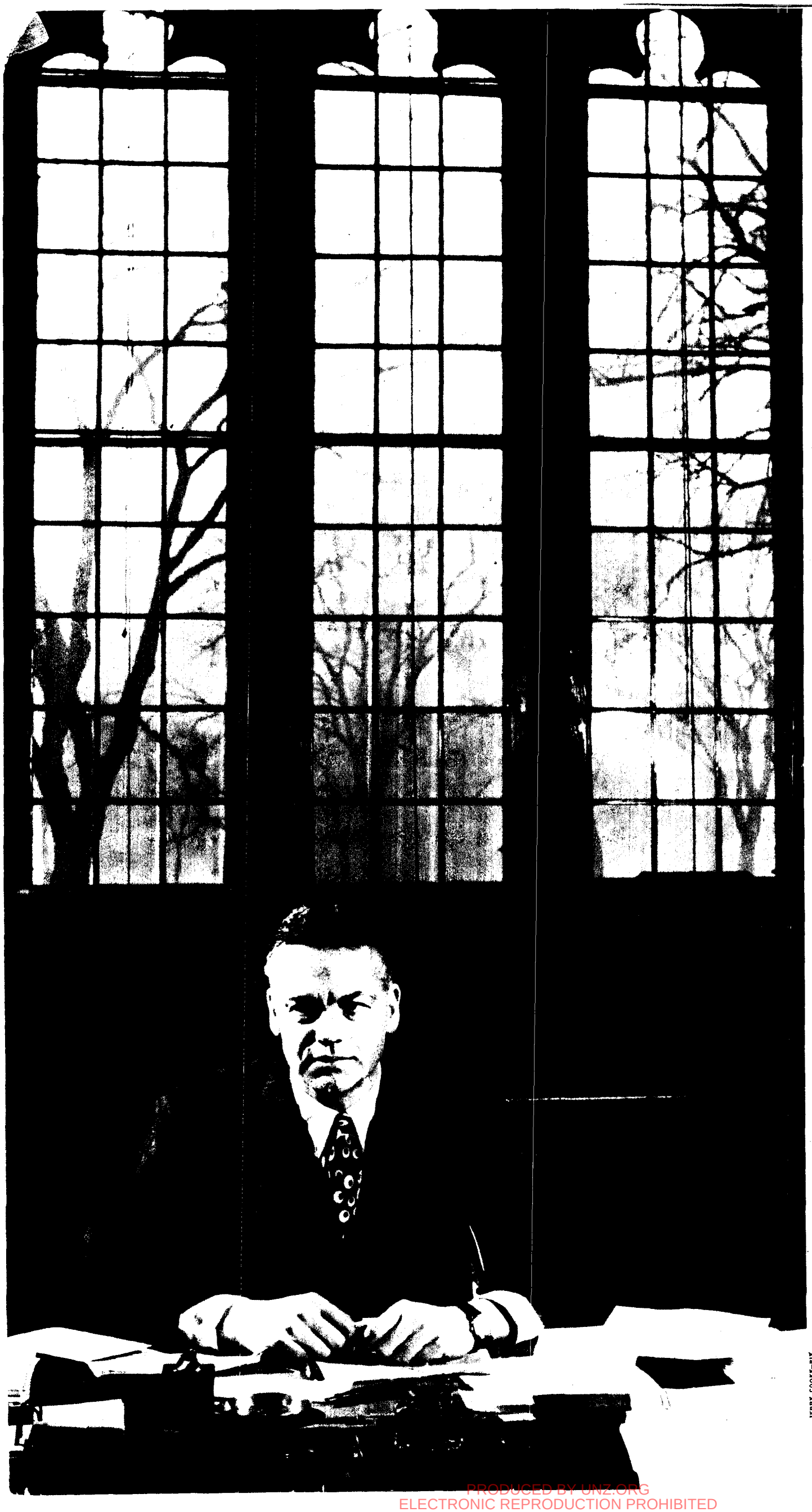

JERRY COOKE—PIX

Chicago's President Robert Maynard Hutchins states, "Educational institutions . . . cannot resist money. The G.I. Bill of Rights gives them a chance to get more money than they ever dreamed of, and do it in the name of patriotism

CONGRESS has passed a law which, for th first time in the history of the world, make educational opportunity available to mil lions of people without reference to their ability t pay for it. The G.I. Bill of Rights (the Servicemen' Readjustment Act of 1944) offers a minimum of on year's education to any veteran of 90 days' servic —other than dishonorably discharged—whose edu cation was interrupted by the war.

Any veteran who entered the Armed Forces be fore his twenty-fifth birthday is deemed to hav had his education interrupted. Any veteran of mor than 90 days' service whose education has been in terrupted is offered as many years' education as h saw service, up to a maximum of four years. Fo example, a veteran honorably discharged after tw years service is eligible for three years of educa tion. Free tuition, free books and free equipmen are provided under the act; but the thing which makes the act historic is the subsistence allowance of $50 to $75 a month which the veteran will re ceive while going to school.

The American system of free education for all, upon which we have prided ourselves for 150 years, has existed only in our imaginations. Education has been free in the sense that tuition, books and equip ment have been free. But these blessings have al ways been meaningless to those rising citizens who had no shoes or whose parents required their serv ices to chop cotton or mine coal. The most recent statistical study of American education reveals that children of elementary school age in the poorer states receive fewer than 130 days' schooling a year.

As for the higher levels of education, they remain the preserve of the relatively rich. Before the war only 14 per cent of young people of college age were in college. Repeated studies have shown that these students were not the best; they were the richest.

A New Policy for the G.I.

The factor determining the educational oppor tunities of the young American is the money he can afford to spend on them. Free tuition, books and equipment do not add up to free education. The G.I. Bill of Rights recognizes this fact and incor porates into our national policy the principle that there must be no relation between the education of a citizen and the income of his parents. It would be a tragedy if this principle were discredited, be cause the rest of the educational provisions of the act are unworkable. As the act stands, it threatens to demoralize education and defraud the veteran.

The veterans want jobs. They do not want edu cation unless they cannot get jobs. And the educa tion they want, if they cannot get jobs, is not education at all, but vocational training which they think will get them jobs. With 15,000,000 men re turning to the labor market, we may look for some unemployment. Unemployment invariably, if il logically, increases the clamor for vocational train ing. Unless the veterans' educational program can be safeguarded, it will degenerate into a vocational training program.

In an age in which industrial management has simplified most industrial operations to the point where they can be performed by twelve-year-olds, vocational training is a fraud. In a period of unem ployment, it becomes a most vicious kind of fraud. In the depression year of 1934, 150,000 students finished their schooling in bookkeeping, and 36,000 new bookkeepers were hired. In the same year, 100,000 students were trained as Diesel engineers, and 5,000 new men were added to the 20,000 em ployed in the industry. The American Youth Com mission found in 1940 that more than two thirds of all occupations required nothing beyond elementary education, and that workers without any vocational training reached normal production on 70 per cent of all jobs in less than a week.

Since the country, the educators and the veterans all believe in vocational training, it is perhaps too much to expect that public money should not be used for it. But at least the government can make sure that it is not spent in a way which will deceive the veteran too grossly. It can and should with hold public money from an institution offering a longer course in a given skill than is actually re-

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The THREAT to American Education

by **ROBERT M. HUTCHINS**
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Here is the opinion of a noted educator that Congress passed unworkable legislation to provide for the education of our returning veterans who, he fears, may very easily become educational hobos

quired to learn that skill. It can and should withhold public money from institutions offering to train more men in a given skill than can get jobs in that skill according to the estimates of the United States Employment Service. This procedure would make the act as workable in relation to vocational training as it can be made.

The problem presented by the act in relation to the colleges and universities in their presumably nonvocational activities is more difficult. Educational institutions, as the big-time football racket shows, cannot resist money. The G.I. Bill of Rights gives them a chance to get more money than they have ever dreamed of, and to do it in the name of patriotism. They will not want to keep out unqualified veterans; they will not want to expel those who fail. Even if they should want to, they will not be allowed to, for the public and the veterans' organizations will not stand for it. Colleges and universities will find themselves converted into educational hobo jungles. And veterans, unable to get work and equally unable to resist putting pressure on the colleges and universities, will find themselves educational hobos.

The object of this act should be to offer educational opportunities to those veterans who can avail themselves of them. The effect of the act as it stands is to offer these educational opportunities not only to such veterans, but also to those who cannot avail themselves of them and who will accept them only because they cannot get jobs. The result will be that both the educational system and the veterans will be demoralized.

The way to achieve the object of the act and to prevent the consequences which will follow from its provisions as they stand, is to amend it by requiring in its educational clauses the same safeguards with which Congress has surrounded the provisions in the bill for loans for farms, businesses, and homes.

Safeguarding the Veteran

In these cases, the administrator is required to find that the veteran has a reasonable chance of succeeding, and that the property is reasonably priced, and in no event will the government advance more than 50 per cent of the cost.

The only area in which the government shows no interest in protecting its investment is education. The act asks no questions about the ability and experience of the veteran. It asks no questions about the reasonableness of the tuition, nor about the likelihood that the education it is financing can be turned to successful account. It does not even ask what the successful use of an education is.

And in the area of education, the government is not making a 50 per cent loan. It is making a 100 per cent gift. To say that this is reckless of Congress is a generous understatement. It is not merely reckless; it is an open invitation to any entrepreneur of the proper political persuasion in a given state to buy up the charters of half a dozen bankrupt colleges and make his fortune.

The remedy lies in requiring the administrator to ascertain through a series of national examinations whether the veteran applying for the educational benefits has a reasonable chance of succeeding in and profiting by his proposed educational program. The government would pay only half the tuition and other fees of the veteran; the balance would have to be paid by the educational institutions themselves. Thus these institutions would exercise some discrimination in the selection of their students and co-operate with the administrator by admitting only those veterans who could use what the institutions had to offer. The administrator should make no payments to institutions not prepared to accept their share of these responsibilities.

These amendments would preserve the principle that educational opportunities must be offered without regard to the capacity to pay for them and would prevent the demoralization of the veteran through the educational system and of the educational system through the veteran.

Education No Substitute for Dole

These amendments would mean, of course, that fewer veterans would attend colleges and universities; for only those would attend who wanted and could get an education. Education would not be used as a substitute for a dole or for a national program of public works. And it should not be. To use it as a substitute for either is to run the risk of ruining the educational system and the young people committed to its charge.

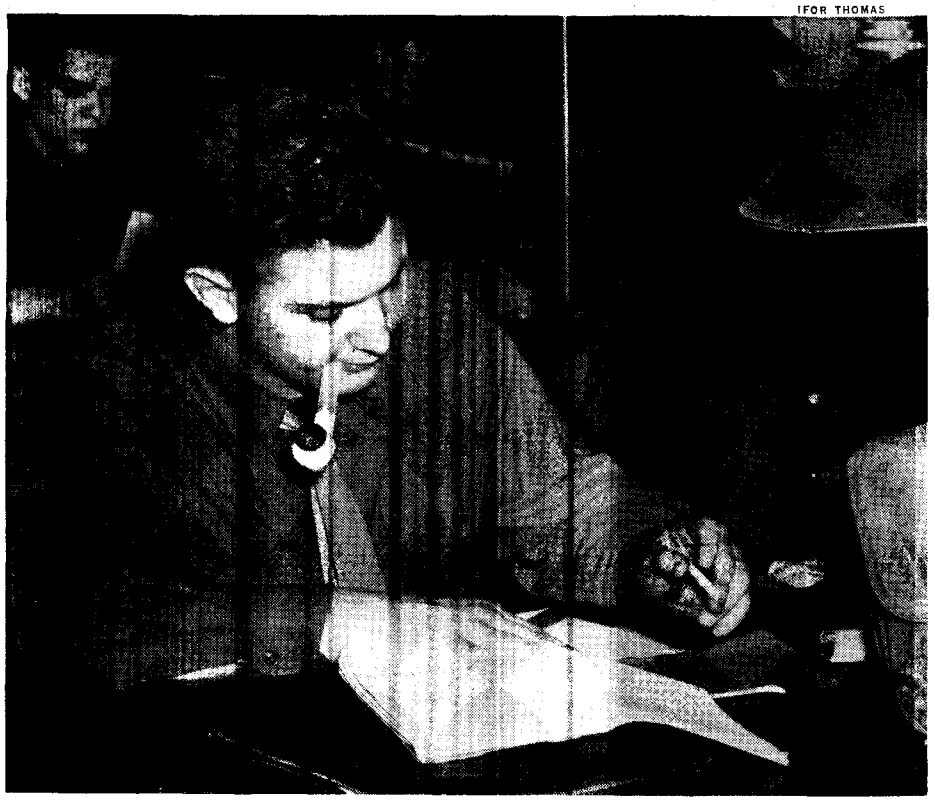
To train young people in vocational skills when they cannot be used, to train them longer in a skill than is necessary, to send them to college when they cannot profit by it —these things seem absurd. Even those who wrote the educational provisions of this act must have been aware of the absurdity. Why did they write them. then? Apparently because they did not think of them as educational provisions at all, but as a method of keeping the veterans off the bread line.

But education is not a device for coping with mass unemployment. That problem cannot be evaded by putting the unemployed in school and hoping for the best. Instead of taking this easy road to ruin, the country should look the problem in the face and determine what methods it proposes to use to prevent, cure or alleviate unemployment.

I believe that it is the duty of the educational system to work out a liberal education —the education of a free man—and to discover the means of communicating it to every citizen. If every citizen is to be free, every citizen must be educated for freedom. We must recognize, however, that the educational system has not yet worked out this education. It cannot now educate every citizen. Efforts to do now what it cannot do will only retard the eventual accomplishment of what it set out to do. The veterans assisted to go to school should be those, and only those, for whom the schools, colleges and universities can do something now. For these the G.I. Bill of Rights should provide support during their education. Other agencies, in other ways, must tackle and solve the problem of mass unemployment. ★★★

HUSTON—PIX

Two medically discharged veterans who are students at Columbia: (second from left) James Fitzpatrick, 22, of Salt Lake City, before his year in the Army majored in English at University of Utah; James H. Witham, Jr. (third from left), 20, after seventeen months in the A.A.F. is taking up journalism



IFOR THOMAS

These 17-year-olds at C.C.N.Y. (above and below) will want to complete their education after the war under the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights

IFOR THOMAS

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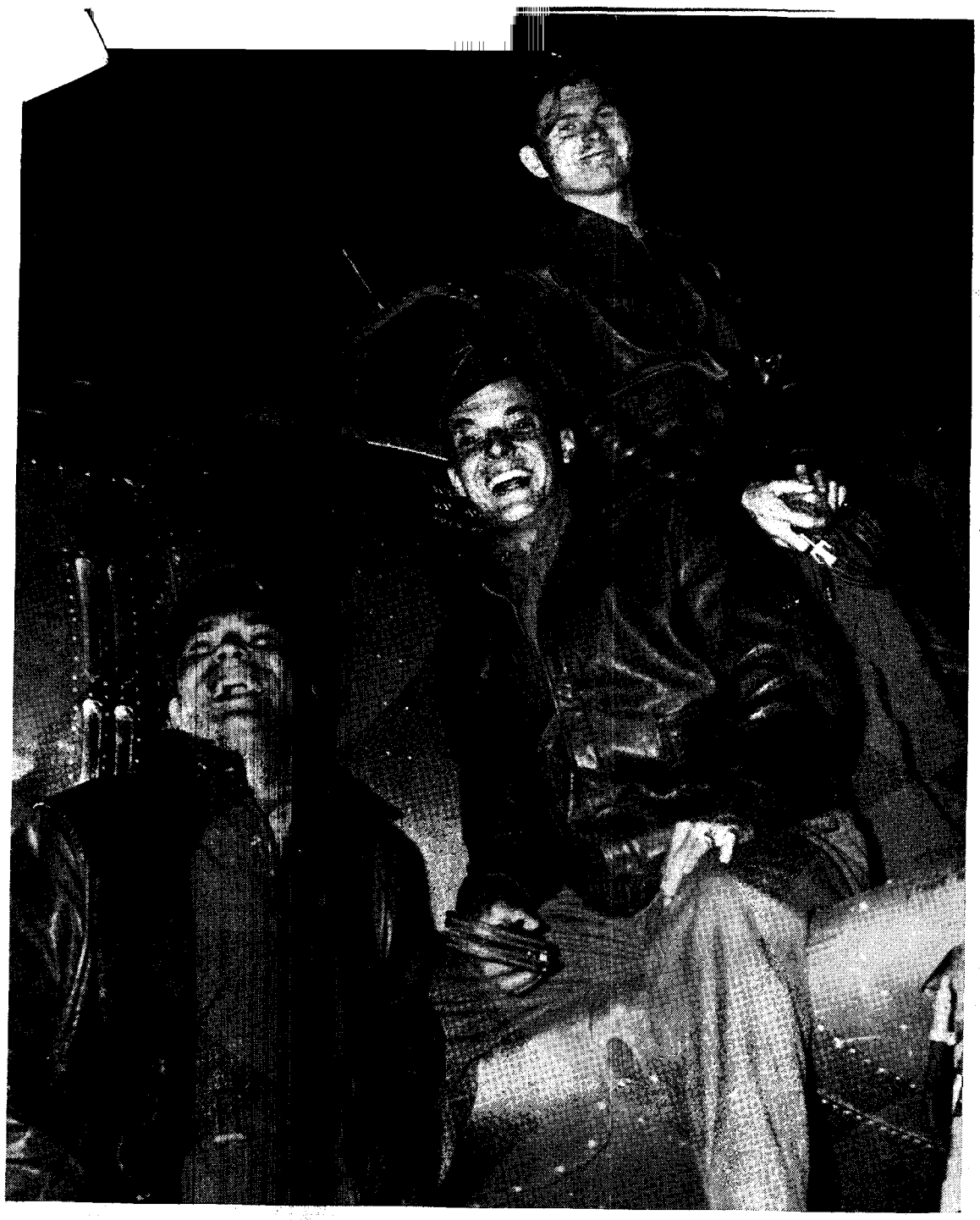

Three players, Sgt. Edmond O'Brien (bottom) of New York, Sgt. Mark Daniels (center) of Chicago, and Cpl. Barry Nelson of Oakland, Calif., had previous movie experience

Pfc. Jimmy Thompson of Hollywood, who plays a cadet, dances with his girl, Madelyn Lund, of Culver City, Calif., a student at U.C.L.A.

Jimmy Thompson (left), Sgt. Charles Siegel (center) and Cpl. Elliot Sullivan abandon acting for prosaic policing of the camp area

Winged Victory

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH CRANE—BLACK STAR

THE night Winged Victory was previewed, a friend, congratulating Moss Hart who wrote the screen play as well as the Broadway hit, commented on the good taste displayed throughout the film. Hart said, "Thank you. And you will please note I used as few airplanes as possible."

Winged Victory is the story of the men, not the machines, of the Army Air Forces. Unlike other war films, the constant whirring and zooming that has deafened so many moviegoers is delightfully absent.

All the emotional stops have been pulled out, but the excellence of the acting, which is done by professionals who are now members of the Army Air Corps, makes the picture human and touching.

You know the pattern. It's a simple story of six air cadets, three from a small Ohio town, a farm boy from Oregon, a rich oilman's son from Texas, and the inevitable guy from Brooklyn. You follow them, along with three hundred other soldiers, from induction to battle in the South Pacific sky. The sincerity and simplicity that runs through the picture often gives it a newsreel quality.

After Winged Victory's six-months run on Broadway, the entire unit of Air Forces personnel was ordered to proceed to California for the picture version. They set up camp on the beach at Santa Monica where regular Army routine was observed. Every day, for four months, busses transported them to the Twentieth Century-Fox lot where they worked like Hollywood stars or extras depending on the parts they played, and every night they returned to camp—G.I.s once more.

Now that the film is made, the unit is on tour again presenting the stage play. All proceeds go to Army charities.

U. C.

Cpl. John Tyers of San Diego, who sings Silent Night in film, with wife and child. Married couples lived in apartments close to camp

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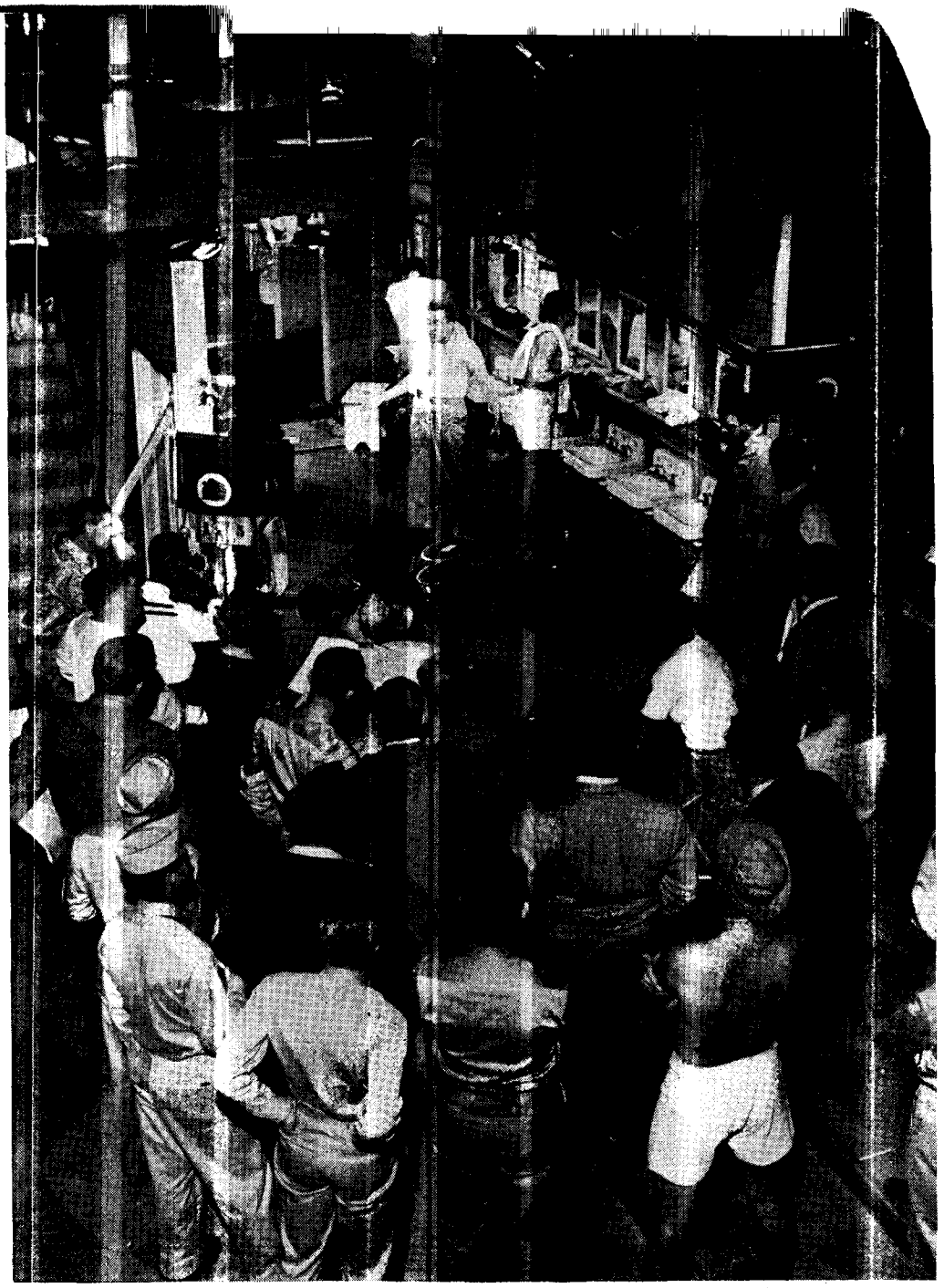
of the boys, Cpl. Louis Hippe (left ... Angeles, formerly a ...ake-up man, T/Sgt. Peter Hayes of San Francis... ...tor, go in for extracurri...ular comedy

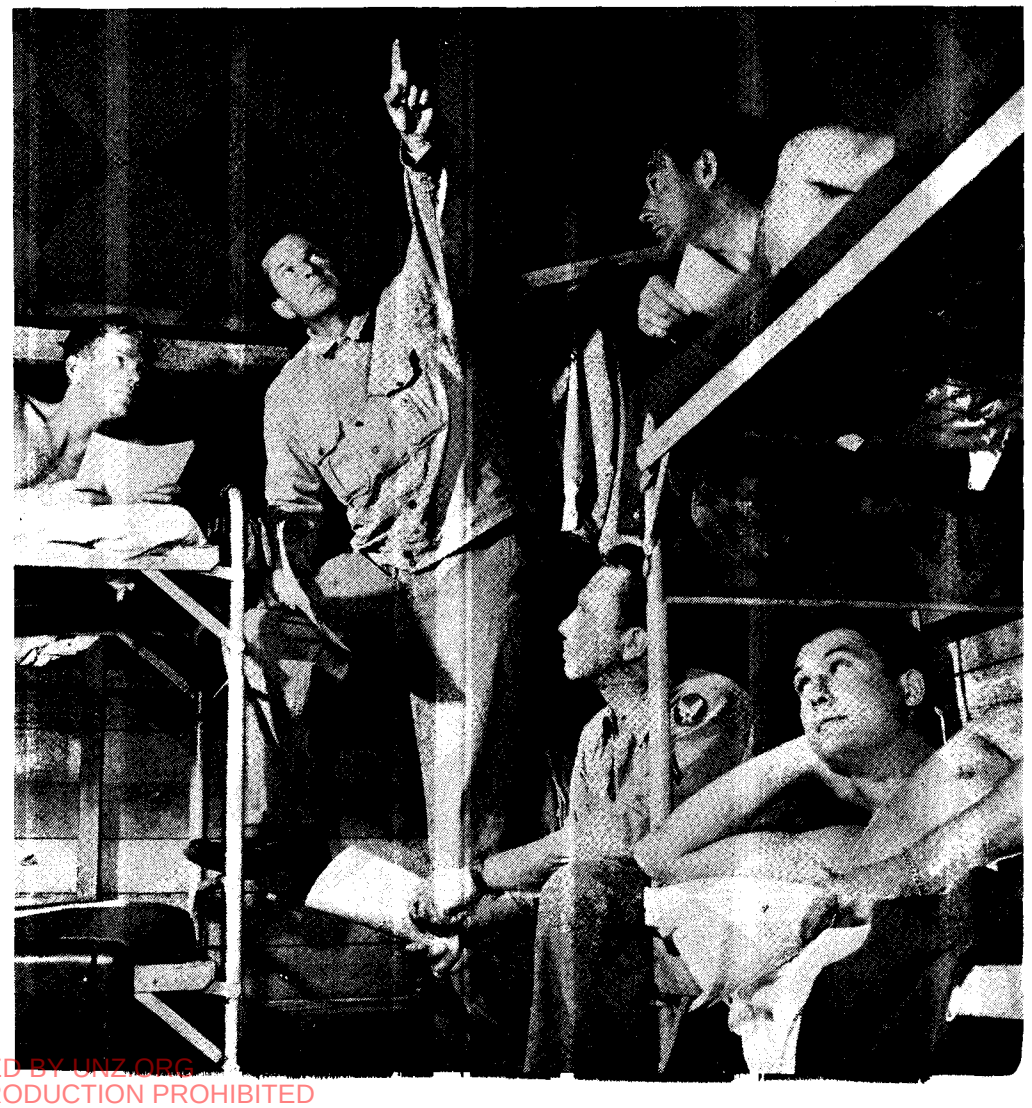
before "lights out" at ten o'clock Jimm... ...ays good night to Madely... Lund. Men Winged Victory spent furloughs at Sant... Monica Beach; danced ... Ocean Park



"If we passed all those tests we're just about the smartest guys in the world," says O'Brien (pail in hand) to aviation students who have just taken aptitude tests

ff Sergeant Sascha Brastoff of New York ... a sculptor in civilian life, tries out cos-...e for the Carmen Miranda impersonation on Pfc. Martin Mellon of Philadelphia

Part of cast rehearses in tent with Cpl. Alan Baxter (pointing) of Cleveland, who plays Major Halper in the "washing out" scene. Before war Baxter was a film star



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MAUD DARLING

BY NANCY LYON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She did a good job of reconstructing the hearts and hopes of wounded servicemen. But one patient found she needed some rehabilitation herself

WHEN Paint breezed through the ward, her fair hair flying out behind her like a banner, most of the boys called out to her, "Hiya, Paint!" or "What's cookin'—chicken?" Sometimes they'd moan aloud and say, "Paint—I hurt. . . . Come hold my hand!" and Paint would laugh and stop long enough to pinch a toe that peaked the sheet. Now and then she'd swerve over and rumple a shock of hair above a grinning face, saying in that low, full voice of hers, "Sugar, you're sweet. . . ." But she kept on going.

She came to the hospital twice a week and stayed all afternoon. She was the favorite of the injured-arm contingent for she was a whiz at writing letters. The folks back home could actually read her writing; and something of her own strong spirit, her bright beauty, seemed to get into the letters. She wrote them in pencil and copied them afterward in ink, with the necessary corrections. Love letters, especially, were full of revisions. "Aw, Paint—cross that out—it sounds corny, don't it?" Paint's wide-set hazel eyes would get that far-off look and she'd say softly, "If I were your girl, soldier, it would sound good to me."

SOMETIMES one would misunderstand and get ideas; then Paint's head would come high and the shining hair that softened the fine bony line of chin and jaw, the long sweet line of her neck, would swing back, and she'd say: "I'm strictly black market."

"Married?"

Paint would give him that nice smile that was as plain as No Trespassing and he'd shut right up. She didn't even have to say Yes.

When she left the ward they always argued about her: "What's eatin' that gal? She won't talk . . . Most of 'em are so proud they've hooked a man you can't shut 'em up. . . ." "An elegant creature," the professor said, "but sad at heart." "Aw, nuts—she's always laughin' and shinin' . . ." "Have you ever wondered," the professor asked loftily, "how the Oklahoma company keeps it up?" "Habit," said one, "they're in a rut." "Guts," said another, "the show must go on." "Both," said the professor and closed the subject.

There was only one among them who dared jump the fence of Paint's reticence. A nice-looking fellow—dark hair and eyes, a thin, keen face . . . his right arm fractured and in a cast. He was one of the new convalescents.

"Well, are you married?" he insisted when Paint gave him that nice blank look.

"Yes." The word was forced.

"Where is he?"

"At sea," she said in a flat voice. Then she lifted her head and spoke sharply: "I hear you want to write a letter."

He reached over with his good left hand and touched her dress lightly.

When she arrived on Friday one of the boys beckoned wildly. "Hey, Paint," he said, "I gotta tell you something"

"Sorry. I'm a dope. Will you write for me?"

Paint took a deep breath and swallowed it. When she answered him the flags were flying again in her eyes and her lips were full of that bright smile.

"You bet." She sat down, crossed her leg and settled the tablet comfortably on he knee. "Let's go." She looked up then and saw the faint distress in his dark eyes "What's her name?" she asked gently.

He gave her a quick look of gratitude "Maud." He sat up straighter and reached for a cigarette: He lit it and then spoke, exhaling slowly. " 'Maud darling. . . . It won' be long now. My arm is doing fine. They tell me I'll be out of here in a month. Your last letter was grand. I could almost see you. . . . You funny kid.' " He looked at Paint then. "Maybe I ought to cross that out. She hates to be called a kid."

Paint smiled. "How old is she?"

"Eighteen. But let's leave that in—because then I'll say—'Now don't get mad. You are just a kid and you have no business waiting for a broken-down soldier and buying dish towels. Why the polka dots? Dish towels are just dish towels.' "

He glanced over at Paint again, a broad grin on his face. "That'll really rile her. . . . She'll stamp her foot. She likes to stamp her foot—makes her feel big. She hardly comes to my shoulder and can't weigh much more than a full pack."

"Sweet," Paint said softly.

"Yeah, that's it—sweet. Eyes as big as saucers and hair like a kid's—all mussed and curly 'round her face." He leaned back against the pillow. "Cries in the movies," he said. "Now let's see . . . Oh, yeah . . . 'Don't spend all that money to come see me when you've already picked a house. If your dad thinks it's okay go ahead with the down payment. But don't get any notions about a fancy wedding. One step forward and face the preacher is the way I see it and I hope you do, too. Write to me, Maud darling, and I'll write to you again as soon as this very swell' " —his eyes were on Paint for one appreciative instant—" 'lady comes again. Your Bill.' "

PAINT came again a few days later. The heads came up as usual. She had a bunch of records under her arm and she held them before her, smiling, as she passed between the two rows.

"Jive," she said, "from way back. Tommy Dorsey—Cab Calloway—a touch of Frankie Carle . . ."

She put the records on the machine and set it on automatic. As she turned around she heard the low inquiry on her right: "Take a letter, Paint?" Paint moved over to his bed. "Mind if I call you Paint," he asked, "since all the others do?"

"Of course not," Paint answered, sitting down. "It's such a silly name—you'd think I'd been named for an old horse of the family's—instead of a friend. Painter was the name—that's even worse." She got out her pencil and paper and crossed her legs. She smiled over at Bill and said, "Don't tell me . . ." And she wrote, "Maud darling . . ."

Bill lit a cigarette and leaned back. He was silent for some time. Finally Paint said, just above a whisper, "Close your eyes and pretend she's sitting here where I am—then start talking."

"Yeah," Bill said and he closed his eyes. But he didn't talk.

"What's the matter, Bill?" Paint asked.

(Continued on page 48)

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Scourged

BY FRANK GERVASI

The Germans set out to depopulate Greece and, with their usual efficiency, did a fair job. But to the Greeks who are left, their "burned villages" are almost a source of pride—an accolade for resistance and ability to survive

RADIOED FROM ATHENS

WESTWARD from Lamia, the dirt road lay like a faded yellow ribbon along the malarial valley of the Sperkios River. It wound through low, browning hills on the north side of the stream and disappeared into the purple mountains in the distance toward towering Veluchi and the town of Karpenision.

The sun was warm on the plain but nevertheless promised winter. Already nomad shepherds and goatherds were driving their flocks down through Thessaly from the Pindus Mountains toward the green grass and warmth of the Marathon plains.

On either side of the road, fields lay fallow as they'd been for two years. Greek farmers stayed away from the acres they owned within sight of highways and within range of German rifles and machine guns. Germans shot people from roads to terrorize, to prevent espionage by guerrillas or merely to kill more Greeks. At Messoroumi they machine-gunned thirty-five peasants as they hoed their tobacco.

But now the peasants were returning to their fields. Some turned chocolate-colored soil with mule-drawn plows, and others sowed their winter wheat. There was a desperate urgency in their movements. Plowmen urged their plows, and peasant women pulled at frayed ropes alongside the mules. In the patches owned by the luckier farmers the first green fuzz of the new crop showed. Most of the fields however were lifeless with the leafless, broken stalks of unreaped corn stiffly askew in the wind. These acres wouldn't be plowed. Their owners were dead or the mules were gone. But the valley was coming to life.

Chickens cackled in the yards of the peasants' square stone houses, and geese waddled serenely in the roadside mud. They, like their owners, had come home. Lumpy, barefooted women spread red and yellow corn to dry in the sun on blankets laid on the ground. On the road trudged refugees—the kin of other refugees in other countries I've known, but with one important difference: These seemed always to know where they were going and they seemed to own, too, an inner happiness. They weren't demonstrative like the French or depressed like the Italians, but they were hungrier and more ragged by far. They were more like the peasants you met in Spain just after the civil war.

Some carried their precious shoes to spare them; others simply didn't have any. They carried sacks over their shoulders or swung knotted kerchiefs containing scraps of bread and bottles of wine. Others rode mules or sweet-faced donkeys, on high awkward wooden saddles. Rarely, a vehicle passed and when it did it was an overloaded antediluvian truck burdened to spring-break with mounds of women, children, unshaved men, bedding, boxes, trunks and bearded, bandoleered guerrilla hitchhikers. There were startlingly few babies. Footsloggers begged politely for rides.

Where the road skirted the railroad that branched off to Salonika, we passed a station miraculously intact. But a big water tower was a heap of broken concrete and protuberant steel rods. On a siding stood seven locomotives each with its boiler and cab blown. These made a rusty mess of junk with the remains of a dozen blasted freight cars.

This kind of German thoroughness inspires admiration in people who've experienced this war only from a safe distance. The Germans displayed it in Greece, however, not only in the now-familiar expertness of their military defenses and demolitions but also in their systematic decimation of the Greek population. Here there is proof that the German High Command, once it saw the inevitability of defeat, undertook to depopulate this country as they tried to do in Poland.

Proof leaps at you from the ruins of villages like Karpenision and Distomo and 1,300 others like them. In Athens I saw where the Germans killed an average of a dozen hostages daily, and once machine-gunned two hundred and forty, at least a score of them women.

Hitler's Junkermen cannot shift the blame for what the Wehrmacht has done here onto the Gestapo or the politicians. Regular troops and not Brown Shirt fanatics were the executioners, rapists and arsonists—Germans, not Nazis. They were helped first by the Italians and later by the Circassians and Moors imported from Franco's Spain. Remember Lidice? Distomo was much worse, and Karpenision nearly as bad.

A Prophecy of Ruined Villages

The road leaves the valley floor and begins to climb to Karpenision at Lianokladi. The interpreter in the front seat of the spavined old Hupmobile I'd hired in Athens for the trip, says gloomily, "This is the last village you'll see now all in one piece." The interpreter was a former Red Cross worker and knew the district well. My driver, a small, patient man who didn't mind getting out every four miles or so to pump up tired tires, was born in these hills just beyond Lianokladi. A wild-haired man with a gaunt, leathery face yelled the driver's name, and the old Hup hiccuped to a half stop.

The driver opened the door, stuck out his hand, for a full minute, the two shook hands vigorously and grunted questions and answers at each other. From what I'd been told about Greek demonstrativeness and excitability—two characteristics repeatedly cited by disparagers—I expected much hugging, kissing and back-thumping. It was clear the two knew each other intimately and hadn't met for a long time.

But the wild-haired one rejoined the refugees trickling down the roadside from their mountain hide-outs, and the car bounced forward, groaning in low gear at the effort.

"Brothers," explained the interpreter. "Not see each other for years. That one hide in mountains and driver remain in Athens."

A few miles farther on, Makri was the first of the "burned villages" I was to see. Everyone in Athens—Red Cross field men, social workers and politicians—urges you to "go see our burned villages," almost as though they're proud of them. In a sense they are, for the villages are symbols of the extent of Greek resistance to the enemy, monuments to Greek torment as well as lewd evidence of the enemy's barbarity.

Makri was a hamlet of some hundred houses and buildings suitable for human and animal habitation. There isn't a single habitable place left. As in the villages of the Vercors region in France, the Germans pil-

ACME

With their homes in ruins, their clothing in rags and food all but nonexistent, this may be the worst winter yet for Greece's old and young

Allied relief agencies pass out clothing and food to the children of Greece, but cannot take the place of the parents the Germans murdered

ACME

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king all blankets, bedding, pots, livestock and valuables. Then houses and barns and all that [illegible]—furniture as well as some of too old or too young to move, [illegible]. They used a new magnesite bomb for the job.

Survivors of various ages stood before the roofless, broken-walled hulls of their homes and stared solemnly as the car moved through the village. I wondered dimly where they slept. I knew what they ate: boiled lentils, chick-peas or beans without any fat, and black bread when they could get it.

After Makri came Makrakomi. Here, too, every house was burned. The Italians visited Makrakomi once in 1942, and the Germans several times between April, 1943, and August, 1944. The Germans' bag of human victims was small in the first raids. Guerrilla sentries warned the villagers, and they took the goat trails up into the mountains, carrying their more precious belongings. But on May 11, 1944, a detachment of Moors surprised the town. They burned seventeen of the score of remaining houses and raped a number of women. They tied twenty-five into human cordwood with baling wire and burned them. The people of Makrakomi will show you where they're buried.

Then came Sperthias, Lythmos, Paleovraki, Pirgos, Vitoli, St. George, Kadsi and Lapsi. They're all dead villages—burned, shelled, dynamited and hammered down into repulsive piles of mortar that speak of violence no words can capture. The smell of burned bedding and burned flesh clung still to the ruins and stayed in our nostrils as the car climbed into the clean cold air of Mount Veluchi toward Karpenision, 3,300 feet above the valley's floor.

In all the villages there was another smell—one that you come to know with a large horror that quickens your breathing in spite of yourself: It's the smell of starvation. And mingled with it is the stench of poverty, disease and filth.

Red-armed and red-legged women and children with blue lips stood to gape as we passed. Baggy-trousered, unshaven men were silent, only occasionally raising a hand to wave when they saw the American flag I'd stuck in the straps of my bedding roll, tied to the mudguard. In each village, less accessible to help from the outside world which they call Athens, people looked colder and hungrier. When the snows fill this road they'll be colder and hungrier still. They say in these mountains that "It's winter five months in the year and for seven months it's cold."

Headquarters for Patriots

The road that at times was but a widened goat path climbed sharply now. It was the road to what had been the headquarters of the Greek guerrillas of the National Liberation Front. The GHQ of ELAS forces, commanded by Major General Stephano Saraphis, a smallish, precise man with a furrowed, sad face and stiff, curly, graying hair, was located somewhere beyond Karpenision in the upper crags of old Veluchi.

Here, too, lived and worked Saraphis' No. 1 man—Ares Veluchioutis, a bearded, keg-shaped Communist and one of the politicians of ELAS. His real name is Athanasius Clarehand; his pseudonym means "God of War from Mount Veluchi." He has acquired a reputation as a bloodthirsty murderer. Greek rightists and squeamish Allied gentlemen, confused about whether we are fighting Greeks or Germans, say he crucified people and cut them into steaks. I've asked for proof and obtained none. Ares says he certainly has killed a lot of Greeks as well as a lot of Germans but that the Greeks he killed—or ordered killed—were bad ones—collaborationists. He dangles an ivory-handled dagger from his Sam Browne belt, which was taken from a Storm Trooper colonel. He's a swashbuckler.

Saraphis and Ares and their GHQ, which was also the seat of government of Free Greece during the occupation, were objectives of German raids through intervening villages. But they never reached very far beyond Karpenision.

The town was once a pleasant mountain resort free of malaria and recommended for tuberculars. Of all Greek mountain towns this one was unique in two ways: Its seven hundred-odd houses were well built of poured, reinforced concrete and hand-hewn stone, and usually contained not one or two but several rooms. Most of them had bathrooms and brass plumbing and often showers. Others were built wall to wall along narrow, steep, cobbled streets radiating from the squat-domed, Byzantine church of Father Constantinus Papanicola—a soft-eyed, bearded man in a black cassock and the tubular, flat-topped hat of the Orthodox Church.

Father Constantinus' church, like the homes with modern plumbing and the high school that stood apart from the village, was built largely with money earned in America. The language difficulty doesn't exist in what was Karpenision. Former owners of dockside hasheries, all-night beaneries, one-arm joints, and some who call themselves restaurateurs come up to you with Texan drawls and Carolina accents and the flat Yankee speech of Boston. They returned to their native village in the boom times of 1928-1929 with small fortunes. At least five hundred of the town's 3,300 inhabitants are—or were—Americans, and many pull stained old citizenship papers out from under their rags to prove it.

The Germans came first to Karpenision in November, 1943, looking, they said, for guerrillas. There were none in the town. Threats of torture failed to produce information as to the whereabouts of the guerrilla GHQ. But the Germans weren't satisfied. They took ten male citizens into the public square and shot them before the fountain. They burned a few houses to intimidate the people.

The Germans returned last August, however. They stayed eight days from the sixth to the fourteenth. Guerrilla sentries warned the population, and the Germans found the town nearly empty. There were fourteen old and sick people who couldn't move, and these the Germans burned in their houses. The Germans found a few blankets and other loot in homes. The people had buried their stuff or carried it away. The town druggist cached his stock under a heavy-walled store across the street. The Germans found it as they found most of the hurriedly buried valuables and household goods.

Raiders turned their guns on some of the buildings and reduced them at close range, but they wasted little ammunition. Systematically, as always, they worked from house to house, looting first and then piling furniture in the centers of the rooms and setting fire to them with magnesite grenades. They used explosive grenades to blow apart houses that weren't destroyed by fire and to demolish the $15,000 mansion which James Skotisbos built with the money he made in a hamburger joint in Texas.

They dynamited all the larger buildings along the narrow main street, and the place looks like some of the Italian towns I've seen after an Allied air bombardment. They shelled the high school. Only four houses of the town's seven hundred are habitable, and only the church remained whole, though it didn't escape the looting.

Nothing Sacred to Thieves

The townsfolk used to regulate their lives by the hours, sounded by the three varitoned bells of Father Papanicola's church. The Germans took the bells. They took the church's great brass candelabra, donated by an American, and its gold-bound Bible, gold crucifix, golden chalice, two silver censers and golden receptacle for the Sacrament. They jimmied a wall safe and stole the small sum of money it contained. They defiled the altar cloth.

Gus Petrus, Arthur Thsimes, John Baris, James Karathikis and a hundred others I met who hailed from Texas and Raleigh, Charlotte and Newport News tell you about it and take you to the places. Some of them wish they could leave Karpenision and the memories of eight nights watching the sky, alight with the flames of their homes, from their caves in the mountain above the town.

(Continued on page 56)

SYD HOFF

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

New Future for Optical Glass

America leads the world in the science of making and applying optical glass. Germany, once supreme, is now far behind; and our glass technicians plan greater advances still. Here are some of the prospects:

A special group of glasses made with rare metals instead of sand, which will bend light so sharply that a whole new range of lenses can be created to give greater speed and sharper definition to photographs, in binoculars, telescopes and microscopes. With this material, new types of bifocal eyeglasses will give clearer vision and greater comfort.

New compositions of glass that will select and pass certain wave lengths of light, excluding not only the harmful ultraviolet and infra-red but any other regions of the spectrum desired. Sunglasses made of this material will be almost white yet safer than the best today. Eye-correcting glasses made of it will filter out any band of light waves that would prove harmful to an individual wearer.

There will be a wealth of new formulas for industrial use—nonbreakable, eye-correcting and designed to give specialized protection against any given light hazard. Welders, for example, will have goggles that combine these features with the elimination of the bright yellow glare that now causes excessive fatigue. Consulting laboratories soon to be organized will tackle any special problem, designing formulas to meet any industrial light danger known.

These will include an entirely new solution to the serious problem of the tropical fungus which grows on lenses and prisms inside optical instruments and by exuding droplets of acid quickly renders them useless. Top priority war research is presumably developing a fungus-resistant glass which will protect cameras, binoculars and many other delicate instruments in all warm countries.

Buy Tomorrow Slowly

As American industry readies itself for the huge task of reconversion, many a wise economist would warn the public not to rush too rapidly into the market with its saved-up dollars. If the enormous demand for peacetime goods breaks in one great flood after victory, there will be a buying panic that will skyrocket prices and cause inflation that no human agency can control.

Durable goods like autos, washing machines and refrigerators will come on sale remarkably soon, in essentially prewar models, and these can be bought as they come along without causing trouble. But the real future, built on hundreds of wartime discoveries and improved know-how, must *not* be high-pressured into the market before development is complete. "The greater and more far-reaching the advance," says Doctor C. E. K. Mees, research director of Eastman Kodak, "the slower we must go to be sure. Distribution, service and reliability take time to set up; the larger the operation, the longer the time." If the vital postwar development period on any great advance is cut short by uncontrolled demand, trouble, disappointment and accidents will be the only result.

Farsighted Americans may buy essentials at once but will hold back the greatest possible part of their savings. Patience will be a top-notch investment. Twenty years ago General J. J. Carty, telephone executive, was asked why the newly invented dial phones could not be installed everywhere immediately. "You cannot spend eleven billion dollars overnight," Carty explained.

Sulfas May Stop Winter Epidemics

A powerful new way to prevent the big winter epidemics of colds, grippe and pneumonia may result from tests the Navy has been making by giving its men small, regular doses of the sulfa drugs. Using prevention rather than cure, naval doctors are giving large groups of trainees a small shot of sulfadiazene once a day to kill off nose and throat germs before they can get hold and make trouble. Experiments made on many thousands of sailors indicate that colds and their complications can be cut down by 50 or 75 per cent.

Sulfa shots are not only stopping diseases of the throat and lungs but are preventing the very serious scarlet and rheumatic fevers and streptococcic infections which spread rapidly when people are crowded together. Besides being an important public-health measure, the method is expected to save enormous quantities of lost time due to sickness in bed. Last year the Army alone lost fourteen million man-days from epidemics of colds and their complications. The loss was many times as great among the civilian population. Small, regular treatments with sulfas seem sure to have great advantages.

Half a million men in the Navy have already taken the treatments, with no bad effects except a slight skin rash in four men out of a thousand. Only one man in 100,000 is so sensitive to sulfa that he can't take the treatment at all.

Light Your Oven with a Pilot

Tomorrow's gas-stove ovens and broilers will not have to be lighted with matches. Appliance experts have discovered how to construct a tube leading down from the regular top pilot to carry the flame down to the lower burners and save the housewife the annoyance of kneeling to ignite the raw gas with a match. ★★★

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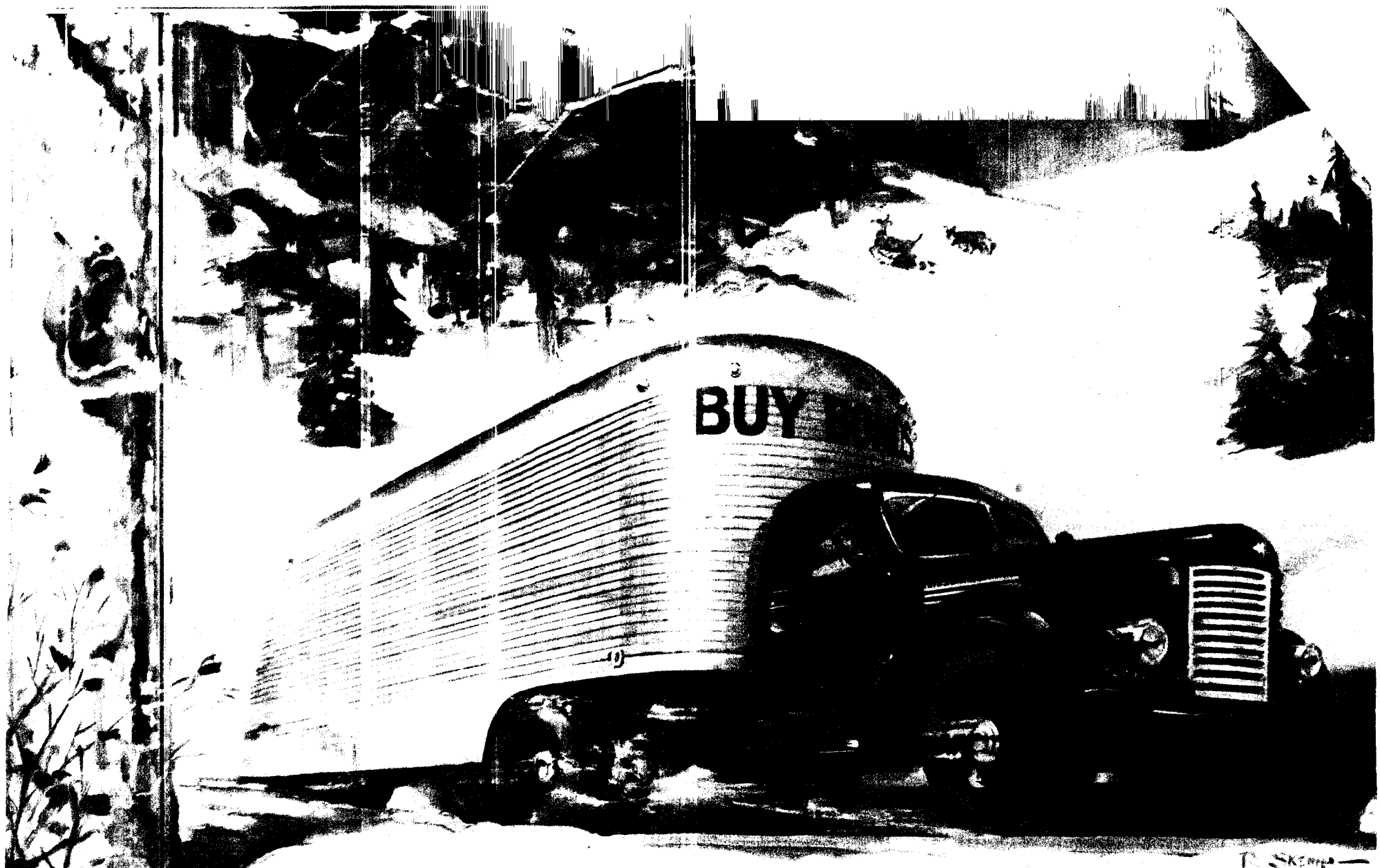

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Utah's Steel Guinea Pig

Continued from page 13

n, Fairless "loaned" Geneva a ined steelmakers ranging from to open-hearth furnace men. e workers were recruited from or any other county in the which they could be found. Geneva had, and still has, serious trouble getting the 5,000 workers it will need when it reaches capacity production. It has about 4,000 now, and they're as enthusiastic as they are unusual.

Bob Graham, superintendent of the rolling mill, has a crew of 650 men and 200 women. Only thirty-five of the men had ever seen a steel mill before. Many of them are farmers, and Graham says that's one of the chief causes of absenteeism: They're farmers first and steel men second. When the fruit crops are ripe they go back to their farms for the harvest. Steel, they say, can wait; fruit can't.

The real boss of the big open-hearth building, its superintendent will tell you, is shapely Beulah Baxter, ex-housewife, who was recruited from her home in near-by American Fork. She's the housekeeper, and her "vacuum cleaner" looks like an overgrown tractor with brushes. Her reaction to Geneva is typical: she wants to keep her job after the war. "But," she adds, "if any soldier wants my job I'll be glad to give it to him."

John Cutler, who can roll a cigarette before you can pull a tailor-made from its pack, also wants to keep his job as third assistant pourer on the No. 3 open-hearth furnace and thinks he has a pretty good chance of doing it. A former miner, he comes from Springville, about ten miles south of Geneva. Three other Utahans who work near him—Harold Taylor of Salt Lake City, Rex Dimick of Price, and Harry Wadley of Pleasant Grove—agree that steel is a fine business and are determined that Geneva shall not be closed after the war.

A Good Place to Live

An understandable fondness for a good job at nice pay is apparently not the only thing that makes some of the non-natives equally determined. Ed Shnore, for instance. He quit a job as inspector at the National Tube Company near Pittsburgh to join the Marines. When he got his discharge three years later he became a "speed operator" at Geneva; he controls the speed of the red-hot slabs as they travel through the stands that flatten them into ship plates—and he likes it.

"I'm never going back East," he says. "The Utah climate is wonderful, and you can go hunting and fishing whenever you want."

But the people of Utah, native and newcomer, constitute only one in an intricate mesh of forces that will finally determine whether Geneva will live or die. From resentment of Geneva, they have graduated to curiosity, to pride and finally to a fierce resolution that it shall not be taken from them. "Provo," says Mayor Harding, is "tied up, body and soul, to Geneva. If the plant should go out you'd see a depression like you never saw before. Men who used to make four dollars a day get eight easily now. Without the plant we'd have almost as much income as before, but there'd be a terrible psychological depression."

Beyond Provo and Utah County, a good portion of the entire West feels pretty much the same way. Senator James E. Murray, Montana Democrat who heads the Senate Small Business Committee, recently held a two-day session in San Francisco to hear West Coast businessmen on their reconversion problems.

After it, he said, "Our conferences have brought out the fact that the full operation of the Geneva and Fontana (Henry J. Kaiser's plant near Los Angeles) steel mills is indispensable to any sound plans for full employment in the West. The legislation which Congress enacts on the disposition of government plants must provide for the operation of these plants at full capacity. It must guarantee the people of the West that Western steel, properly priced, will be available for the industrialization of the Western states."

All Western governors and congressmen are stoutly behind Murray on this point, and, with the exception of most of the largest steel companies in the East (who, understandably enough, are not too anxious to have a new competitor), most of the rest of the country probably agrees that Geneva should be kept in full operation. But there is a big difference between "should" and "can" when you're dealing with 200-million-dollar investments and a system where the chief incentive for production is profit.

Benjamin F. Fairless takes a businessman's view. He says he doesn't know whether Geneva can be economically operated after the war or not. At a press conference in Salt Lake City he said that U.S. Steel would be glad to own and operate Geneva in peacetime if "there was a reasonable prospect of doing so at a profit." As things stand now, he said, U.S. Steel's connection with Geneva will end with the war. And so far, the firm isn't doing much to extend that connection. They're making market and cost surveys, and waiting.

There are, for instance, freight rates (Geneva is 850 to 1,100 miles from its four chief market centers on the Coast), shipping rates (if Geneva is to compete with Eastern steel), West Coast markets, foreign markets, the price which would have to be paid for Geneva (steel men figure the construction cost about double what it would be in peacetime), and how much it would cost to convert it from production primarily of steel plates and shapes, to production of the much broader range of steel that peacetime markets demand.

As far as markets are concerned, Fairless said the peacetime consumption of the eleven Western states was 2,400,000 tons a year. Present production, at full capacity, of Western plants is 3,500,000 tons. And you can't use up more than a million tons of steel every year by making more paper clips.

Freight rates don't make the picture any clearer. The normal rate for finished steel products from Geneva to the Coast was $12 a net ton. This was cut to $8 under special wartime provisions, and everybody expects the rate to be finally fixed at less than $12 after the war.

Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge has recently filed an antitrust suit against seventeen Western railroads, that may affect this rate. What happens to that suit may make a whale of a difference to Geneva's chances of running at a profit. Berge charges the railroads got together and fixed rates at a level higher than they would have reached under unbridled competition. If he is successful in proving this and in forcing the roads to compete actively for the business of Geneva and other plants, the resulting lower rates may go a long way toward helping Geneva's eventual operator show a profit.

Foreign markets are anybody's guess, but U.S. Steel seems to think that even if China, for instance, decides to industrialize overnight, there will be a long time lag between the peace and the shipment of the first large order across the Pacific. And besides, shipping rates to the Orient from the East Coast are only about twenty per cent higher than from the West Coast—a difference which definitely does not put a plant located right on the East Coast—like Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point, Maryland, works—out of the running.

The question of how much Geneva's ultimate owner will have to pay for the plant is one of the most important factors in determining the plant's future. It is pretty well agreed that if anyone has to pay the original cost—two hundred million—he'll have about as much chance of operating the plant profitably as Hirohito has of signing the peace in Washington. What the eventual price will be is tied up with government policy on disposal of war plants, and that is something which not even Nostradamus himself could predict.

The little item of reconversion is somewhat clearer. U.S. Steel estimates it will cost about fifty million to shift the plant over to peacetime uses. The Defense Plant Corporation is also studying this subject, and is playing with the idea of doing the job itself, so that the eventual purchaser would not have that financial haymaker landed in his breadbasket the minute he takes over. If the DPC does this, the chances of a Western combine's buying the plant are greater, because it could handle the reconversion cost on easy payment terms.

The possibility that just that will happen is beyond the idle-talk stage. First Security National Bank, which does business in Utah, Wyoming and Idaho, once said it was willing to talk terms on Geneva. First Security was organized and formerly headed by Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve System, who now stoutly denies he's interested. Another candidate is the ubiquitous Henry J. Kaiser, who seems to like the taste of the steel business which he is getting with his Fontana plant. Fontana was built with a government loan of ninety million and has a capacity of about half Geneva's 1,200,000 tons a year.

When you go outside the steel business for prediction on Geneva's future, you run into a quite different point of view and a lot more variables. Provo's Mayor Harding, for instance, is confident that Geneva will not close. He gives four reasons: (1) a large steel industry is needed in the West to supply the region's demands without transcontinental hauling; (2) World War II, particularly in Russia, has taught the necessity of decentralization of industry; (3) the country realizes that population should not be crowded into a few sections, and (4) politics.

Harding rates No. 4 as the most important. He thinks the government won't "let the plant be taken away, because the entire West wants it, and our politicians are organized to make sure it stays here. After all, it doesn't take many of these states to swing an election."

Harding hopes Geneva will be sold to a Western outfit because "the temptation is too big for the Eastern interests to curtail Western operations—or shut them down entirely—if demand slackens and lucrative production by their Eastern mills is threatened. We've seen situations like this in the oil fields where big companies shut down the smaller operations when their biggest investments were threatened."

Utah's Governor Herbert B. Maw is just as flat-footed in his determination that Geneva shall not be closed. When he returned recently from a trip to Washington on Geneva business, he stated that prospects for continued operations of the plant are "tremendously bright."

"Utah," he said, "will not permit her mill to be closed down and her rich ore shipped East, where high-grade iron ore is rapidly becoming exhausted." Furthermore, he added, the federal director of contract settlements, who will play no small part in deciding the fate of war plants, is Robert H. Hinckley, a Utah boy from Ogden.

One of the most complete studies of the Geneva situation was printed a few weeks ago by Doctor J. R. Mahoney, director of the University of Utah's bureau of economic and business research, who has made the entire U.S. Steel industry his hobby for years. He thinks Geneva will live.

Why Geneva Will Survive

To support this, he points to the efficiency of its operation. It costs only $10.76 to mine and deliver to Geneva the ore, coal and flux needed to make one ton of pig iron, he says, and this is the lowest in the country. Next lowest is at the U.S. Steel subsidiary at Birmingham, Alabama, where it costs $11.40. (This, it should be noted, is one of the most favorable items for cost comparison which Mahoney could have chosen. While other plants may not be able to deliver materials as cheaply as Geneva, their over-all production costs may be comparable. For one thing, the comparison will surely be affected by how much is ultimately paid for Geneva.)

Mahoney dismisses freight rates as not too important, feeling certain that they will be brought into line by competition. He's enthusiastic about Oriental markets, especially since Japan's steel plants have been catching hell from our B-29s. He points out that Geneva's continuous plate mill is the most modern of its kind and says that "only a few additional units will be necessary to equip the mill to produce a full line of various flat-rolled products or tubular pipe—which constitute the bulk of steel used in manufacturing or by Western industry."

So, concludes Mahoney, "the economic factors that will determine the chances for successful postwar operation of Geneva are, on the whole, favorable. Such problems as do exist present no obstacles which are insurmountable. Geneva . . . can be operated successfully on a substantial part-capacity basis in the economic situation that may conservatively be expected to prevail at the close of the war. Business conditions in the West may even be vigorous enough to require the full capacity of the plant. In any event, a continuation of the Western trends of industrial growth should soon lead to harmony between plant capacity and markets."

But Provo's Editor Rasmuson is not so sure. He gives Geneva a 50-50 chance. "Even if the politicians are confident," he says, "you begin to wonder when you hear such men as Fairless who see the situation only in coldblooded commercial terms."

In the welter of cross-statements and conflicting forces, there is at least one thing of which Utahans are absolutely certain. Things will never be the same as they were before that 1942 "invasion."

THE END

"Here's the plan: As soon as Pop is about to start walloping me, you kids break softly into Silent Night outside the window"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

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The Floor of Heaven

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

The Story:

Everyone warned GWEN ARGYLL, beautiful widow of young TIP ARGYLL, against DEK TARNOWSKI, Polish squadron leader whose name had become legend in wartime London. England's Air Marshal, better known as "BUCK," LOTTIE PARKER, music hall favorite, and even D'AUBIGNE GUISE, with whom GWEN worked as liaison officer for the Free French, were three who foresaw disaster if she allowed herself to love a man dedicated to hatred. But GWEN ARGYLL would not listen, and broke her promise to marry SHEP BARNES, American maintenance officer for the R.A.F. It was not until DEK received word that his sister, JADWIGA, was lost on a secret mission over France, that GWEN learned from DEK himself that he lived only to kill and die. Mocking her love, he turned away from her, leaving her alone and afraid. But then the voice of TIP came to her, TIP who had died so gallantly with the R.A.F., reinforcing her conviction that there is no death, spurring her on to find a way to redeem the man she loved from the powers of darkness.

Conclusion

THE telephone bell in M. Guise's flat on Gloucester Place mingled with the clock striking midnight. M. Guise, sitting over a glass of very old brandy, a luxury he permitted himself as an antidote against loneliness, ignored it. At such an hour, the telephone always meant trouble.

But when it kept ringing, his curiosity and his sense of duty triumphed over his weariness and he said, "'Allo, 'allo, D'Aubigne Guise here."

"I am so glad," Gwen Argyll's voice said. "I hope you hadn't retired, dear."

"I was reading the words of a wise Frenchman who said—" began M. Guise, but the gay voice interrupted him. "Not that beloved old cynic La Rochefoucauld," it said. "I am in no mood for cynicism tonight, Uncle Obi. And, though you pretend otherwise, you are not a cynic, you are a romantic."

"I am a practical man," Uncle Obi said. "I am a realist."

"We could," Mrs. Argyll said, "discuss this more intelligently if you came around to see me. And do not complain about the hour, for when I do not confide in you, when I do not beg your invaluable advice, you sulk, so now even at midnight you cannot refuse me."

In the dark streets, M. Guise wondered if the gaiety which had sparkled over the telephone was the result of that scheduled meeting between Mrs. Argyll and the tall, rich young American, Shep Barnes. But when he arrived at her apartment he found her grave rather than gay, and she clung to him, with an apologetic little laugh, as though she really did need him. When she had ensconced him in the only comfortable chair, she sat down on the footstool at his feet, she made a sudden, helpless gesture with her hands, stretching them out to him palms upward, and the things he had intended to say to her as he walked through the dark streets became more difficult and yet more necessary.

He took her hands and held them firmly. Women, he thought, must always have a confessional of love; they must talk of their love, they must speak of their lovers or die. And D'Aubigne Guise knew at once that it was of Dek Tarnowski she wished to speak and not, as he had hoped, of Shep Barnes.

"Tonight I have come to a decision, Uncle Obi," Gwen Argyll said. She did not speak to him of Tip Argyll nor of her conviction that Tip had come back to help her to make that decision. Uncle Obi, she thought, would be distressed; he is a realist, it would make him doubt me. "Let us be practical," she said clearly, "and you must guide me, for I am in love and therefore not as practical as I could wish."

"Mr. Barnes?" Uncle Obi said. "You spoke with him?"

"He refuses to believe me," Mrs. Argyll said. "He kept talking of such things as infatuations; he hopes I will come to my senses; he proposes to wait."

"There are such things as infatuations," M. Guise said casually.

Her face tightened. "I have been credited," she said, "with more experience than is a fact. But I am not a schoolgirl. I have seen enough of imitation love not to be fooled by it. I am in love. Let's face it. I am in love with Dek Tarnowski."

"Even so," Uncle Obi said, "there are—other things in life. I have given this much thought, my child. Life must very often be a compromise. Here upon one hand is love alone—not even that since you have told me Dek Tarnowski does not love you. Upon the other hand, Mr. Barnes offers you a most unusual and faithful devotion and—existence is sometimes more pleasant for the one who is loved than for the one who loves."

"I shall not die of love," Gwen Argyll said desperately, "but—this is a matter of life and death to me. If I do not have his love I shall be only half of me all the rest of my life and—the Hamiltons are a long-lived family."

SHE stood up swiftly; her face and the golden hair were above the circle of light cast by the lamps and looking up he saw that her face was dark, but it was dark with something more than the shadows—dark with pain and longing and compassion and some tight premonition of disaster against which she fought.

"He has sold himself to death and hate," Gwen Argyll said, "and the odds are against me. Now you are against me, too."

"I must be against you," Uncle Obi admitted. "You do not know the depths of that fanatical hate which may engulf a Pole. But—the English are at their best when the odds are against them; that is why St. George is their patron."

A little shiver passed over Mrs. Argyll's lovely body and she put her hand over her eyes as though to shut out the sight of the dragon. "It is all very well," she said, low, "to talk about St. George and the dragon and to state my case in high-sounding terms of a battle joined between life and love on one side and death and hate on the other. But—I must *do* something; I must make a last effort and—my time may be so short. Don't you see that he is living on borrowed time already? If I had his love I might bear that separation. And now I must try to think in details of what to *do*, of messy little plans—"

"The French," M. Guise said pleasantly, "are very good at messy little details."

"Then tell me what I should do," Mrs. Argyll said. "You will pardon me if I sound melodramatic, though I am fond of a touch of melodrama myself, but if I am to fight the devil for Dek Tarnowski's soul, I must have a plan of campaign."

"No woman," said Uncle Obi, "has ever won that fight. You will remember Marguerite and the poor Faust—"

She gave him one furious look through narrowed eyelids. The uplift of that moment when she believed Tip had spoken to her had spun down and down under the cool, flat reasonable practicality of the Frenchman and she fought against it as a pilot fights the stick while the earth races up to meet him.

I must find my way into his soul, she thought; I must seep into the reservoir of his mind. I do not think of him consciously when I wake. I wake to him. My body comes back to life conscious of him, I remember at once, my mind and heart are full of him. I remember little things, though there were so few. The notes of his voice, the way he moves his hands, his spirit's response to the sea.

"But," she said aloud, "I cannot stand on street corners waiting for him. I cannot telephone him, it would only annoy him. I am in a hell of a mess, darling."

Uncle Obi said, "In time, the pain will die as all pain dies; you will find compensations—"

But she would not let herself listen to him nor to the warnings of her heart nor to the echoes of Shep Barnes' promises. If only she could hear Tip again; but he was gone, the line was dead. A faint doubt that she had ever heard him at all, a nasty nagging little doubt sneered at her. It whispered: Don't be an ass, my good girl. You imagined the whole thing.

Frantically she fought against it, forced herself to try cool, sane, practical plans such as no doubt other women made in like circumstances. Opportunities were what she needed. To prove to him the love that must exist. They had friends in common; Mrs. Argyll thought of the two young Americans. A girl who waits for Dek Tarnowski is asking for it, the brown-eyed captain had said. But still he was her friend. Lottie Parker was shrewd and she knew men and Mrs. Argyll had first seen Dek Tarnowski coming up the stairs of Lottie's famous house; Lottie would always be on my side, she thought, even if I were wrong she would be on my side.

Also, there was the Air Marshal, known to the R.A.F. as Buck of the 25th century. If Buck saw an English lady pursuing a man he would trip her with his umbrella; he did not believe either that love was good for fighter pilots. Yet something told her that only to the Air Marshal might she speak of that message from Tip Argyll which had reached her somehow over an intercom extending farther into the universe than either Tip or the Air Marshal himself had ever flown.

UNCLE OBI knew that she had forgotten him; he did not mind; he was busy with plans of his own. He adored intrigue; for such a long time he had used his talents only in the grim business of war. Now, sitting with his finger tips pressed together, his eyes narrowed, he was moving into a love intrigue of magnitude.

His deep adoration of Gwen Argyll forced him into opposition to her in this desperate and unfortunate love. For he knew Tarnowski as another man would know him; he admitted his heroism and was aware of his glamor and his dark charm, but he also knew Dek Tarnowski would never give himself now to any woman, and the fate of the woman who loved him must be the fate of Iseult and Juliet and Guinevere, as he had always foreseen.

So she must be protected from herself.

When the black magic of this passion lifted, that good young man Shep Barnes, who had so much to offer; must be waiting. But Mr. Barnes was not versed in the ways of women; he blundered with the best intentions; he needed a guiding hand in these dangerous waters. Too, there were Uncle Townsend and Gwen Argyll's mother, Mrs. Hamilton, who would naturally prefer Mr. Barnes to the dark and mysterious legend of Poland's hero. Since this was a matter affecting the family—a British name and family—they had a right to know, to be heard.

But, D'Aubigne Guise decided, these things must be done secretly; it was never wise to oppose a woman in love openly. One must seem sympathetic; one must work with delicate diplomacy even to save a woman in love.

So, with his most charming smile, he said, "First, you will drop him a note—delicate—gay—humorously reminiscent—I have received them—between you and me—with a ducal coronet in the upper corner."

"Slightly scented, no doubt," Mrs. Argyll said.

"Of course," said M. Guise.

"He already knows what I smell like," Gwen Argyll said.

"We—remind him," said Uncle Obi.

"And I dash out and buy myself a new

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lipstick and a new girdle—if I wore girdles, which so far has been unnecessary—and get a new hair-do and he falls at my feet," said Gwen Argyll, mockingly.

"Your hair is already of the Lorelei," said D'Aubigne Guise.

Mrs. Argyll's lips curled with contempt. "But all this he knows," she said. "You do not understand. He is the cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to him; he goes out into the wet wild woods or up in the wet wild trees or on the wet wild roofs waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone."

"I beg your pardon?" said D'Aubigne Guise.

"Pay no attention," said Mrs. Argyll; "a little thing of Kipling's."

"You will write the note?" said Uncle Obi.

Almost sulkily she stared at him. The thumping of her heart grew heavier; it thudded until she felt weak and helpless, but she went to the desk and got out a sheet of note paper. Steady your hand, you fool, she told herself as she picked up the pen. But it was an effort. All this, she thought in cold despair, was useless. For some men, perhaps. But not for Dek Tarnowski. All this will get me nowhere at all, she thought. Oh, God—there must be something bigger, something that will reach him. Or I am lost. His hand will touch this paper, his eyes will rest upon these words and he will have forgotten my name.

"But—" she cried, turning swiftly so that the chair rocked and she clutched the edge of the desk to steady herself, "but there is Jadwiga!"

"Jadwiga?" said M. Guise.

"His sister," Gwen Argyll said. "Commander Tarnowski— ATA. I do not know her but she is missing over France on a mission."

"So," said Uncle Obi. There was the war again. Always the war, crashing into things just when for a time you had forgotten it.

"Darling, darling, darling," Gwen Argyll said, "don't you see? This is my trial by fire. I must find her. He—he said it was best so, but he loves her very much; he has not quite been able to stop loving her. It must drive him mad to think she may be in the hands of the Germans; he knows too much of what can happen to a girl like Jadwiga in the hands of the Huns."

"It—may be," said Uncle Obi. "All Poles have great family feeling."

"She would be on my side," Gwen Argyll said. "It is my one hope—if I can find her. If she is alive—or even—I must find her. Wait until I dress. If she is in France—where is Pierre, darling—we must ask him at once—"

"I do not see," D'Aubigne Guise said; "I do not see why—"

"But I know, I know; I can feel it," Gwen Argyll said breathlessly.

"Will it not wait until morning at least?" D'Aubigne Guise said.

"I have waited too long already," Mrs. Argyll said feverishly.

He looked down at the top of her golden head while in her exquisite hand she wrote three more lines and addressed an envelope to Squadron Leader Vladek Tarnowski, R.A.F., at an air station in Warwickshire, not far from the town of Market Wantage.

THESE young things, he thought, caught in such chaos and violence and upheaval. But—we must keep our older heads screwed on to think for them of the future.

A note such as he felt Gwen Argyll had written would touch a heart of stone, but he was quite sure that even such a note could not touch a heart already dead and bring it back to life. . . .

They walked the mile from the aerodrome together, Squadron Leader Tarnowski and his men. As always, after a flight, they did not walk close to him; they did not look at him.

Dek Tarnowski lifted himself upon his elbows and gazed insolently at Gwen lying stretched out in the sand. "You are very beautiful," he said harshly, "you belong to me"

Except Casimir. Casimir never seemed to notice the way Tarnowski was for hours when he came down out of the sky; Casimir just trotted along beside him with his round face placid and blank. Strange that Casimir, whom they had feared would be one of the first to go, was instead one of four left from the original squadron.

"We did very well today," Casimir said.

Dek Tarnowski did not seem to have heard him. His face had the smooth, tight look which made it seem carved in bronze. Only the gray eyes moved; they were a light, bright gray and the pupils were pin points. He did not speak when they entered the mess. He poured himself a tumbler of vodka and drank it neat. When he looked up from it he saw Dickie McTurk. McTurk had been out, too, that morning; he looked sleepy and drained.

"Have a drink?" Dek Tarnowski said.

"If I drank that stuff the way you do," McTurk said, "they'd carry me out of here

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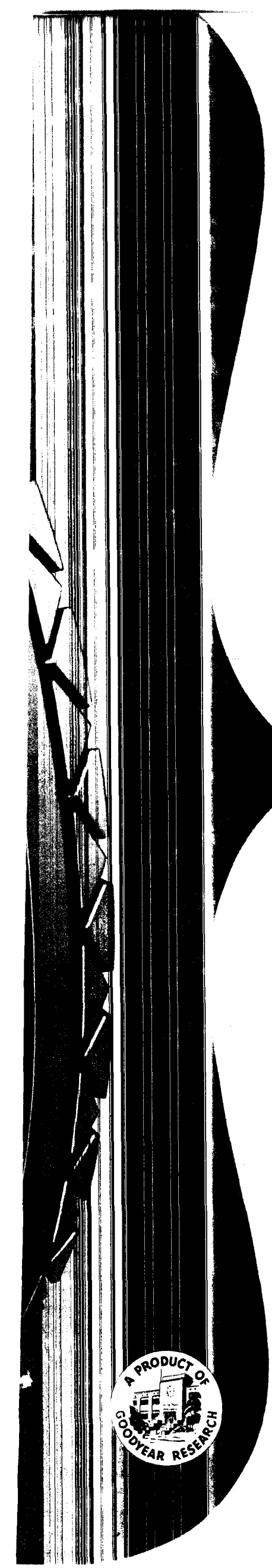

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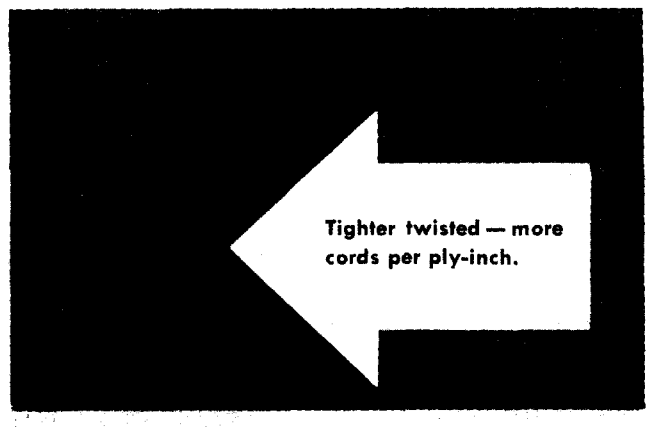

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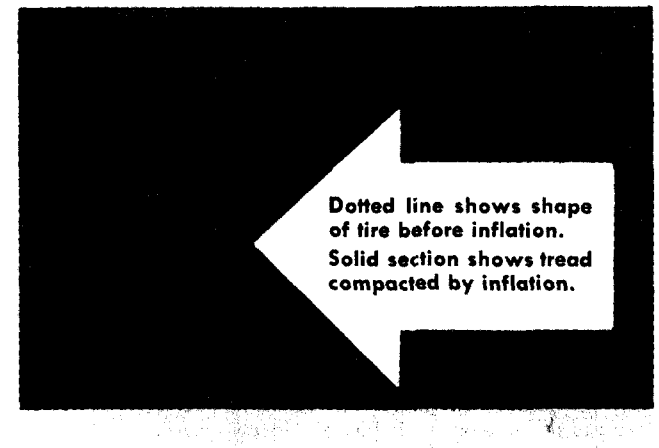

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her." He poured himself a bottle
fter a while he said, "Is there any
Jadwiga?" Reason he said it,
re was a trick of light coming in
nd it struck just where Jadwiga
ding the last time he saw her; it
.. as if she were standing in that ray
of light now, little Jadwiga in her blue uniform which she wore like a proud little boy, her tousled red-brown hair catching the beams.

Dek Tarnowski stared at him. Slowly he began to come back from that other world where he lived when he was flying and fighting and killing and he remembered that Jadwiga was missing and Dickie McTurk's young face was hurt and wistful under its exhaustion. He had, then, really loved Jadwiga.

"She did not want you to love her," Dek Tarnowski said coldly.

DICKIE McTURK jumped. Curious, Dek Tarnowski had never said anything as personal as that before. "A man can't help himself, can he?" Dickie McTurk said.

"He must help himself," said Dek Tarnowski. He poured more vodka and Dickie McTurk watched him with round eyes; it must be awful to drink vodka like that and stay cold, blank, sober.

"Just the same," McTurk said doggedly, "when she comes back—"

"She will not come back," Dek Tarnowski said, his voice like a whiplash. "Let it alone. She won't come back, she mustn't."

"Well, I'm going to try to find out," Dickie McTurk said; "I should think you'd want to know—this not knowing—"

"I know," said Dek Tarnowski. "She is dead. That is the end. Let it be."

Casimir's emotionless voice said, "There is here a letter for you, sir."

Dek Tarnowski took the white envelope. The exquisite writing was strange to him. To his nostrils came the faint hint of perfume, and furiously he thought that a man's sexual memory is mostly in his nose. Some demon of perverse mirth guided his hands as he ripped the note open. Behind the lovely face of the woman who had written to him was a brain bent upon her own desires. Offering him the squirming bait of life, such as that which caused Dickie McTurk to sit there trying not to think of what might be happening to Jadwiga in the hands of the Germans.

My dear: I must not say that I still set myself against this lie you believe. So I will only say that if again you seek that little death in life which is love's forgetfulness of all else, I will be waiting. And I shall bring Jadwiga back to you, never fear. A woman's courage is greater than a man's to live life through. Somehow, I have such a strange feeling about Jadwiga whom I have never seen. I feel she alone can save us. Please, when you walk in the lane, remember GWEN.

The low laugh he gave them made Dickie McTurk's blood run cold. Tearing the letter into shreds and all the time that low laugh went on, insolent, defiant, strong—so terribly strong.

"What's wrong, fella?" McTurk said.

The gray eyes came up and focused finally upon McTurk's concerned young face. "What could be wrong in this best of all possible worlds?" Dek Tarnowski purred, and his accent was more noticeable than usual. He slumped in his chair, the light overhead glistened upon his satin-black hair, he seemed of some picturesque and pagan time when men fought with swords instead of machines, and he was grinning like a satyr. He said, "I am laughing at the fair promises with which women try to make lies look like the truth; I am laughing at the ridiculous witchcraft they use to turn beasts back into men and the perfume with which they scent their invitations to the torture chambers of life. I am laughing at how beautifully they clothe themselves for gravedigging—"

With a shout of laughter he flung his glass aloft and the contemptuous laughter was like Lucifer's flung from hell forever in the face of an empty heaven; it leaped through the room and the pilots turned their heads and stared uneasily, because he was the fabulous Dek Tarnowski who had sold his soul to the devil and the devil was laughing with him.

COLLIER'S FRANK BRANDT

"But me, I will not be turned back into a man," Dek Tarnowski said; "I am very well as I am, and somebody will get hurt trying—that I promise you."

"Take it easy," Dickie McTurk said; "what the hell is all this?"

Suddenly, Dek Tarnowski was himself again; he was cold sober; he was unfathomable and dangerous. His insolence was a blasphemy. "Have a drink," he said punctiliously. "It is only, as you say, a goose walked over my grave. And do not speak again of Jadwiga. She was. She is not any more. It is better so. Dust cannot remember."

MRS. ARGYLL shoved the papers away and closed her eyes. They ached and the back of her legs ached and under her shoulder was a pain like a hot poker. The last reports that had come from France were hurried, so hopelessly garbled that it seemed impossible to make sure of anything. It seemed to her that as liaison officer trying to work out information for British military chiefs, she had been running at full speed through quicksands with a pack of bloodhounds at her heels, and sometimes the suspense and the pity became unbearable and she could not sleep; she could not remember what it was like to sleep.

There had been no answer to her note. No answer at all.

And Pierre had not returned with any information concerning Jadwiga. The rope that she clung to, some inner superstition or faith that had to do with Jadwiga, was slipping through her hands like seaweed.

The phone made her jump. Loud and excited, Lottie Parker's voice said, "Come up and have lunch with me, will you?"

"My sweet," said Gwen Argyll, "you are talking to a woman who'll be lucky if she gets out of this rattrap in time for dinner."

"I've got to talk to you, Gwen," Lottie said. "I don't say it's important if it isn't important, huh? Buck'll be in after lunch and he wants to talk to you, too."

And I want to talk to him, Gwen Argyll said to herself. Why I feel I can tell him about Tip, I don't know. But I keep thinking I must, that he can help me. "I'll come," she said. "I can always work another night. At my age one needs less sleep, they tell me."

She hung up absently, wondering what it was Lottie wanted so urgently, and Minnie put her head in the door. "Flight Lieutenant McTurk," Minnie said.

"See here," Dickie McTurk said from behind her, "a lad I know down at our station, name of Van Every, told me about you. I thought he was making the whole thing up, but there you are. So I buzzed along—"

Mrs. Argyll stood up. The room around her held that special mustiness which can be found only in old London houses, but it could not dim the fairness of her skin nor the warm gold of her hair and Dickie McTurk beamed upon her with hearty approval.

"I hope you left the American captain well," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

He came into the room and she knew he was a fighter pilot—you could tell the difference between a bomber pilot and a fighter pilot by the walk.

"Perhaps I've pulled a boner," Dickie McTurk said, "barging in like this, but it's about Jadwiga, Jadwiga Tarnowski."

Mrs. Argyll looked at him gravely for so long that he squirmed.

"See here," he said, "Van Every said you had something to do with French Liaison—and I know it's all very hush-hush and if I've dropped a brick toss me out but—I mean a girl like Jadwiga—flying about—"

"There is no news yet," Mrs. Argyll said. "I am hoping for some today."

Dickie McTurk looked into Mrs. Argyll's blue eyes and heard his own voice saying, "It's only that I'm so awfully in love with her—I mean to say if I knew where she was—I am sweating it out rather—"

Her smile was warm and friendly. "You are a good omen," she said. "Surely the two of us—"

"I'm—I've got no official standing," Dickie said, "by no means. She wasn't having any—" His eyes were appealing and he felt comforted by this sad and gentle lady, who came and put her hands on his shoulders. "But," Dickie said, "that can't stop me from wantin to know, can it?"

"I intended to keep in touch with he brother—" Mrs. Argyll said.

"Do you know Dek?" Dickie said. "The you know what he's like. He won't talk abou her."

"Did he know you were coming to se me?" Mrs. Argyll asked.

"No, no, but far otherwise," Dickie sai hurriedly. "The fact of the matter is, I didn tell him at all, not even a hint. I say, com along and have some lunch. Get your shaw and we'll pick him up on the way."

"Who?" Mrs. Argyll said.

"Dek—we'll take him along to lunch witi us; do him good; he's been to see the kin this morning—they've given him anothe medal and that's a ticklish business thougl he ought to be used to it by now."

"But," said Mrs. Argyll, "—where is he?'

"Dek?" Dickie said. "Now, you mean? left him at Madame Tussaud's—Dek think waxworks are wizard—while I poppe around here. We heard they had a new on of Goering—terrific one. You'll love it."

MRS. ARGYLL stared at the guillotine How they had loved the guillotine, sh and Tip, though Tip had always liked Docto Crippen best, while she herself had had preference for Jack the Ripper. Uncle Town send used to bring them and afterward blow them to lunch with all the ices they could eat

She stood quietly looking at the long-familiar scene; she wore a soft little vagabond hat tugged down at a rakish angle and under the tailored coat of heather tweed was knotted a dark blue scarf to match her eyes. In the highly polished brown shoes, her feet looked like a little girl's, and her ankles were slim as flower stalks. A friendly lady, just a little formal, like royalty at a garden party.

But when Dek Tarnowski turned and saw her, their meeting was strange and unreal. She thought—but I might be a waxwork of some wife murdered in a bathtub!

"Let's go and see everything," she said with a sort of gay impatience and slipped one gloved hand through Dickie's arm and another through Dek Tarnowski's. But she wished passionately that they had not met again here in Madame Tussaud's. Silly, silly, silly, she said to herself, the way Tip used to say when they were children, they're only waxworks, you donkey. Still the museum was eerie with shadows, the horror that used to be such fun was sinister now, the world seemed suddenly a place where people got murdered and queens were beheaded and even splendor was shoddy.

So that when they were out in Marylebone Road she gave a little gasp of relief.

"Let's go and have an elegant lunch at the Savoy," Dickie McTurk said. "Do us good."

"Do you think they will have a waxwork of me at Madame Tussaud's someday?" Dek Tarnowski said gaily. "I should like that much better than a statue."

"It's not your modesty that will get you into trouble, my pet," Gwen Argyll said.

"My head has been turned by all these medals," Squadron Leader Tarnowski said.

"If I had known," Mrs. Argyll said, "I would have come to the palace to see His Majesty pin it on you."

"But it is only wives who are allowed," Dek Tarnowski said.

The impact of intentional cruelty caught her unprepared and she stared dumbly at him for a long moment. I must be just, she said to herself sternly; he gave me fair warning And so she managed a strangely white, forlorn half-smile.

At the far end of the grillroom, she saw D'Aubigne Guise lunching with Shep Barnes, Shep's sandy head towered among the lunchers, and Mrs. Argyll thought: Uncle Obi is trying to console him and yet at this moment they look like conspirators. And at that, she thought, they might be conspiring to rescue me from what they consider is bound to be bad news in the end.

She did not think about it long because her mother, she remembered, had always taught her that a guest has obligations as well as a host, and she wanted to make this a gay little luncheon for young Dickie McTurk and perhaps to convince Dek Tarnowski that she could at least be his friend, for friendship

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must be part of love or what would you do with your time? So that between Mrs. Argyll and Dek Tarnowski, who, it seemed had his moments of low comedy, and a famous war correspondent who joined them, the luncheon grew almost riotous; it grew hectic and feverish with gaiety like a clown with a breaking heart. The Pagliacci music would go very well with this, Gwen Argyll thought.

When the headwaiter came and said, "Mrs. Argyll is wanted on the telephone," she stood up quickly; it was almost as though she were glad to escape the failure of this chance meeting from which she had hoped so much.

"It must be my office," she said. "I—I have been expecting an emergency message."

"I'll come along," Dickie McTurk said.

THE phone booth was small; it reeked of a cigar someone had smoked there. Dickie McTurk glanced through the glass door; the call seemed to be taking a very long time. He wondered why she was so still, her head bent over the mouthpiece. At last he saw that the receiver was not against her ear, so he opened the door and said, "Is something wrong, my child? I say—what's happened?"

In the dim little phone booth her face was a white triangle and her eyes were enormous. She was looking at him but she did not seem to see him and she gave a choked little sob that made him jump.

"Come out of there," Dickie McTurk said.

"Oh, God, this war," Gwen Argyll said. "I cannot bear it. It is always there—it has been there so long already and it will be there so long. We shall need to become a new race to live after this war. He has borne so much —so much—and now this."

"Is it—Jadwiga?" Dickie McTurk said, very quietly.

"And you loved her, too," Gwen said frantically; "my dear, my dear—"

"How did you hear?" Dickie McTurk said. "Is it—certain?"

"I don't know any details yet," Gwen Argyll said, "but it is quite certain. She crashed—"

"D'you know," Dickie McTurk said, "I always thought she'd come back; somehow I was just damn' sure she'd come back."

"I was sure she'd come back, too," Gwen Argyll said. "I had to be sure. It was my—my last hope."

"You never knew her, did you, Gwen?" Dickie McTurk said, softly.

"I didn't know her but she meant—I cannot explain to you what she meant to me," Gwen Argyll said.

"You'd have liked her a lot," Dickie McTurk said. "She—could fly, that gal. Next time I fly I'll be shooting to kill, all right. Maybe—maybe Dek's got something at that."

"No, no," Gwen Argyll cried. "No. She wouldn't want you to think that way. Dek. Dek. Shall I tell him, Dickie? I don't know —why should I be the one who has to tell him this?"

"I'll tell him, if you like," Dickie McTurk said. He looked stunned now, but he still spoke quietly; they both spoke quietly standing together in the little backwater outside the telephone booth.

"Oh, my dear," Gwen Argyll said. "I'm not even trying to comfort you; I am ashamed; I am thinking only of him and of my own unworthy self."

"I'm all right," Dickie McTurk said. "I can see how you feel. It—sort of makes us something or other to each other, you and me, doesn't it? I know how you feel all right."

"I must tell him," Gwen Argyll said, "but—when we can be alone. I have to think. I have to know what to say. I will tell him but I cannot tell him now."

Looking up then, she saw Shep Barnes just outside in the lobby and with him Uncle Obi. Mrs. Argyll threw back her head to meet them; she came toward them swiftly; except for the startling whiteness of her face and the enormous blue eyes she was quite herself—the elegant Mrs. Argyll who had long been known in the exclusive environs of the Savoy. There was a barrier between them and her sorrow, as though she could not bear that they should touch it, and her high head and her bright eyes guarded her sorrow from them jealously.

Shep Barnes thought he had never seen anyone so brave and so forlorn.

"Can I take you to your office, my child?" Uncle Obi said.

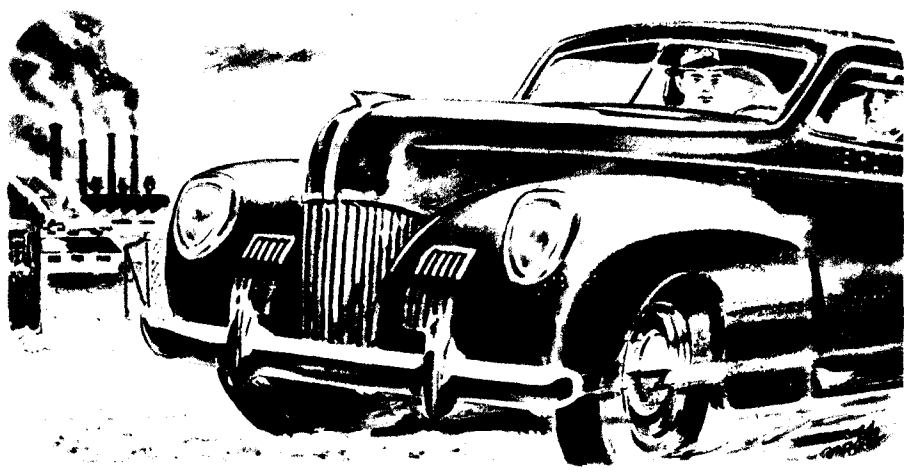
"But I am not going to the office, darling,"

(Continued on page 37)

COLLIER'S

"One of our destroyers had most unfortunate accident—was hit by U.S. cruiser we sank last January"

MICHAEL BERRY



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Flying Bazooka

MYITKYINA, BURMA . . . a Jap garrison is almost surrounded by Chinese and American forces, but Jap supplies are still coming through. A P-51 Mustang squadron is out to break the supply line. Bazooka tubes are mounted on the Mustangs' wings and the Yanks are out shooting sky rockets at the Nips. Water-borne supplies get holes punched in them. Trucks and trains are blasted out of this world. A new incurable headache for the Japs is born . . . flying bazookas.

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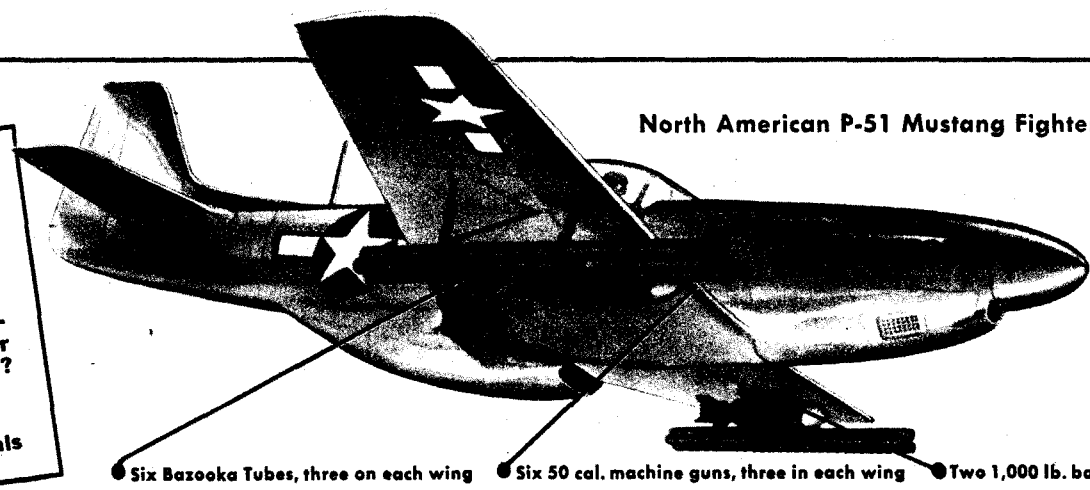

North American P-51 Mustang Fighter

Six Bazooka Tubes, three on each wing
Six 50 cal. machine guns, three in each wing
Two 1,000 lb. bombs, one under each wing

WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTER PLANE . . . SPEED OVER 425 M. P. H. . . . CEILING OVER 40,000 FEET

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES . . . *the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer, and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

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THE Heroes

X

CAPTAIN P. C. PICKARD

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

IT IS only now that the British are releasing information about the secret and spectacular activities of certain groups in the Royal Air Force that wage a style of battle all their own. Piloting Mosquitoes—planes with the dart and swiftness of swallows—and other aircraft, it is the particular mission of these fliers to aid resistance movements in occupied countries by the bombing of German prisons, the rescue of patriots and the destruction of Gestapo records that endanger the life and operations of underground organizations. A daring, desperate business!

Not for these birdmen the upper air lanes, high above searchlights and flak, but pin-point bombing that calls for dives so close to the target that oftentimes the wings of a Mosquito will scrape the very rooftop. Not for these lone eagles the circling sweeps over enemy terrain that give Fortresses and fighters a chance to get back to home airfields, but night landings in small planes in garden patches and forest glades, and take-offs in pitch-black darkness from plowed ground and stump-filled clearings.

The "Amiens mission" is both the story of these R.A.F. groups and the reason for the relaxation of British censorship. Back in February last, a despairing call from France begged the rescue of a hundred and more Frenchmen captured by the Germans and condemned to death. Some were simple country folk, arrested for helping American and British fliers shot down by the Luftwaffe, but among the number were underground leaders of vital importance to France.

Aerial photographs showed plainly the dangers and difficulties of the task. Built in the form of a cross, the two wings of the Amiens prison housed the Gestapo and a garrison, with captives confined in the huge main building. Surrounding the whole was a stone wall twenty feet high and three feet thick. A job, quite obviously, that called for absolute precision and perfect sequence. First, the destruction of the two wings and the Germans in them; second, bombing off the center's front and rear ends so that the Frenchmen could get out into the prison yard; third, breaches in the outer wall that would let them escape into the open country.

Group Captain P. C. Pickard (who was F-for-Freddie in the movie, Target for Tonight) was briefed for the mission almost as a matter of course. In a company of aces he was *the* ace. At one time or another he had blasted Gestapo headquarters in Denmark, Holland and Normandy, destroying dossiers and documents—thereby saving thousands of men and women from the firing squad.

Out of France he had brought scores of distinguished fugitives, skimming across the Channel in the dead of night, and often landing in marshy land or actual bogs, his plane sinking so deep that oxen had to be commandeered to get it back on firmer land. Madame Lucie Aubrac, the heroine of Lyon, and René Massigli, now the French ambassador to Great Britain, are among those who owe their lives to him.

Taking off from England in a snowstorm, Captain Pickard and his group approached the objective along the straight Albert-Amiens road and came over the prison shortly before dawn, the hour that he always chooses for his lightning swoops. Twelve Mosquitoes were under his command, loaded to the limit with bombs, and at his back were a bunch of Spitfires to cover his withdrawal in case of counterattack. A few circles at "deck level," to get the feel of things, and then he called the signal for attack.

Down dived a first wave of six Mosquitoes—down, down, down—until they were only a yard or two above the wings of the prison when they laid their eggs. Then followed the second wave of six, dividing three and three to open exits at the front and back of the main building. Lower and lower, slower and slower, so that their bombs could be placed delicately and precisely at the base of the walls, blasting them into fragments without injury to the Frenchmen penned inside. After that, on the split second, a joining of the two waves and a combination swoop that tore great gaps in the massive outer wall of the prison.

Circling above the group and watching the operation, Captain Pickard shouted down,a joyous cry of "Well done." The two wings that housed the Germans were rubble, with such Gestapo agents and soldiers as had escaped running wildly in every direction. Out of the opened ends of the main building, sliced off as neatly as if they had been cut with a knife, prisoners were racing for the breaches that led to safety.

At the crash of the first bomb, however, near-by antiaircraft defense swung into action, and as the Mosquitoes sped away, guarded by the Spitfires, one was brought down by a fierce burst of flak. Captain Pickard, flying last in the formation, turned back at once to ascertain the fate of the crew. As he dived low, out of the night came a pair of intercepting Focke-Wulf 190s that shot him down.

Not until the recent liberation of Amiens was the rest of the story known. Villagers, although unable to take the bodies away for Christian burial, soon found out where the Germans had buried Captain Pickard and his navigator. From that day until the British and Americans marched in, not a morning failed to find fresh flowers on the graves, and this at the risk of torture and death. . . . GEORGE CREEL

The FLOOR of HEAVEN

Continued from page 35

Mrs. Argyll said. "You have caught me playing hooky. I am going to Lottie's. She has a mystery which she says is important."

"Then I can take you," Shep Barnes said. "I've a date with Buck myself."

Mrs. Argyll gave Dickie McTurk her hand. She looked once at the wide door of the grill within which sat Dek Tarnowski, not knowing yet that death had once more been the victor, exchanging such tales as a pilot and a war correspondent exchange when they meet.

"I will telephone to you, Dickie," Mrs. Argyll said, and gave him a clear look, "some day very soon. I will need your help; I will need—a friend."

THEY did not speak as the taxi crawled through the London streets. Very silent they were. Shep Barnes lounging big and powerful in one corner, and Mrs. Argyll erect and withdrawn in the other. They were thinking.

Mrs. Argyll was thinking of Dek Tarnowski. Oh, my darling, Gwen Argyll thought, I wanted to bring you back to see what life can be like when you are loved as a man was never loved before. I wanted to bring Jadwiga back to you as a gift of life and love, and now Jadwiga is dead, too. I put all my chips on the red and—it came up black.

If she looks like that when she's had lunch with him, Shep Barnes thought, Uncle Obi must be right. The guy's no good for her and I ought to do something about it. I can't just sit back and let things happen to her. Maybe it would be fair to go down and see her folks and see what we can do between us.

They became aware of each other then, and it occurred to Gwen Argyll that she had never noticed before the stubborn determination of his jaw. That made her smile, and Shep Barnes said eagerly, "It's good to see you again, Gwen." But she didn't say anything to that, just kept smiling that mysterious little smile, and he wondered if she had read his thoughts, and it made him a little nervous.

When they arrived at Lottie Parker's tall, narrow house in the famous old square, they were immediately directed upstairs to her bedroom.

"What happened to you?" Lottie Parker said.

She was perched on the edge of the bed, wrapped in an orange velvet negligee that matched her flaming hair, and she was plainly jittery. When she saw Shep Barnes she said, "Go on downstairs and get yourself a drink, Shep; I want to talk to Gwen. Buck's around somewhere but I advise you to avoid him as you would the mumps. We'll be down after a while."

Shep went, with a wave of his big hand, and there was a moment's silence.

"Take your coat off," Lottie said. "You may be here quite a while. That Shep don't look to me like he's given up entirely, does he to you? He's trying to wear you down, honey."

"Then he doesn't understand English," Mrs. Argyll said.

"Well, nobody can ever say you're mercenary," Lottie Parker said. "Look, Gwen, what would you think if Buck and I got married?" Her round face beneath the famous red hair was suddenly scarlet. She said, "Don't give it to me in a hurry, think it over. You know about—well, about people over here. They've been awful good to me—dog-gone it, I'm not going to cry again, I haven't busted into tears this often since I got spanked four times in one day—well, anyhow, they've been good to me and all that, but marrying me is different. I've never committed any murders that I know of—but—I'm probably not what you'd call dignified for an Air Marshal—"

"Will you stop?" Gwen Argyll said. "Darling, you're positively antic. Why in the world shouldn't he marry you? I mean if you can put up with him. Everybody in England adores you."

"It all started on account of those damn' medals," Lottie said. "He's going to get another one—the order of something or other, he didn't tell me, and this time—I wanted to go to Buckingham Palace and see him get it. I don't know why, but all of a sudden it got important to me. And—"

"And only wives have a rightful place there," Mrs. Argyll said quietly. There was an odd smile upon her lovely, painted mouth. "You shall go, darling, and I hope it's the Garter. It would be so appropriate. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"Take it easy," Lottie said. "I'm pretty near a nervous wreck now."

Mrs. Argyll went and put her arms around the short, squat figure. "Lottie," she said, "you are a donkey. If you will have me, I will be your bridesmaid and Uncle Townsend, who is so respectable that they often use his name to sell phony stocks, shall give you away."

Lottie gave a little sob. "There I go again," she said. "Well—he asked me, but I wanted to be sure it wouldn't do him any harm."

"After what you've done for England," Mrs. Argyll said, "they would probably cheer if you married the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Will you go and tell him?" Lottie said. "Buck, I mean, not the archbishop."

"I hope I'm the first to congratulate him," Gwen said.

"VERY kind of you, I'm sure," the Air Marshal said. "It will please Lottie. No people of her own over here."

His eyes were squinted to slits. He faced Mrs. Argyll across the library table with a sort of frozen belligerency. It might be that the Air Marshal had anticipated a twinkle in Gwen's eyes, a whisper of, "Ah, got you now. You object to my playing the drums, you favor my marrying a catch from Boston—and now you're going to marry Lottie Parker of the halls."

Instead Gwen Argyll's face was devoured with happiness for her friend Lottie and they agreed that the wedding, which was to take place as soon as Lottie could close her show long enough, should be held at the family seat of the Hamiltons, Wantage Hall, Warwickshire.

"I'll take a look at the roof of the state drawing room in the meantime," Gwen said, "but the last I heard that part was sound enough."

"Very kind of you, Gwen," the Air Marshal said again and stood stiffly waiting for her to go.

But Mrs. Argyll leaned against the doorframe and he saw that beneath the happiness which was her friend's happiness, her face was sad with something more than the sadness, so well concealed, which looked from the eyes of every Englishwoman in those days. Plainly, she had something more to say and found it difficult, which was unusual for her.

At last, in a low voice, she said, "There isn't anyone else to whom I can speak of this. We have been obliged to forget—not to think—of so many, or we could not have gone on at all. Not many of us remember Tip."

The Air Marshal had not expected that name. Shep Barnes, perhaps, who only a few moments ago had been pleading his cause with the Air Marshal. Or Dek Tarnowski, of whom the Air Marshal knew more than most men. But not Tip Argyll, who had died for England so long ago, as time is measured nowadays.

"You haven't forgotten him," Gwen Argyll said, "nor any of the others, because they were rather specially yours, those few—because you loved them and were crucified by the sacrifice you asked them to make for England. That's why I can ask you—do they ever come back to you, do they ever come back to say—'All's well, sir, we understand now, we fight and fly for you still'?"

The silence was long. The Air Marshal's face was marble. He said, "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because," Gwen said, "Tip has come back

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to me. Oh, don't misunderstand me, dear. Not as one of those rather spectacular ghosts who for centuries have haunted England and Ireland and especially Scotland. But—he came back. It was as though our real togetherness could never be broken. As though he spoke to me again over some system of communication that is a further extension of those already extended communications in which our grandmothers wouldn't have believed. He had to tell me something, you see."

"What did he have to tell you?" the Air Marshal said.

"Do you believe me?" Gwen said steadily.

"Of course I believe you," the Air Marshal said furiously. "D'you think we won the Battle of Britain outnumbered as we were without—their help? Dammit, I was at Mons, when that thin red line they like to write about—filled in, and nobody's ever been able to explain that one either, have they? Ask any man who lived through the Battle of Britain. They know."

He sat down suddenly, glaring at her. "Anything strange about that?" he barked at her. "Naturally they'd come back when they saw the fix we were in. When you've fought and breathed and prayed and lived without any connection with this one little planet, you learn something of the order and the magnitude of the universe, my girl. You see things man never saw before and you know—there's no end to it."

After a moment, he said, "What was it Tip had to tell you?"

"He just wanted to tell me that there is no death, only life," Gwen said. "He wanted to tell me that he knew now. It makes a great difference if—you *know* that."

"Common sense," the Air Marshal said, pulling violently at his mustache. "I'm a man of common sense myself, anybody'll tell you that. People that haven't got sense are the ones who refuse to believe evidence. Skeptics, they call themselves. I call 'em doubting Thomases. Good many of us have had evidence in this war. Man's got to believe evidence."

"Tip knew, you see," Gwen said, "that I had fallen in love at last, as I was never able to fall in love with him, poor sweet, though I tried so hard. But he is still my friend and he wanted to tell me that somewhere, sometime, we shall conquer death and hate."

THE Air Marshal gave her a penetrating look. "So you've found out about Tarnowski," he said, with a particularly malevolent squint. "Young ass. Still—I suppose we don't really know. We've seen a bit, but even so—hard to believe the things that happened in Poland, you know they did but it's hard to believe 'em. I don't hesitate to say the Poles are the bravest men in the air force. Only fair to say it."

Gwen waited. Stiffly, the Air Marshal rose and came across the room and held out his hand. Gwen put hers in it. "Well, what'd you want *me* to do?" Buck said.

"He mustn't fly for death and hate," Gwen said.

Doubt scowled upon Buck's forehead, but now her heart had begun to beat again with a forlorn hope sprung from Buck's words. The Air Marshal believed what she had told him about Tip.

"You have been my enemy, dear," Gwen said, "for England, for Tip, for Shep Barnes to whom England owes so much. But now I have need of an ally. Sometimes I think that everyone else is against me, but you—for their sakes—you should be on my side."

His smile was puckish; he said, "I expect actually you're blackmailing me on account of letting Lottie be married at Wantage but—I'm on your side anyhow. On Tip's side. And God knows what I've let myself in for but it'd be worse if I was on the other—Lottie'll be in a position to henpeck me shortly.". . .

A car drew up before the Lodge, at the gates of Wantage Hall, where Mrs. Hamilton had lived ever since a bomb missed the near-by airfield and damaged so much of Wantage Hall. It was a comparatively new and shining American car, and Mrs. Hamilton's brother Townsend, puttering unsuccessfully among the cabbages, was impressed.

A tall, sandy-haired young man in civilian clothes got out of the car and a moment later the colonel heard the knocker bang against the oak door. He wiped his hands on the seat of an old pair of plus fours which he habitually wore for gardening and went around the house to investigate. When he was close enough to see him, Uncle Townsend recognized the young American engineer to whom Buck had introduced him. But for the life of him he couldn't recall the chap's name.

The young man relieved him immediately of any embarrassment on that score. "I'm Shep Barnes," he said. "I don't know whether you remember me but I'm a friend of Gwen's. I was driving by and I thought I'd say hello to Mrs. Hamilton."

"She's at the hospital," the colonel said. "Be back presently. Come in—come in."

He noticed, as his niece had noticed before him, how the young man seemed to fill the shabby old room and how his head nearly touched the low oaken beams.

"I hope she's well—Mrs. Hamilton," the young man said.

"Does too much," said Uncle Townsend. "They all do—these women. Sit down, sit down. Not as young as she was either and that business at the Hall—never quite gotten over it. But she's well, or says she is."

"Gwen drove me by the Hall once," Shep Barnes said. "It seemed such a terrible, useless thing to happen. I think Gwen's very fond of—of her home."

"Oh, she's fond of it," Uncle Townsend said, "but these youngsters— Her mother came here as a bride. Given her life to the place and the people. Going to be a wrench to give it up."

"D'Aubigne Guise was telling me about that." Shep Barnes said.

"Sound feller for a Frenchman," the colonel said. "How is Gwen, by the way?"

Shep Barnes hesitated. "I thought," he said slowly, "that she looked unhappy. I think she needs someone to look after her. Obi seemed a good deal worried about her. Look here, sir, I'm an American and I don't know about your customs over here, except those that have to do with airplane engines. But—I want to marry Gwen."

"I'd heard that," Uncle Townsend said.

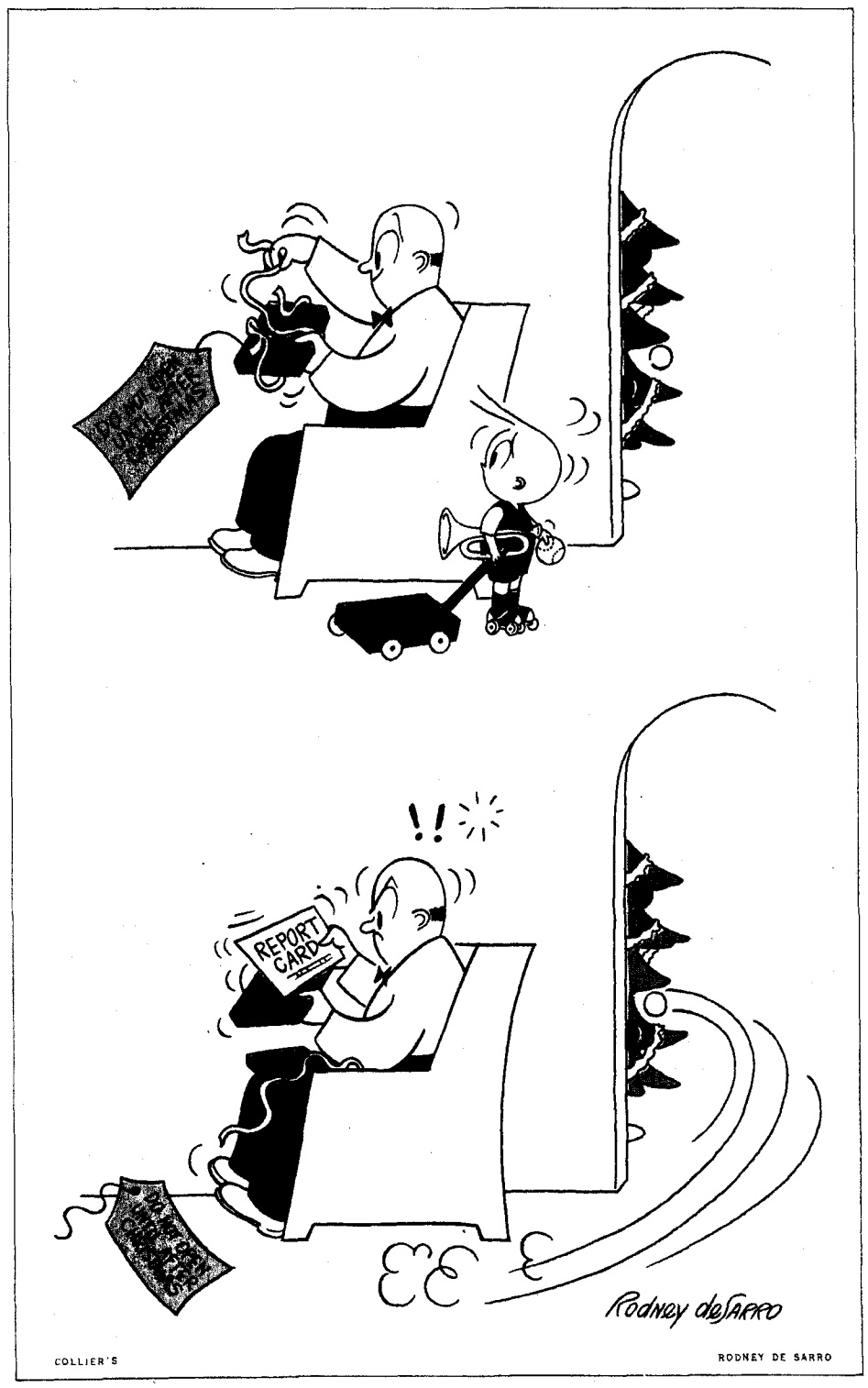
"I'm very much in love with her," the tall American said, with a disarming smile.

UNCLE TOWNSEND, busily lighting his pipe, glanced at him sharply through a heavy cloud of smoke. Not exactly what a man ought to say—blurting it out like that—still, Gwen had rather that sort of effect upon young men. Tip Argyll had been out of his head about her. And there was something honest and direct about the fellow, obviously a reliable sort of chap. Big and good-looking and very rich, as Uncle Townsend knew well. He sighed. Women were the devil.

"I don't want to sound Victorian or anything," Shep Barnes said, "but I wondered if I ought to speak to you—or her mother—"

"Should think you ought to speak to Gwen first," Uncle Townsend said.

The tall young man got up and walked over to the bow window. Outside, the rhododendrons were a startling coral mass.



"I did," Shep Barnes said. "Right here this very spot. She said yes—but then s changed her mind."

"H—mm," said Uncle Townsend. "Sh headstrong, always was. Might get a noti —women get notions, the best of them—t she's sound, very sound girl at heart."

"I'm in a hell of a spot," Shep Barnes sa explosively, in a big, sincere young voi "With all due modesty, I'm what's called suitable match, even for Gwen. I can answ to you or her mother for my family; I cou take care of her and give her everything the world she ought to have, rebuild the Ha make her a fine life and—I love her so mu it drives me crazy to see her heading for su disaster."

Uncle Townsend blew seven clouds smoke before he answered. "This oth chap"—he said—"of course a girl can be da zled by that sort of thing. But he's a foreign and my sister wouldn't approve of that. Sti one can't coerce young people nowaday None of the stern parent stuff. On the oth hand, Gwen's devoted to her mother and don't mind telling you when I think of th future where my sister's concerned—"

To Shep Barnes' amazement, he saw th the colonel's eyes were full of tears. Up that moment he had thought of Uncle Tow send as a pleasant, slightly doddering as Now he saw him as old and helpless in changing and terrible world.

"Smoke," Uncle Townsend said. "Car get any decent tobacco, of course. Fello from the air station was telling me about th Tarnowski. Said he'd sold his soul to th devil. Of course they swear by him, fello doesn't get the V. C. while he's still alive fo nothing. On the other hand—not the kind o a husband one would want for one's niece

"I don't think," Shep Barnes said, quietl "from what Obi tells me—that Tarnowski a marrying man. I—I thought if you and h mother approved of my suit, we might forn sort of an alliance for her own good. Whe she gets tired of being unhappy—we migh show her what happiness looks like."

Outside the window they heard the soun of a bicycle bell and then quick, light foo steps, and a moment later Mrs. Hamilto came in.

"You've come to see Gwen," she said shaking hands with the tall young man "That's a shame. She was coming down to day but she's gone to Blackpool and sh won't be here until Thursday."

"But it was you I came to see," She Barnes said, smiling down at her.

"WHY Blackpool?" Mrs. Argyll ha said, lifting her eyebrows in sur prise. The town was huge and garish. Unlik most towns in England, it was raw and new it displayed lavishly all the bad taste of th twentieth century; it sprang from the vast in dustrial areas of Lancashire. Those places o amusement for which it was famous through out England sprawled ostentatiously besid the clean, white-lipped Irish sea like an over grown imitation of that great American in stitution, Coney Island.

Only the sea front, with its long, flat, sand beach, was inviolate; against the architec tural vulgarity of the town the sea front had simple, apologetic air of stateliness and or der, like a sober woman at a cocktail party

Gwen Argyll dug her bare toes into th sand and said, "Why Blackpool?"

"These Polish babies have a weakness fo Blackpool." Dickie McTurk said. "Whenever they get to having dark thoughts about th jolly old war they hike for Blackpool."

"It is like nothing we have ever known, Casimir said slowly. "It does not remind u of anything."

A telephone call from Dickie McTurk ha brought Mrs. Argyll to Blackpool. "W sweated it out for Dek this morning," Dicki had said. "Very bad. His ship looked mor like a sieve than an airplane—nobody els could have got it back. Point is, he's neve satisfied unless he can spit right in their eye He walked away from it but we got a forty eight-hour leave. Why don't you come along We could use you to look at."

So now they were on the beach at Black pool—Mrs. Argyll and Dickie and Casimi and Dek Tarnowski, who lay on his stomac staring at the sea. The round eyes of Casimi

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A photograph taken at a demonstration at Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murray Hill, New Jersey

U. S. invention helps shoot down Robot Bombs

The electrical gun director is one of Bell Telephone Laboratories' many wartime developments. It is made by the Western Electric Company. It practically takes the guesswork out of aiming and shooting the anti-aircraft guns that bring down enemy planes.

When artillery equipped with electrical gun directors moved up to England's buzz-bomb front, the picture changed for the better at once. Here's a typical day's record: One hundred forty-three bombs reached the coast-line. The R. A. F. accounted for thirty-five, seventeen were downed by barrage balloons, and the artillery using electrical gun directors bagged sixty-five. Only twenty-six got through.

Bell Laboratories goes right ahead with war work until our infantry takes Tokyo. Then it goes back to its regular job—keeping American telephone service the best in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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were often upon Mrs. Argyll. Casimir seemed puzzled by this golden-haired lady in the severe black swimming suit.

"You are so little to swim so strong," Casimir said.

Dek Tarnowski's eyes slid sideways, they were impersonal, he was a spectator, a dark young man glancing sideways at a girl in a bathing suit as young men will.

Under his cool eyes, Gwen Argyll smiled at Casimir. She said, "Not in very good condition actually. Must get a tan, too. This one's left over from last summer. But the sun's not very strong, is it?"

"It is not," Dickie McTurk said, and sat up, brushing the sand from his shoulders, "and there's not much left of it. Nobody but a Polar bear would want to stay out here and freeze— Hi, Cas, quit it, I didn't mean it, it wasn't intended as a pun—"

They rolled away, struggling like young cats. "All right," Dickie McTurk said, "first fall to you. Let's get out of here and have a drink and see what there is to do in this workingman's playground." . . .

They were alone—she and Dek Tarnowski. The long, sandy beach stretched deserted; there was no warmth now in the sun's pale, reflected glory, but it had an odd, dimensional intensity.

Something that was like a prayer was in Gwen Argyll's heart. Jadwiga, her heart prayed, you know now. Love is greater than anything because it knows it cannot die; it is already loving in immortality. Help me if you can, Jadwiga. You love him, too.

"Dek," she said.

There in the gathering darkness, she told him. It did not take long. There was so little to tell. The crash—and the two days in the old French house—and the quiet end. While she told him, her heart kept saying, Stand near, you who have died; stand very near.

Dek Tarnowski said, "But I have known that all the time. I tried to warn Dickie. I knew that she was dead."

"How did you know?" Gwen Argyll said.

"I knew—in Poland," he said, coldly. "For me—nothing is changed. It is well for her, but nothing changes."

"Everything changes," Gwen said. "Even you cannot alter that."

"Life changes," Dek Tarnowski said. "Life rots, but death never changes."

"Are you sure of that?" Gwen Argyll said.

"Very sure," Dek Tarnowski said, looking at her with eyes as cold as the sea itself.

"You are wrong," Gwen Argyll said. "They go on. Somewhere Jadwiga goes on. I know."

His laugh purred, it was the laugh that had made Dickie McTurk's blood run cold; it was contemptuous of all things, even itself.

"I *know*," Gwen Argyll cried out against that laugh. The Air Marshal knew. The men who had lived through the battle of Britain knew. She summed those allies to her aid. "You see, Tip died a long time ago, in the sky, but he punched a hole in the sky and went on. He came back to tell me that death isn't an end at all, that we go on with life and love, he came back to tell me that."

"You women," said Dek Tarnowski, with a sort of black irony. "With your imaginations you can believe anything you want to believe. But for that it might have been over long ago—the world, the human race—sunk back into its primeval slime."

He began to laugh again; it was the sheer undiluted sound of pain. But his laugh was like a sword; he was beating something within himself back into insensibility, beating it to death again.

IN THAT moment, the strangest thing happened to Gwen: she knew, she heard what that laugh would be like if she could transpose it into the key of happiness—it would be the most glorious sound a woman ever heard; it would sing the music of the spheres. This is the laughter of the thunder-god, she thought, menacing and threatening, but in the end the thunder-god weeps and then he is powerless against the coming sun.

The air had grown ominously chill; they lay side by side in that clear intensity that fought against the coming darkness and there was only the sound of the sea, beating like a pulse at their feet.

Dek Tarnowski lifted himself upon his elbows; he moved sinuously, with an amazing fluid grace; his eyes had a light of vengeance, they went slowly, carefully over her body, stretched in the sand. The black swimming suit left bare the smooth, pale tan of her skin, and Dek Tarnowski's eyes feasted upon her, they rehearsed the delights to come, building up without words or movement anticipatory joys. His eyes lingered upon her mouth that parted softly under his gaze and went to the exquisite breasts and the slim legs that were like the beauty of some sea nymph escaped to shore for a brief hour. He missed nothing of her, he took her in slowly, insolently, delaying the gratification of touch until she quivered and gave a little cry.

He said, impersonally, "You are very beautiful. When I am done with you, I will fling you into the sea so that no man may be tempted by you again." His body was shaking, but still he did not touch her.

He is like death, she thought; he will take me as death takes a woman. I must escape now; we must live together not die together, however sweet such a death would be. I see now that this desire in him is not of love, it is of hate; it is not of God, it is of the devil, for it has no tenderness, and tenderness is the soul of love. For my very love, I must not yield. He is trying to escape that single cry of pain I heard through his laughter, she thought, and her veins were filled with compassion and tenderness and despair. To give him forgetfulness—to give and give and give—was to surrender forever to the things she fought against.

She made a swift, strong movement, she stood up and he sprang to his feet facing her. His hands reached out and bit into her shoulders. "Be still," he said savagely, "or I will hurt you."

In that moment, as she had heard what his laughter would be like transposed into the key of joy, she saw crystal-clear a vision of what it would be like if he loved her. The glory it would be if he gave her his soul and his heart was plain to her as though she saw beyond the flaming sword into the beauty of the garden of Eden.

"I'm sorry," she said, "unless you love me—you see, before I was always sure you were going to love me—that you had to because we were one—but it's not enough unless it's everything—you see, my love knows that it will never die—"

He felt her lips upon his in a yearning kiss of farewell and then she was gone. He heard the sound of her feet upon the sands, but darkness hid her headlong flight from him.

A WARM, luxurious scent of roses came into the great stone hall. From the windows, the rose garden, ragged but splendid still, was a blaze of colors, of crimson and shell pink and white and gold, and the colors seemed to mingle with the fragrance which filled the state room at Wantage Hall. The chestnut trees were in bloom and they were framed by the great arched windows.

The room was formal, and of a bygone stateliness, but it was so beautifully shaped and proportioned that it enchanted the eyes with an illusion of warmth. Beyond it, the library wing had crumbled, with the bedrooms above it, and the dining hall lay in ruins, but this high stone room where once the Virgin Queen had stood before the carved marble mantelpiece warming her royal backside, had defied the bombs; it stood lofty and disdainful among the holes and heaps of idiotic, bestial devastation.

"It never seems quite possible that it is still here," Mrs. Hamilton said to her daughter, "but it's a very nice place for a wedding and I'm sure everything will be quite lovely for your friends, though one can't do quite as one would wish."

"Of course it will, darling," Gwen said. "Flowers—and you can put ivy on the mantel and I don't think Buck wants to go too bridal about this thing anyhow—"

Uncle Townsend said abruptly, "I should think not! No fool like an old fool—don't glare at me like that, Gwen—I know times have changed; I've kept up with things, you must admit—and I think her quite amusing—still, marriage is another thing altogether."

"Do come and help with these slip covers," Gwen said, "and stop trying to be Victorian. Actually, you're green with envy."

"I must say I look forward to meeting your friend, Gwen," Mrs. Hamilton said, from the top of a stepladder. "She came to our hospital once—I remember she sang a song—something about don't look now but your slip is showing—the men *were* amused. Mr. Barnes was telling us such kind things about her the other evening."

GWEN put the slip cover down slowly and stood looking at her mother. "Do come down off that ladder, ma'am," she said, quietly. "I've read somewhere that fifty-two per cent of all accidents occur in the home and I can see why."

"I shan't have an accident," Mrs. Hamilton said, coming down, "but I must see Mr. Woodle about tea. I don't know what we should have done without Mr. Woodle. Not that we're attempting anything elaborate, but I should like it to be nice for your friends—"

They heard her heels clicking upon the stones and her voice, bright and high, somewhere amid the ruins.

Gwen Argyll looked steadily at her uncle. "All right, ducky," she said, "cough it up."

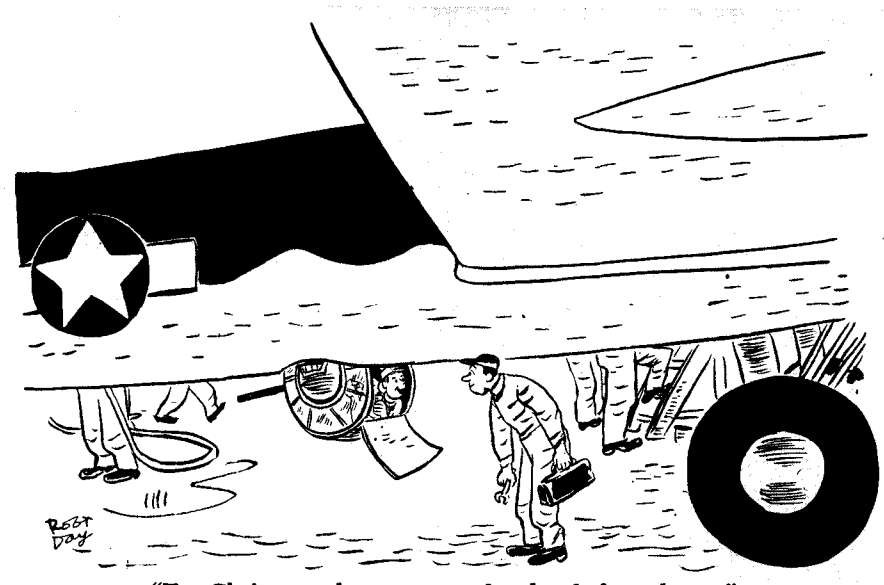
"That's a very vulgar expression, Gwen," Uncle Townsend said testily. "I've told your mother time and again—an expert—a man more experienced in these matters—but she trusted me. She's always been a great one for keeping things in the family."

"You've been casting an aura of guilt and intrigue ever since I got home," Gwen Argyll said, "and whenever you start that double shuffle—"

"Do be serious, Gwen," Uncle Townsend said. "It was only natural that Mr. Barnes should drop in to pay his respects—quite a proper thing to do, hardly expect it of an American—naturally your mother took a great fancy to him. You can see for yourself that especially under the circumstances any mother would regard him as a—a most eligible young man to whom to entrust her daughter's future."

In a flat voice, Gwen said, "Yes, I can see that."

Uncle Townsend gave her a hasty look and looked away even more hastily. "You seem to have gotten yourself into rather a mess with this young Barnes. Getting engaged to him right in your own home, y'know. I take it you—"



COLLIER'S "For Christmas she sent me a bottle of glass cleaner" ROBERT DAY

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS

"I'll be glad when th' holidays is over. It raises heck with my figure"

COLLIER'S

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Mrs. Argyll stared at him. "I did," she said.

"Well, you see," Uncle Townsend said, "and he's quite sensible about it. Says he's willing to wait, more than most men would do. Your mother rather got the impression, I think, that in time—and it took a great weight off her mind. Picked up no end since. You know she didn't like coming up here to the Hall—but he—he knows a lot about such things—and when he explained how it could be rebuilt—says everything anybody has now is out of date anyhow—all these new gadgets —freezers and such—it bucked her up, I must say."

"I see," Gwen said.

"We—we're very fond of you, my girl," Uncle Townsend said unhappily. "We'd—it would rather be the straw that broke the camel's back if you came a cropper. As Mr. Barnes put it, you'd changed your mind once and he saw every reason to hope you might change it back again. Your mother felt quite sure you might. It seemed so—as she said—suitable. And you know yourself—" Footsteps echoed again upon the stone and Uncle Townsend finished his speech hurriedly, "I mean transplanting anybody like your mother—if we had to give up the Hall—"

MRS. HAMILTON came in briskly, followed by Mr. Woodle. She said, "Mr. Woodle's come over about dinner tonight, dear. We've been over the guest list—"

But Mrs. Argyll had gone, swiftly, out through the wide windows that led into the rose garden. Mrs. Hamilton looked at her brother in surprise. "Has anything happened to upset her?" she said.

"Oh no—no," Uncle Townsend said breezily. "That is—no. All this—weddings always seem to upset women—she'll be all right. Good girl, Gwen. Don't you worry about her.". . .

The party from Wantage Hall was dining in the bar parlor of the St. George Dragon. Mr. Woodle had done his best for them in the way of roast chicken and peas from his garden and an apple tart with cream. Nor was he in any wise impressed by the presence of an Air Marshal and a tall, sandy-haired young man reported to be an American millionaire trying to marry Miss Gwen, and an ambassadorial Frenchman whom Mrs. Argyll addressed as Uncle Obi, though Mr. Woodle knew quite well he was no uncle of hers. Such distinguished guests, Mr. Woodle's demeanor indicated, were quite customary in the Dragon.

But he did think that things were rather quieter than usual and that conversation was not what it had been in his young day. Even Mrs. Argyll, Mr. Woodle thought, was not quite herself.

Somebody asked what time the bride was due to arrive in the morning, and D'Aubigne Guise said to the Air Marshal, "You haven't told us who your best man is to be." But Buck only squinted at them and said, "I've my own plans about that. I don't seem to have much to say about anything else; I can pick my own best man, can't I?"

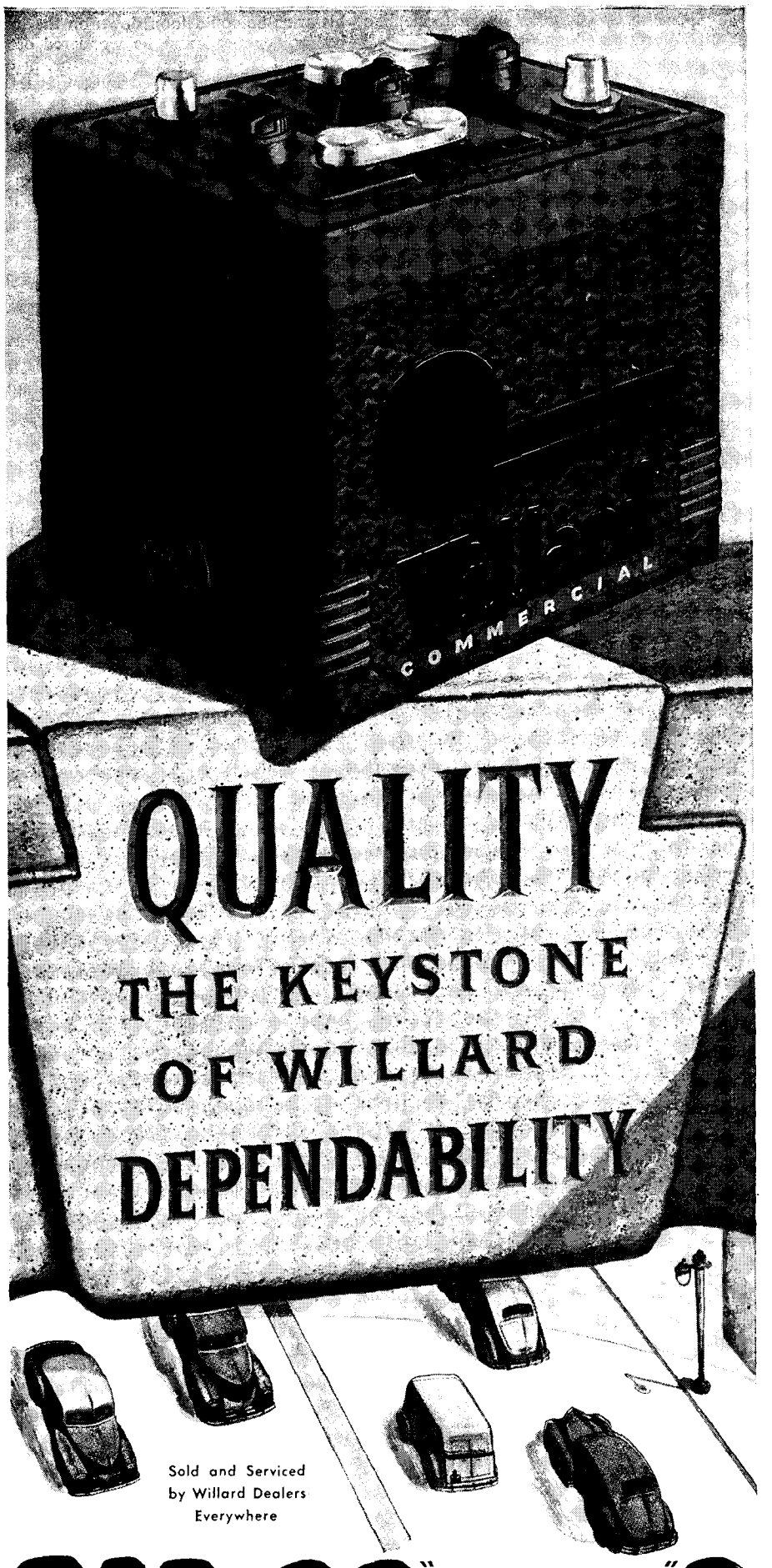
After dinner he went off to telephone, very secretive and pleased with himself. Mrs. Hamilton kept busily and happily about the details so dear to her heart, Uncle Obi and Townsend had drifted to the small corner bar of the huge, old-fashioned parlor and Shep Barnes saw that Mrs. Argyll was alone. She was crouched over the fireplace, although it was empty even of embers. The wing chair hid everything but her feet and it disturbed him to see that she was too weary even to kick off her little brown shoes.

"Gwen," he said. He came around in front of her; he said slowly, "Gwen—will you listen to me for a minute? Maybe you think I did something underhanded and—not quite fair, coming down here to see your folks."

Mrs. Argyll looked up at him gravely. After a moment she made a tired little gesture with one hand. "I don't understand," she said. "I told you—I told you—"

"Don't take it so hard, Rudolph. Before this is all over, maybe you'll get on the war criminals list too"

COLLIER'S FRANK BRANDT



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"Did you think I could believe you?" Shep Barnes said. "I—I couldn't fall in love with anybody else. It all looked insane to me, like a fit of fever. I don't understand such things."

He waited, but she said nothing. She seemed to be without words, even without gestures, drained of them completely.

Shep Barnes ran one of his big hands through his sandy hair and took a long breath. "You did promise to marry me once, Gwen," he said, "and I took you at your word. Did you think I'd quit? Did you think I'd stop fighting every way I knew how to get you? So many things can happen."

Gwen's eyes were like bluebells under water. "You mean that though Dek is said to bear a charmed life, the charm cannot last forever," she said. "That would change nothing."

"I didn't mean that," Shep Barnes said. "I mean you'd see the good life we could have together. It seemed to me you were sacrificing everything that was worth while for things that won't seem worth anything when peace and sanity come back and there's a new world to build. I thought you'd see the happiness and security we could give others—"

When she tried to speak, her voice trembled and died, but finally she said, "If you have hoped that I will love you, you must believe me when I tell you that I—cannot. If I married you, for all these reasons which you have made so plain to me, you would have a wife who had already given away her heart for all eternity. Would there be any real happiness in that for you? It is something I cannot do anything about."

She looked small and white and incredibly weary, in the big wing chair. She said, "Someone ought to be happy out of all this, there is so much unhappiness in the world."

His face went hot with triumph. But she did not see it. Her eyes were fixed over his shoulder like a sleepwalker's, she seemed so weary that in the end she might give way to anything; the angel with the flaming sword was mighty against her then. Suddenly she put both hands over her face and, looking down, all that Shep Barnes could see was the top of the golden head bowed in her hands.

He remembered that when he held her in his arms he could look down on the top of her golden head and he wondered desperately if she would find any comfort in them now, and knew that she would not. But he went on standing there, tall as a tree, sheltering her, because he could not bear to leave her alone.

THERE were enough scattered clouds, an isolated rainstorm here and there, to give the Huns cover. The air was bumpy but Dek Tarnowski flew through it without noticing it. He saw the Heinkel as it dodged out of one bank of clouds and made off into another. The hot throb of combat swept over him and left him cold and polished and filled with satisfaction at sight of the kill. Throttle open full, he drew away from his flight and followed the Hun in, never to let him get away. He poured in his first burst blindly, and then another, and they came out of the clouds.

He did not fire again, because he could see the Heinkel wobbling, the fuselage riddled with bullets and he wanted the men in it to live—to live long enough to *know*—to go down flaming and feel the flames—to see those last minutes of life in all their horror. Smiling, he flew in close until he could see the writhing, bloody mess in the rear cockpit, and his hatred absorbed it, sucked it in to assuage his burning thirst for revenge. Dangerously close, he went in; flying with that polish which was the envy of his squadron, he followed them down, down through the sudden rain until they hit the icy water and the plane broke apart.

Above the wind and the rain and the purr of his engine, he gave a shout of laughter. Circling, he watched them struggle free and begin to swim and make signs of surrender and appeal. Let them beg him, Dek Tarnowski, for mercy. Beg him to radio for help, take them back alive to give information, to live safe and well fed in a prison camp and be exchanged at the end of the war to breed more murderers of Lublin and Lidice. Let them beg. These might be the very men who had shot Jadwiga down out of the sky. The clawing inside him was still for those moments while he watched them, the hideous elation of killing and the glut of his hatred had stilled it for a little time. Then it began again and he climbed steeply, his eyes searching like an eagle's for more prey.

He picked up his squadron and they flew north, the sky began to fill with the eerie black patterns of the antiaircraft guns, then there was a pause pregnant with threat, and the sky was filled with German fighters.

Dek Tarnowski's lips settled grimly, cold delight charged him with some electrical current, he picked out a Messerschmitt 109 and got on his tail. Flame and fury were everywhere, the sky had become hell, two Messerschmitt 110s closed in on either side of him, and then he was fighting for his life.

Fighting for his life.

Something had spoken to him through that hell. Sweat broke out and dribbled down his spine, the 109 went into a spin and he poured his guns into a Messerschmitt coming straight at him. The brilliance of his genius as a pilot that had made him the fabulous Dek Tarnowski shone like lightning against the sky, but now there was within him some desperate need to shoot and to kill so that he might fly back alive and land and walk away, as other pilots did.

The Messerschmitt was a falling comet and Dek Tarnowski watched its mad plunge and his heart was pounding and pounding in some new madness and there were tears on his face but he still thought it was the rain.

For the first time, Dek Tarnowski was fighting for his life.

THE tall young American captain shouted loudly through the mess for Dek Tarnowski, and Dickie McTurk put down his book and said, "He's not back yet."

"It's the Air Marshal—ole Buck himself—wants him on the phone," the tall boy said. "What'll I do? Buck don't sound like a patient man to me. But—I don't want to tell him Dek ain't back yet."

Dek Tarnowski walked into the mess. He moved with a sort of defiant wariness. His squadron turned and saw him and Casimir's shout hit the ceiling ahead of the wild babel.

"The Air Marshal's on our telephone," the American boy said. "He wants to talk to you awful bad."

When Tarnowski came back, Van Every said, "Did he give you hell for being late?" His hero worship trembled in his young voice.

"I am in the dark," Dek Tarnowski said. "What is this about a wedding? I had not heard."

"The Air Marshal is marrying Lottie Parker," Dickie McTurk said. "It's at Wantage Hall. We're all going."

"Mrs. Argyll asked me," Van Every said. "I guess because he's marrying an American."

"I am—commanded to be best man," Dek Tarnowski said.

There was a hush of awe around the room. Casimir said, "It is a compliment to our country."

The tall boy said, "Ain't that something! Imagine getting commanded to be best man to an Air Marshal—to *the* Air Marshal, at that. How you rate that, Dek?"

"I have never been a best man," Dek Tarnowski said. "I do not know how I rate it."

Which was true, since, of course, Dek Tarnowski knew nothing of that compact between the Air Marshal and Gwen Argyll by the terms of which Buck had agreed to be her ally. The Air Marshal took being an ally very seriously.

THE chaplain said, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here—"

Sunshine filled the state hall and hid the scars with a full panoply of light. The roses had moved from the garden into old silver bowls and somewhere, very softly, a piano completed its melody and was silent.

Against an ivied mantel, Lottie Parker stood all in flamboyant white and her famous red hair was a torch, but unashamed tears streamed down her face so that it shone through a flood of happiness. The Air Marshal beside her looked exactly as he always looked, except that today he wore more decorations than D'Aubigne Guise had ever seen before. And also, M. Guise thought, there was more noticeable than usual that something—these Englishmen, he thought, no wonder the groveling German mind is always sick with envy of them; you cannot beat these Englishmen, he thought, they have poise, they have a simplicity, they have a faith, and that is why there is still England. That wizened little man with his cold, ruthless eyes—he has it.

M. Guise had seen many grand weddings but never one, he decided, so beautiful and strange as this. He kept staring at Dek Tarnowski, who wore his blue uniform with such dash, who stood with such startling grace beside the bridegroom. But D'Aubigne Guise thought that he looked haggard and in pain; he looked remote and questioning. And there, on the other side of the bride, was Mrs. Argyll. She was a soft blue flame tipped in gold. There was a serenity about her beauty this day. She belonged here in this noble hall of England and Uncle Obi thought that perhaps she had strayed from a man's dreams; perhaps she was so softly sad because she was

"Maybe I should have opened it before Christmas, no matter what it said"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

COLLIER'S "Like this, Daddy?" CRAWFORD YOUNG

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"ME?"

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YOU'LL stay at your war job, of course, until after Victory. *But what then?*

What do you *want* to be... stenographer, secretary, saleswoman, buyer, professional woman, writer, executive? Ever think how *typing* ability can open the door to almost any career? And once the door is open, it's up to you!

Why not learn to type... now... and be ready when opportunity beckons. It doesn't take long. Perhaps soon you can buy a Smith-Corona; if not, you can borrow or rent one for spare-time practice. We can think of few better ways to build for a post-war career! L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc Syracuse 1 New York.

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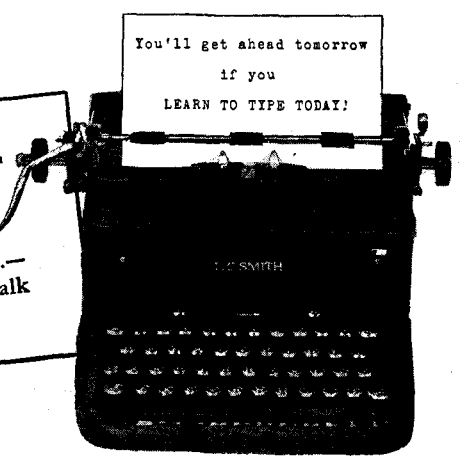

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"Did you think
Barnes said. "I-
anybody else.
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come true and the man
s would not let her.
hold, for better or for
for poorer, in sickness

d silent as the chap-
d the matchless words.
with the undercurrent
thoughts.

Now I shall never say those words, young Dickie McTurk thought. I would have said them to Jadwiga someday and now I shall never say them. But he was an English boy, he knew that he would, he knew that he would find a nice girl and marry her and have children by her. So now he said them over, those words, very softly—for Jadwiga. Always she would have that corner of his heart that he had said them in first—for her.

Seeing Squadron Leader Tarnowski for the first time, Uncle Townsend felt a terrible guilt, it made him all stuffy and congested, like gout. I must tell Gwen, he thought; I know how he feels—felt that way myself after the first Marne. Don't know what'll come of it, doesn't look like he'd make a good husband, but we'll muddle through, we're old, it doesn't matter about us; after all, her mother's had her life; she shouldn't think of us. I must tell her that.

The brown eyes of the tall American captain were busy, he hoped he could remember it all so that he could tell his mother about it when he got back to the U.S.A. Only he'd never be able to describe it, not Tarnowski and Mrs. Argyll and this room and that white dress Lottie Parker had on—and, above all, the Air Marshal. And Shep Barnes. He sure was good-looking, even in civilian clothes.

The chaplain's voice ceased and all was quiet and then Lottie Parker said, "I never was so scared in all my life," and everybody began to laugh and talk and kiss the bride.

MRS. HAMILTON took possession of things with that air of divine right which so well became her. "I thought it quite the loveliest wedding I ever saw, dear," she said, "and you were a beautiful bride. My congratulations, Marshal. Now—thank goodness, the wine was in the cellar so the bombs didn't really disturb it—we shall have something quite worthy to drink a toast to the happiness and long life of the bride and bridegroom."

They were very merry; there was a great deal of noise and laughter and the Air Marshal cackled above them all. "She'll be a great comfort to me in my old age, lad," he said to the tall American captain. "Got the finest disposition in the world. You're too young to understand but let me give you a tip: only thing that matters about a woman in the long run is her disposition."

"Now I should like to hear you sing, dear," Mrs. Hamilton said to Lottie Parker. "Shouldn't you, Townsend? My brother and I both think it would be splendid to hear you sing and I'm sure you must have a song in your heart."

"I bet six bucks they ask me to sing at my own funeral." Lottie Parker said with a booming laugh. But the pianist struck up a tune and her gay voice filled the room.

Under cover of the music, Shep Barnes said, "Will you come out on the terrace with me for a minute, Gwen?"

Even here, the sun had transformed everything; England lay in the sunshine as she had been before peace was torn from her upon the soil of Poland. The encroaching woods and the untrimmed rose garden and the ragged lawn and hedges were gilded with that soft sweet glow.

"I wanted to tell you," Shep Barnes said, "just this once more that—I love you. But I know now you aren't ever going to love me. I know that. I kept thinking you'd change, but you never did love me—not for a minute."

"I never said that I loved you," Gwen said softly. "But—I want you to know that I—I liked you; I thought we could be friends and companions. I didn't think I was ever going to find love."

"But you have," Shep Barnes said. It was not a question, it was a statement, and so Mrs. Argyll said nothing. "There isn't anything anybody can offer against that, I guess, if it really happens to you. The people who think you could exchange money or success or possessions or fame—they're the people it never happened to, that's all. And—I guess you were right. There wouldn't be any real happiness in it for me."

"No," Gwen said, "I knew that, too."

"I hope—I hope you'll find happiness sometime—someplace," Shep Barnes said.

"There's an angel with a flaming sword outside the east gate of the Garden of Eden," Gwen Argyll said, "and I thought I was strong enough to fight him and win. I suppose a lot of women have thought that. But—I am shut out of Eden and I will take nothing less now that I have seen it—"

Quick, light, ringing steps sounded on the terrace behind them and, turning, they saw Squadron Leader Tarnowski coming toward them. His eyes were on Shep Barnes.

"Do I interrupt?" he said, with a little bow.

Shep Barnes moved; he said, "I'll run along—" and to his surprise he felt Gwen's hand on his arm restraining him, heard her say lightly, "Wait, Shep, we'll all go in together. I expect Lottie will want me."

HE IS jealous, she was thinking in amazement, but it is not enough. Today I cannot bear with fortitude that he does not love me. Today when we stood so near to each other and heard those words, I cannot bear it.

"Lottie does not want you," Dek Tarnowski said; "and we are not going in together. I have come out so that you may show me the gardens." His hand slipped under her arm, he smiled down at her, the old mocking smile; he said, "I am very fond of gardens."

Shep said lightly, "And I must talk to Buck, wedding or no wedding. See you both later," and then he left them, walking swiftly away, striding across the terrace to the house.

The path was rough and overgrown with weeds, but Dek's hand under her arm was strong and compelling, and once when her trailing skirts caught in a thornbush he knelt swiftly and lifted it loose.

At the end of the path was a great beech tree and there he stopped and turned her to face him. His eyes demanded something of her; they were bright with some terrible question.

He said, "I do not know what you have done to me. I am alive again—alive to pain and torment. Yesterday I fought for my life—I, Dek Tarnowski. I do not know why I did that, but something drove me, pulled me back. And now again in my heart is a great ache and hurt and longing, and I can remember. You have done this to me. I was already dead and now I am alive again but those others whom I loved are dead. I told you I could not bear it."

You who died, stand near, Gwen Argyll prayed. *Help me now, you who have loved us. Send me light enough to bring him out of darkness. Let the veil be thin enough for this one moment out of eternity so that he may see through it.*

Above them in the sky they heard the drone of an airplane engine. It came closer, closer, too close, and the beat of that engine was a muffled cadence like a heartbeat. It might almost have been the beating and throbbing of their own hearts.

Everything in the little garden seemed to hold its breath. They were in a valley of shadows, transparent velvet shadows, and beyond lay the sunshine.

"Jadwiga," Dek Tarnowski said.

His eyes were full of pleading, and Gwen saw that he was shaking from head to foot. Those two—brother and sister—cut from one piece of cloth so that they had known each other's very thoughts—the intercom between them must be in tune, it must be open.

Make him know, Jadwiga, Gwen said inside herself; you are strong, make him know, and she clasped her hands together tightly, holding her breath, and her soul seemed to pour out of her in that plea.

Their eyes met and held and after a long, long time he said, "Jadwiga! O God!"

"Are you sure, my darling?" Gwen said.

"If it happens to you, you are sure," Dek Tarnowski said.

SHE took him in her arms and held him and felt the trembling quiet and the frantic heartbeats slow into deep breaths. When she felt him cling to her, ectasy flooded her. When at last he kissed her, she gave him her soul from her lips.

Suddenly he looked at his watch. "But I must go," he said. "I am due back and I am on duty."

He gave the pilot's quick glance at the sky. "It is so blue today," he said. "I have never seen the sky so blue."

"But that isn't the sky," Gwen Argyll cried. "It is the floor of heaven."

He kissed her quickly, he walked out into the sun that blazed upon his satin-black hair. But this is the way he has always gone, Gwen thought, with no tomorrow; he has always said goodby with a pair of shears. She stood waiting, and her heart swelled until all the tears all women had ever shed for love seemed to ache in her breast.

Dek Tarnowski turned. "I—will try to come back to you," he said.

THE END

A LOST WORLD

Everywhere there's talk of battle shock as an aftermath of war. But what is it? How does it affect men? You'll see an example of it next week when we begin the story of a man who saw too much, to whom too much happened, and his effort to find himself, his world and someone to love. It is a strange and eerie story, shot through with passion and hatred and casual murder, a story that seems to move behind a

Net of Cobwebs

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Don't Miss It

Any Week

Continued from page 4

the note: "This animal will speak plenty loud when the war's over and we start trying to match our idealism against European power politics." The turtle is sitting here beside our typewriter, his small black eyes bright with interest as we hit the keys—interest and a touch of skepticism, too. We're pretty sure that he's an isolationist at heart.

AND we have a mournful little note from Mr. Carl Stimson of Houston, Texas. He asks us to behold what things are coming to in Texas. On the night before election, one of the most important white men in Houston was called up by a Negro woman who told him that she was working for the Democratic committee and that he was on her list of people to urge to "vote for Roosevelt, but, even if he couldn't, to be sure and vote." Mr. Stimson ends on a particularly plaintive note: "Now see what you damyankees have done to our Southern traditions."

A LADY in Jacksonville, Florida, reports that she sent a copy of his favorite newspaper to a lad in the Southwest Pacific. He read all about the elegant times servicemen on furlough were having and sent her a personally composed item of news which, he said, should be inserted in the papers: "Sergeant J. I. K., Pride of the Pacific and local boy hero, has not returned home after three years in the South Seas. He is not here on a protracted furlough after which he will not be assigned to duty in New York City in summer and Miami in the winter. He will not be engaged while on furlough in extensive research into various social experiments and will not be feted by various home-town organizations that are justly proud of his splendid record."

RECENTLY and purely, we assure you, in the interests of entertainment, the question was asked in this magazine: Who said "No more privacy than a goldfish"? The answer, given in the same issue, was: Irvin S. Cobb. From Mrs. Naomi Baker of Birmingham, Alabama, comes assurance that Mr. Cobb indeed said that, but that a lady named Mary Ann Evans, better known as a novelist as George Eliot, said it quite a number of years before Mr. Cobb got around to it. And if you don't believe it, read George Eliot's The Mill on the Floss.

VERY soon now, Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be sworn in as President of the United States. It will be a simple ceremony costing us about $2,500 instead of the $25,000 that Mr. Roosevelt's warm friend Senator Harry Flood Byrd was planning to spend. Mr. Roosevelt is responsible for this saving of the taxpayers' money. We got to talking about this to a member of Mr. Roosevelt's staff. "Next time," he said, "the Chief will probably abolish the ceremony altogether on the grounds that the people have lost interest in inaugurations."

IF YOU'RE really wondering what you can do to make our overseas forces happy—and if you can make candy—here's a sweet idea from Mrs. H. W. Rodgers of Dillon, Montana. She tried it on her husband, Pfc. H. W. Rodgers, who is in the Pacific somewhere, and he urges a national movement: Can candy. "If," says Mrs. Rodgers, "you live anywhere near a cannery, buy the cans. Then make the candy. Pour candy into the cans. Take them for sealing to the cannery. Then mail. It reaches the lads in perfect shape." . . . W. D.

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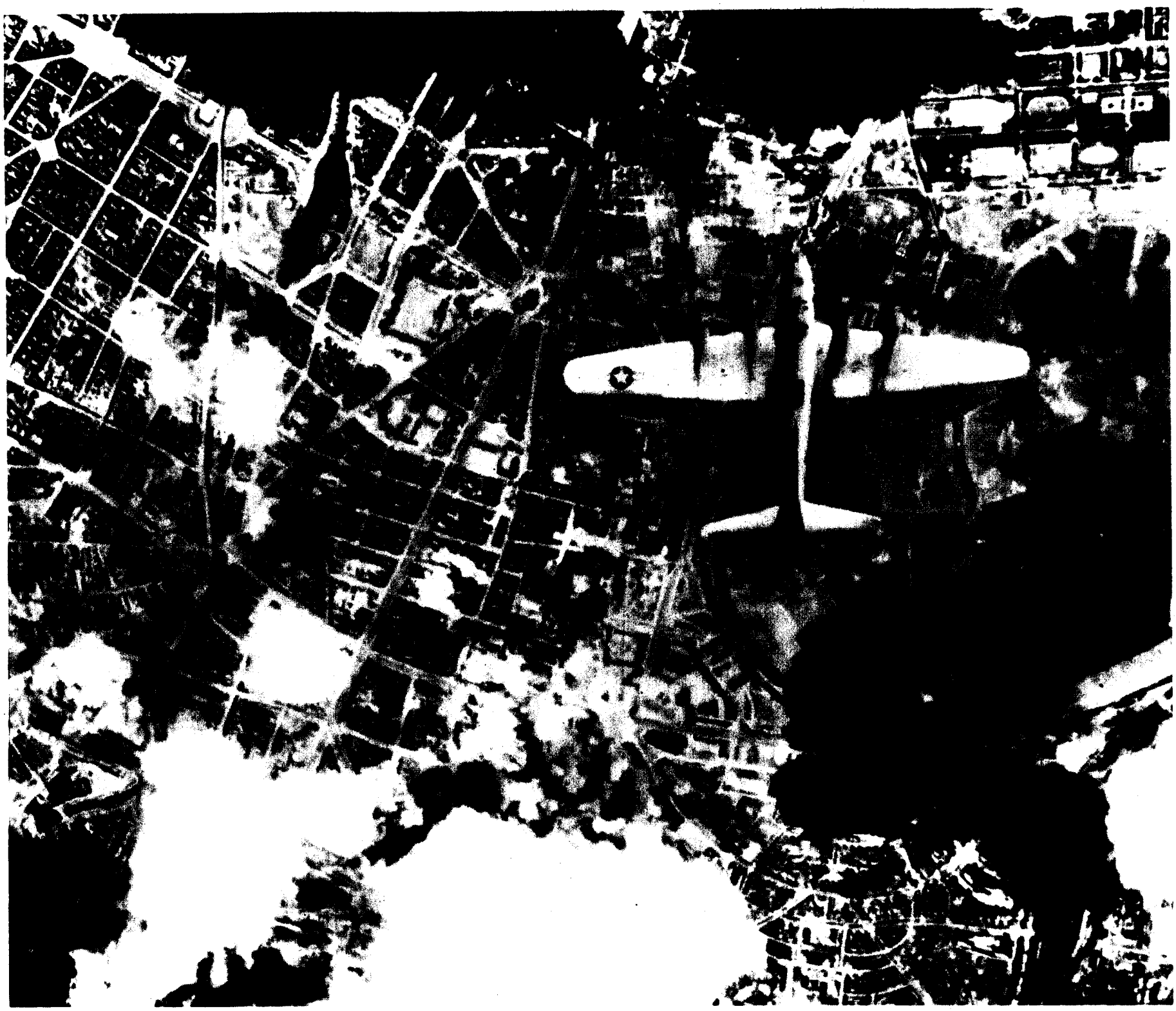

Tempelhof Airdrome, Berlin, above, during Fortress bombardment. Official OWI photograph

Bull's-eye

There, below you, is Berlin. A sprawling metropolis, spread at your feet. But your target isn't Berlin. It's a fraction of a square inch in the mosaic — the hangars and fighter planes of Tempelhof Airdrome.

You are bombardier of the lead ship in a formation of Boeing Flying Fortresses. The flak has been bad, but you've forgotten it, intent on your job. You've taken over now, guiding the Fort true on her bombing run. The tiny patch of earth you're aiming at is clear in your bombsight. Your fingers do their work at the right split second. "Bombs away!"

THAT SCENE, repeated thousands of times, by thousands of Army Air Force crews over pin-point targets in German-held Europe, paved the way for the greatest invasion of all history by destroying much of the enemy's ability to wage war.

Such strategic bombing was pioneered by the U. S. Army Air Forces. Key to its success was the ability to *hit the target.* This required daylight operation with the American precision bombsight — which, in turn, required an airplane capable of *reaching the target* in daylight, through intense opposition, and getting back again.

It was the Boeing Flying Fortress which made it possible for the Allies to begin this operation in 1942, and to continue it consistently since that time.

Today the same program is being carried out against Japan . . . by the huge new Boeing B-29 Superfortresses, which carry a heavier bomb load farther, faster and higher than any planes ever have before. The Flying Fortresses and Superfortresses are Boeing's effort to give American airmen the best possible weapons for accomplishing their difficult and hazardous missions.

Soundly and honestly designed, engineered and manufactured, Boeing products have always done more than was expected of them. Tomorrow, as today, any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

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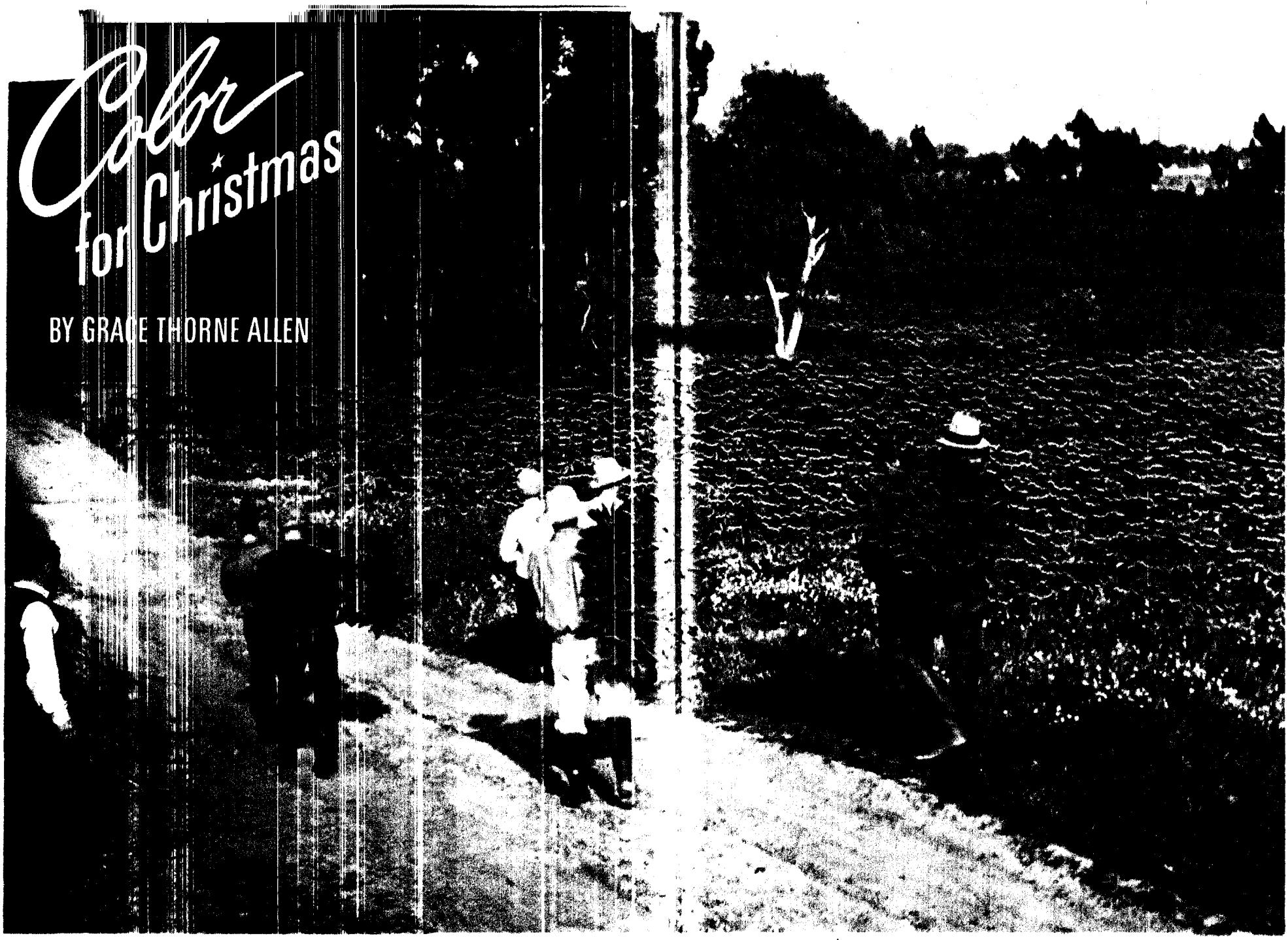
Color for Christmas

BY GRACE THORNE ALLEN



Christmas means poinsettias, and poinsettias mean Paul Ecke, who took the wild, unpredictable immigrant from Mexico and made it into a tame beauty that blooms each year in time for the holidays

THERE'S one thing sure, red and green mean Christmas. So the green-leafed, flaming red poinsettia has two counts in its favor to make it a Christmas flower. Besides, it comes to full bloom in the California fields in December, and greenhouse growers all over the country have learned to time their crops for the holiday season, too.

No one knows just when the poinsettia became a part of your Christmas decorations, but a good bet is that it happened after Paul Ecke started to tame this wild immigrant from Mexico. In southern California, as in its homeland, the poinsettia grows lustily but unpredictably. Some varieties bloom in October, some in January. And the parent plants never know what their young seedlings will grow up to be. Pretty, maybe, but not a good bet commercially.

Greenhouse growers had scarcely better luck than nature in making the poinsettia bloom true and in time for Christmas, until Paul Ecke took on the job of stabilizing its wild beauty.

His father, Albert Ecke, raised vegetables for the Los Angeles market, but his hobby was raising flowers. And in his hobby garden he planted the poinsettia. Young Paul didn't want to be a farmer, but something about the flower must have fascinated him. For he set to work on it twenty-five years ago, and now he has four hundred acres of flaming fields covering the hills twenty miles north of San Diego just off the coastal highway, where tourists come to gape—or did when there were tourists.

From these fields Ecke sells stock to nurserymen in every state. He even sends the stable, improved progeny of the poinsettia back to its native Mexico and, before the war, shipped them as far as the Philippines. He has done such a good job of building a beautiful, predictable plant that most of his grower customers find it cheaper and better to start fresh each spring with new stock from Ecke, rather than to propagate their own.

Ecke harvests two big crops a year. In early spring, tractors dig the major crop—dormant brown roots, the result of 100,000 cuttings put in the spring before. These are boxed and shipped out by the carload. It's a rush harvest, for each grower wants his new stock to arrive on the Monday after Easter. That's the first day he has time to start, and he wants to get going to ready his bloom for Christmas.

Ecke's second crop, though only a by-product of the other, is the spectacular one. For three weeks before Christmas he cuts hundreds of thousands of brilliant blooms and ships them out, packed in dry ice, as far as the East Coast. Before the war, he sent them even to Hawaii. Skilled cutters work in the fields from dawn to dusk while runners stand by to receive the flowers, load them over their shoulders forty to a bunch, then head for the nearest processing station, which may be just a temporary shed set up in the field. Here the stems are promptly boiled to seal in the milky fluid that will keep the poinsettia fresh.

In the big warehouse shed they get another, more drastic treatment. They are dunked, bloom and all, into an acid bath that cures them further. Then they stand in cool water

Paul Ecke (in shirt sleeves) doesn't do any of the cutting of his poinsettias, but he does all the calculating and worrying. Here he watches four runners and two cutters heading for the warehouse with their arms loaded with scarlet blossoms

Just-before-Christmas scene at Los Angeles wholesale flower market. That's Paul Ecke, Jr., in the sailor cap, and one of his pals back of the counter. Helping with poinsettia rush is popular holiday job with schoolboys in the vicinity

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

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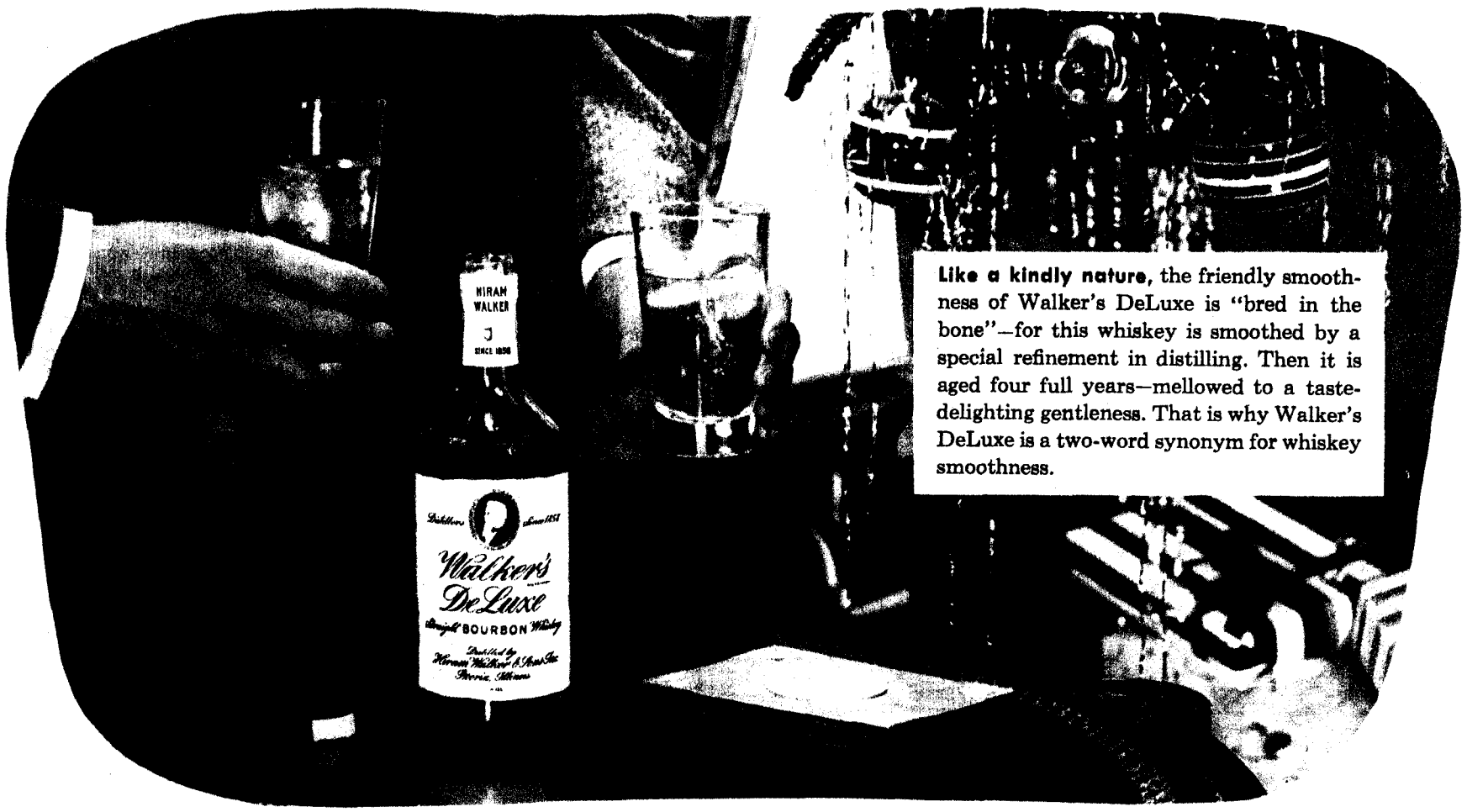
"Special Gift"—2 words that mean fond thoughtfulness

2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



Like a kindly nature, the friendly smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed by a special refinement in distilling. Then it is aged four full years—mellowed to a taste-delighting gentleness. That is why Walker's DeLuxe is a two-word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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... deep, five-gallon tins, the gayest crowded shedful of stuff you ever saw, till they can be packed and shipped—by express freight now, by air express before the war—and by truck and double-deck trailer to the Los Angeles wholesale flower market, whence they'll scatter all over southern California.

If you should receive cut poinsettias for your Christmas, Ecke says you can prolong their life by continuing the grower's treatment. Keep them in deep, cool water in a room where they get plenty of fresh air. Rejuvenate them now and then by cutting a few inches off each stem and burning or boiling the cut briefly to seal the stalk. Then give them an overnight soak in a bathtub full of cool water. Gently poke each bloom down into the water; it will float to the surface again, refreshed and not bruised if you are careful. And don't take a shower in the same room. They like moisture, but not steam.

But the chances are your poinsettias will be potted, since ninety per cent of them are. Then there are a number of things you can do to keep them blooming happily. They like cool moist air, so if you keep your thermostat below seventy, you'll be conserving your flowers as well as your fuel. Put them in your bedroom or on a glassed-in porch at night, where the air will be refreshed; a night temperature of about fifty degrees is good, and forty-five degrees is still safe for mature plants. Keep them away from the window so they can't get chilled.

If your poinsettia plant did get chilled on its way to your house, it may wilt in the warm air of your room. Then water it pronto with hot water, as hot as your hand can stand. This startling treatment will take the chill out of the pot and warm the roots; in half an hour, your plant will be brisk and perky again. Mr. Ecke says so.

Like all specialists, Paul Ecke is an ardent experimenter. He watches for handsome sports of his poinsettias, then works to develop them true to their type. So it's no wonder he has pink and yellow and cream colored poinsettias, and now a magnificent new one with a coral-colored blossom, that he says will be perfected in another three years.

But he knows better than to count on these for more than a hobby. He knows that the poinsettia is the Christmas flower, and that Christmas means red and green.

THE END

Maud Darling

Continued from page 24

He shook his head. "I dunno. . . . Been thinking too much, I guess. There's so much I want to tell her and if I can't say it all, what I do say will sound wrong."

He looked straight at her then. "I kid myself I'm sure about it all but I'm not . . . she's such a kid . . . we haven't seen each other in a year. Maybe she's changed—maybe I've changed—maybe we won't feel the same when we get together . . ." His voice trailed off.

Paint was quiet, too, for a long moment. Then she leaned over and put her hand lightly on the cast that held his arm.

"What was true once," she said slowly, with deep conviction, "is still true. The thing that brought you together is still there . . . under the changes. You'll find it."

Bill was frowning at his cigarette.

"I dunno. It scares me—the way she's going right ahead—as if time had stood still since I left."

Paint drew back.

"Things *have* stood still for her since you left." She said it in such a grim way that he looked up immediately.

"Paint," he said quickly, "what is it?"

Paint crossed her knees and rested the tablet there. "Nothing," she said. She gave him that nice smile. "You could use the weather—this once."

He was smiling, too. "Fair to colder is the way it looks from here."

But she wouldn't rise to the bait. "'Maud darling,'" she reread aloud slowly. She waited.

"Okay. 'Maud darling . . . this is not going to be a very interesting letter. It's just one of those days—and I'm not much good at letters, anyway. I just want to tell you that I think of you a lot and sometimes' "—Bill paused and gazed at the foot of the bed—" 'sometimes I wish you could come here. Sometimes I feel like if I could just see you all the pieces would fall in right and . . . and I wouldn't even have to work the puzzle.' "

He crushed out his cigarette and swore softly. "Hell," he said, "that stinks. She'll just look at the words and—and cry, probably. She'll think I'm out of my head. Look, Paint—put right after that, 'I'm out of my head today so forget this baloney. And don't spend that money on a ticket to find out it's baloney. You get kind of batty around here—with nothing to do. But they're going to let me up tomorrow and then I can go down to the garden and get a little sun. Will write again—' " He broke off and looked up at Paint. She felt his eyes on her and raised her head. "When do you come again?"

"Friday."

" 'Will write again,' " Bill repeated, " 'Friday.' "

ON FRIDAY, when she arrived, the boy with the paralyzed legs beckoned to her wildly. "Hey, Paint . . . I gotta tell you something." Paint went over to him but she stood a good three feet from the bed.

"Promise not to grab?"

"Aw, Paint, I was just kiddin' the other day. . . . That jive always sends me. Forget it. And listen—Bill left you a message. He's in the garden and wants you to come down there to write his letter for him."

"Okay," Paint said. "I'll go down when I get through here."

By the time she had made the rounds it was late. When she walked into the garden she found Bill sitting on a bench under a tree, resting the cast on the arm of the bench.

She said, "Hey," and sat down beside him, taking out her tablet and pencil. "Have your thoughts jelled yet?" she asked, smiling at him. Then she saw that he was very tired. "You've been doing too much," Paint said quickly. "The letter can wait."

"No," he said. "No, it can't. I want to get it off my mind." He spoke anxiously, almost desperately.

Paint reached over and touched his left hand.

"Take it easy," she said softly. The hand she touched turned and caught hers, hard.

"Oh, Paint," he said. "Paint . . . I . . ." His eyes beseeched her. He was trembling. His hand over hers grew tighter, loosened, grew tight again.

Paint raised her eyes and found his dark with emotion. She had meant to withdraw her hand . . . but she had a queer feeling. She sat quite still, waiting. . . . The feeling grew—mounting to a warm churning tenderness that rose and pushed against her throat. "Oh, soldier," she said huskily . . . But to herself she breathed, Oh, God—I've come alive again. I'm here again.

"Paint," he said, "you look as if something hurts."

Paint closed her eyes and drew a shaky breath.

"It does," she said. "But it feels good."

"Paint," he said, "I know I'm a heel . . . Your husband . . . where is he?"

Paint held tight to his hand now. Her eyes were big with fright.

"At sea," she said and the words sounded dull from much usage. "At sea," she repeated.

"I know. But where? Where can you reach him?"

"I can't," she said, her eyes gripping his desperately. "I can't ever reach him. He's lost—lost at sea." She snatched her hand away and her head went down on her arms.

Then she straightened abruptly and turned to him, her face wide open in agony. "He's dead, Bill—gone. Really gone. I'll never see him again. Never, never, never," and she shook her head each time she said the word, believing it at last.

Bill's arm went around her and he pulled her close against him. Her tears came then—not the painful, hidden tears of midnight—but the flooding tears of acceptance that swept away with their torrent all the broken bits of hopes and dreams, that washed out the heart and left it clean and free.

"Paint," Bill murmured. "Paint, dear."

Paint wept on. So she could cry, too. But finally she dug in her pocket for a handkerchief and wiped her face. She picked up the tablet that had slipped from her knees. Then she sat straight on the bench and said with a husky laugh, glancing upward over her shoulder, "If the boys in Ward D have binoculars they must be having one heck of a time."

"It's getting dark," Bill said.

"But not too dark to write your letter." She spoke in the familiar bright tone: "Come on—give."

"Okay. But you're sure you can see to write? I couldn't."

"Touch system," Paint smiled. "Go ahead." He began slowly, deliberately:

" 'Dear Maud . . . This is a tough letter to write—but I've got to do it. I hope you'll forgive me. I had no business balling up a sweet kid like you. Something's happened that makes me feel we can't go on. I guess we've been apart too long. I want you to know, though, that hurting you is the last thing I ever thought I'd do . . . but you just can't tell how things will turn out. Saying I'm sorry sounds corny—but I couldn't mean it more. Your—' No, cross that out. Just sign it 'Bill.' "

Paint folded the paper slowly. "No need to copy this—do you think?"

Bill shook his head. It was dark now. They could hardly see each other. Paint stood up. Bill rose beside her.

"Paint," he asked, "you understand?"

"Yes," Paint said. "I understand." She understood it all—his loneliness and hers, his hunger and—wonderful, painful, when she had thought herself forever incapable of it—hers. Right now hunger was enough. . . . But when he leaned down to her she did not refuse her lips. Then she said, on a quickly drawn breath, "I've got to go. We're strictly off limits—it's late."

"I know."

"I'm going out this way. . . . You better head on up."

"Okay." He held her hand briefly. "See you."

"You bet."

PAINT went through the side entrance and into the lobby of the hospital. The receptionist greeted her with a friendly smile.

"Through for the evening?"

"Yes," Paint answered, "and for longer than that. Do you think I rate a vacation?"

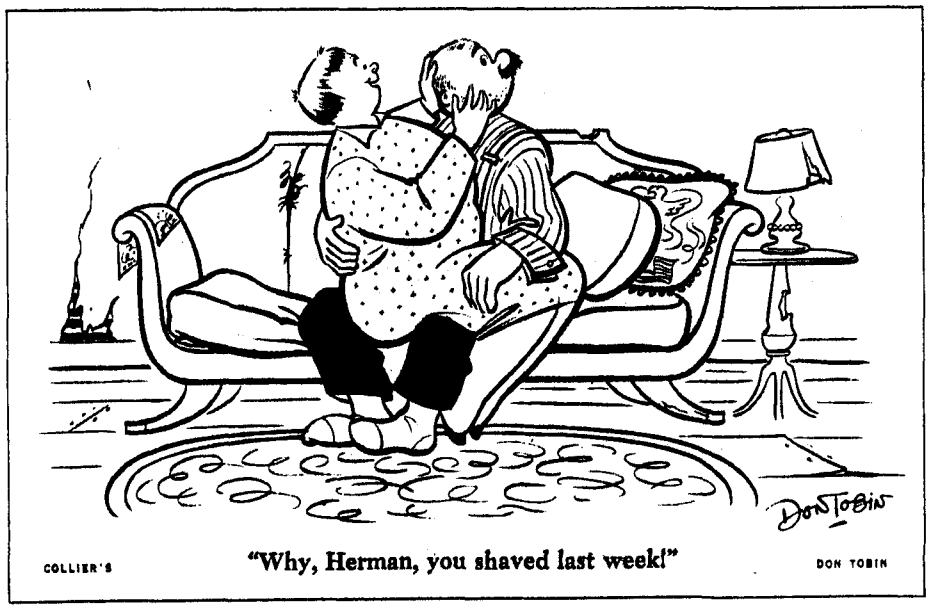
"You certainly do. You look tired."

Paint smiled at her. "I am . . . but I can rest now." She drew the letter out of her pocket. "How about an envelope? I've run out."

"Sure."

Paint took the envelope but before she slipped the letter in she rewrote it. "Maud darling. . . . Get on your horse and get here quick. To hell with the house. It can wait—but I can't. Your Bill."

THE END



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The Victor of Aachen

Continued from page 17

sy but he is a quiet man, reticent to the oint of being shy, and this reserve sets the ne of his headquarters.

There is no back-slapping joviality with odges, but there is practically no heel-icking punctilio, either. Whether his head-uarters is in a wood, or a field up to the nees in mud—as it often was during the utumn—or caked with dust, or in the pol-hed baroque salons of a château, there is a ery businesslike but friendly air about it. n Army commander has little time to get o know anyone except the senior officers ith whom he works, and these men are lodges' friends. He calls them by their first ames. They call him "General."

You get the feel of his headquarters best t dinner. When the tactical situation allows, lodges likes to sit at the table with all his taff for an hour or an hour and a half. It n't the food because the general hardly ares what he eats, as long as he has plenty f coffee. The conversation there is his only elaxation.

When the mess is at one big table, Hodges its at its head. All his officers—about fif-een—wear field-dress uniforms consisting of attle jacket and trousers. The general has ery decided opinions on how his officers hould look. He himself is always immacu-ately dressed and he doesn't approve of peo-le "looking rugged" with combat clothing nd one-day beards, unless they are in rugged urroundings. The headquarters mess usu-lly is not. The way he got his officers to lress for dinner was characteristic. He didn't omplain loudly or issue orders. He just used o sit back in his chair and look around the ness and drawl, with a smile, "I'm going to lress up you fellows if it's the last thing I do." They took the hint.

The only requirement of the conversation is that it make sense. Usually it is shop talk, which is natural with men who are interested n fighting and winning a war more than any-hing else. Usually the tables cease talking when a general begins. Not so here. There usually are three or four separate conversa-tions going full swing. Every once in a while Hodges will fall quiet, put a fresh cigarette into his black holder and just listen to snatches of talk that drift down toward him.

Now and then he will tell stories of his big-game hunting trips in Mexico, Canada and Indo-China or he will get into a discus-sion of how soldiers' uniforms could be im-proved by the abolition of leggings and fewer jackets worn one atop the other. He is an easy talker and his deep, resonant voice is pleasant to hear.

A Heavy Working Schedule

The general works fourteen hours daily. The individual members of his staff work even more, but it is stimulating work. Hodges wants his staff to be both creative and expansive—to originate plans and pro-cedures as well as carry out his orders. He would have very little use for men whose main qualification was a facility at mechani-cal detail. He wants them to think and he gives them every opportunity to put their ideas into practice. He has thus stimulated and applied ideas and techniques which were of major importance in the First Army's dra-matic sweep across France and the Low Countries.

Hodges is an infantryman and in his thirty-eight years in the Army he won himself the reputation of a theorist and tactician. In spite of his infantry background he has a very warm spot in his heart for the artillery. He likes it to shoot—in mass and constantly. He knows how much protection it gives an infantryman. All night long the First Army shells German roads, concentrations and field kitchens to prevent the enemy from moving, resting or feeding. One night after Saint-Lô, Hodges' forward headquarters was pitched in a camp amidst the Corps and Army artil-ery. From the rear, the concussion of guns up to 8-inch caliber almost blew the people out of their beds. The only one who slept was Hodges. For him, the artillery was doing a job, and it was music to his ears.

He came to military success the hard way. Back in 1904, he was a Cadet at West Point. He flunked in geometry at the end of the first year and had to leave the Academy. But he was determined to be a soldier, and a dis-tinguished one, at that. He enlisted as a private and from then on moved steadily up the Army ladder.

One of the officers closest to Hodges is handsome gray-thatched, six-foot Brigadier General Charles E. Hart, First Army artil-lery officer. It was he who originated the "serenade" in Africa and developed the use of the 155-millimeter, self-propelled gun—two innovations which did very much to smooth the way from Normandy to the Sieg-fried Line—and beyond.

"Serenade" is a code word picked for easy intelligibility over the telephone or radio—and also because it conveys the general idea. It is a very special procedure whereby every gun in artillery range fires simultaneously on a given target.

The idea is to strike the most powerful first blow before the enemy can disperse or get under cover. All guns get ten to fifteen minutes to make their adjustments. Since they are all in different positions at different distances from the target, they all fire at slightly different times. But for the "sere-nade" to be well played, all shells of the first volley must hit within thirty seconds.

"Serenades" have been played a number of times since Normandy but never more effectively than in the small area east of Aachen in early October. The Germans had been attacking the jaws of our trap closing around the city and they concentrated three divisions to break through and reinforce it.

We had nothing like three divisions at the threatened point. The German force was spotted and identified, and an artillery sere-nade and dive bombers were called down on it. Prisoners of war later said the effect was devastating and they had never been hit by such combined power. The threatened Ger-man attack never came off.

The use of the 155-millimeter self-pro-pelled guns was also developed to a fine science by Hart and encouraged by Hodges. Hart recognized their value as fast, mobile weapons of tremendous power and turned them into a new brand of assault artillery. Assigned to armored divisions, these guns rolled into action with forward spearheads, and they fired the first shot into Germany.

They found a unique field against forti-fications, and I have watched them do what would be impossible for ordinary guns: crack three heavy German pillboxes with direct fire at point-blank range of 1,200 yards, and move away from their positions before the enemy could open up with counterbattery fire. They were used in the streets of Aachen, and the German commandant, after his sur-render, said it was the most terrifying thing to meet their fire. Shells would go through three houses prior to exploding in the fourth.

Reward of Wise Leadership

The freedom General Hodges gives mem-bers of his staff in their special fields has developed a limber, efficient command team without in the least diminishing the personal or professional status of the Army com-mander.

The morning staff conference is repre-sentative of the way they work together. It is a tactical conference in the war room—a specially built thirty-foot trailer which the general uses even when his headquarters is in a château. Along both windowless side walls are large maps with shiny acetate over-lays and innumerable markings in red and black grease pencil—our forces, the enemy's, unit boundaries, important rear installations. Brilliant lights play on both walls, and in between are three club chairs.

Hodges sits down, pulls his cigarette holder from his left breast pocket and a crumpled pack of cigarettes out of the right, and begins to smoke.

The conference begins with dynamic little Major General Elwood Quesada bouncing along the map and explaining, with gestures, what his Ninth Tactical Air Command fight-ers and fighter bombers did yesterday and suggest doing today.

Then G-3 (Operations) Brigadier General Truman C. Thorson goes over the tactical side. G-2 Colonel Benjamin A. Dickson of Philadelphia tells what he knows of enemy strength and enemy plans. Hart reports on his stocks of artillery and ammunition—sometimes it has been a melancholy account—and on the progress of his fire missions.

Hodges just sits, listens, and interrupts only to ask a question. After the conference he stays behind with G-3 and at first sits there silently, leaning forward, smoking, studying the map. Then he leans back, looks over to the angular Thorson and says: "Tubby, let's brew some medicine. Let's just think out loud." Then with gestures toward the map, he outlines what he wants done: an attack here to improve positions, a concen-tration of reinforcements there to meet ex-pected German counterattack, pulling a unit over there out of the line after weeks of mud and filth and artillery fire.

If Thorson differs as to timing or units in-volved, he has his say. Once Hodges has heard Thorson's views (and perhaps checked with G-4 on supply questions or with the ordnance officer on equipment) he makes up his mind. Once he has done so, his word is law, and the staff goes about the business of putting it into effect.

Unless the situation demands more such conferences, Hodges takes a cub or a jeep out for an afternoon visit to his corps and divisions to get the flavor of the front.

The picture seldom changes. Whether the day is routine or pregnant with crisis, Hodges is never nervous. He is never "colorful." He is no floor pacer, order barker or get-me-this shouter.

Hodges can make decisions immediately, because he never loses track of events, but he is never rushed into a snap judgment. When he met the German threat at Mortagne by wheeling his Army ninety degrees—which would have been most difficult even on a maneuver field—he never faltered. And when, after the Falaise pocket, he leap-frogged the Army corps until they hardly knew from one day to the next where they were, Hodges just looked quietly at the map and said, "Let's follow the flow of battle." One of his officers said, "The general thinks gracefully." Which just about sums it up.

Between the Seine and Germany, Hodges had to make three quick decisions of far-reaching, strategic importance. In the midst of the battle south of the Seine, he had to detail, hastily, the Fourth Division to secure Paris after the Germans had repudiated their evacuation and armistice agreement with the Maquis.

He decided to immobilize his artillery to use its transport to bring up gasoline.

The third major decision came when we got to the Siegfried Line and made initial punctures. The Army was like an exhausted racer who has just stumbled through the tape. Hodges had to decide whether to push on nevertheless or sit and build up. He de-cided to build up.

Tactics for a Gallant Army

There is no telling what history books will say of his choice, but from the viewpoint of the man on the ground, it was wise.

It was remarkable that the First Army ever came so far at the last as it did. I saw tanks with only odd patches left of their rubber treads, whose engines kept going over from force of habit. I saw infantry ex-hilarated but exhausted, hardly knowing whether they were asleep or awake. Gas tanks were perpetually half or quarter full, ammunition had reached the point where you could speak of it as precious. The for-ests were full of Germans who were being gaily by-passed. Armored divisions thought seriously of changing their "Mine clear" signs to read "Jerries clear."

General Hodges' recommendation also weighed heavily in the greatest decision of all—when General Eisenhower and General Bradley decided to do what had never been done successfully before—to fight a large-scale campaign in western Europe in winter.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Don't be alarmed, Nellie. The people next door asked me to mind their baby while they went to the movies!"

COLLIER'S

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BRIDE UPON THE WATERS

BY EDWARD AND ROSE PRICE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

He was as close as the bark on a tree about money, but his new wife taught him a few new tricks—with the assistance of the Wardleigh Man

NONE of us cared much for the Wardleigh Man. The women did, oh, sure, because he was a dapper little feller with a tongue hinged in the middle and oiled with honey. But the men didn't like to see him drive into the yard. If he'd carried just things we needed, like Wardleigh's Famous Old Red Liniment, and Bag Balm and such, yes. But he carried a lot of useless things besides—bath salts and fancy soaps, and kitchen gadgets you can buy cheaper in the five-and-dime. Then, he'd give premiums with junk he wanted to unload, and that's where a woman is sucked in, every time.

Harry Calder, his name was, and he always introduced himself to a new customer by saying, "Calder is the name, and I called around to sell you something." He most always did.

Worst of it was there wasn't any use putting your foot down on fool stuff a woman thinks she wants because, somehow without coming out and saying so, giving you an excuse to boot him off the premises, he managed to make you feel pretty small not to let your wife have a few things, her stuck in the kitchen day in, day out. And he had the knack of leaving all the women happy, while a husband is hard put to keep even one contented.

He came and went where he pleased until old Mrs. Reynolds died and her son, Bryce, had the place to himself. Now, most of us are tolerably close, because farming, at best, in these parts is a hard-scrabble existence. But Bryce was only thirty odd, well-to-do and hard to do, and he'd always been tight as the bark of a tree on a cold winter's night.

'Course, old Mrs. Reynolds, up to the day she died, kept a ring in his nose and a hard knot on the purse strings. Except when the Wardleigh Man came, and then she used to crack Bryce's heart with the nonsense she bought just to keep Calder there, gossiping.

But after she passed on, Bryce made it broadcast that if Harry showed up, he'd better not get out of his car. Bryce was a big one, not bad looking but black and surly, with those stooped, sloping shoulders and loose-hanging arms that go with being rugged. He wasn't one you'd care to muckle onto.

Harry could take a hint like that, and went right by Bryce's place for a year or more. Then, Bryce took to going around with Mrs. Tessie Morriss, whose husband had been killed in the woods, snigging out logs the year of the hurricane. She looked to be a match for him, being a big woman, but everybody figured her good nature was against her.

THEY say you don't marry a widow, that she marries you, but, be that as it may, he took up with her in the fall, and she was settled in the little house in S-Hollow before the snow was off the ground in the spring.

S-Hollow got its name from the way the road sort of swooped down from Stover, made a turn around a granite bluff at the foot of Blue Joe Hill, and then curved steep up again to New Market. The Hollow was only a mile from Stover, but that road had been a back road since tar and blasting powder were invented. There wasn't another soul on it a mile either way.

As for the Reynolds place, it snuggled down, midway of the Hollow, with a big white barn towering over the story-and-a half house with its low-peaked roof. And the house was right enough; Blue Joe and the slope across the road kept cold winds off though if the wind veered after a storm sometimes you got drifted in for a week before the town could dig you out.

So there they were, snug, with nothing much for Tessie to complain about except that Bryce did pare the cheese pretty close to the rind, and had a habit of saying, two or three times a day, "If you make four and spend five, you'll never need a pocketbook."

An April morning, when they'd been married a month, Bryce let the stock out of the barn, after milking, and when he got back from the milk depot the rain had broke. The day was mild as May. It was plain bull luck he got the idea of letting the cattle have a romp in the slope pasture, though the law says you don't pasture until May fifteenth. If he hadn't, he'd probably lost a fine herd; as it was, he almost lost a wife.

The minute he got back from that chore, he spotted new tire tracks in the yard, coming down from Stover and wheeling out in the direction of New Market. Bryce went directly into the house, and there was Tessie poking a

(Continued on page 54)

The Wardleigh Man stripped down to his underwear and started out to rescue Tessie from the roof. Bryce could only stand there and watch

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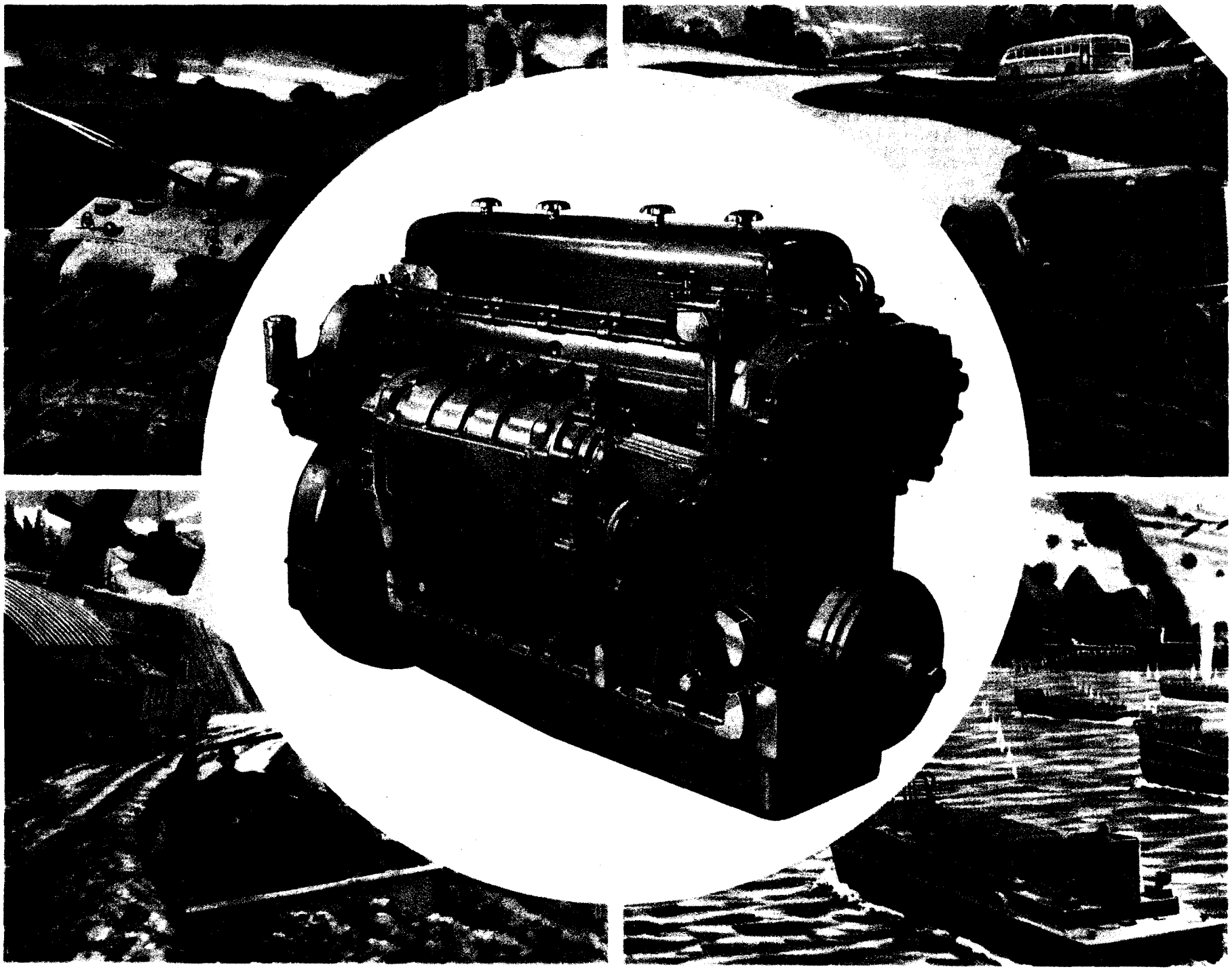

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What Can I Give Him?

Continued from page 15

ε essentially he was not there. picked out a door at one side e hall, and the crowd, mostly le, looked in that direction. They y table, stood jammed against the son Sand saw that many were boys s from his own neighborhood, and it d to him, in the moment before Darah d, that no carol service would draw them into Gilead Chapel Christmas Eve.

Then Darah walked into the spotlight wearing a long white frock and carrying, perched on the forefinger of her outstretched right hand an artfully contrived bird, a robin whose breast was so red, his bill so yellow, his form so sleek that Parson Sand half expected the cunningly feathered thing to fly.

"Because winter's a good time to think about spring," said Darah, "I'm going to sing the Red Robin Blues. Cardy"—she gestured toward the pianist who was running an obbligato of bird trills up and down the keys as she spoke—"arranged it for me as a special opening number tonight."

The robin, said the song, came with spring, really brought the spring, and spring brought love. Robins built nests and, when summer was done, left them empty, and hearts were empty, too. Lastly she sang, cradling the bird against her breast:

They say the robin
Brings on the springtime days.
They say the robin
Brings on the springtime days.
Don't fly away, robin.
Make it be spring always.

Parson Sand applauded with the others, then listened with interest while Darah sang for encore, Golden Brown Blues.

When she had made her exit, Parson Sand turned to Deke and said sincerely, "Your wife is good—very good indeed."

"She does all right," said Deke.

"Was it in songs like her second one that you formerly sang with her?"

Deke nodded.

"I should like to hear you together sometime."

"So would a lot of people," Deke observed.

There was nothing rude about his answers, brief as they were. Remote, thought Parson Sand. He tried a frontal attack.

"When are you coming to see Leila? She wants to see you, very much."

"What I want," said Deke, "is to be let alone."

THE band had returned to the platform, and the dance floor was filling. The air vibrated with music. The two of them were, thought the parson, like strangers marooned on an island, speaking different tongues. He leaned forward, visited suddenly by insight.

"No. You do not want to be let alone, truly. You want to be a part of this again, to be one with your wife and child. I don't know what high wall separates you from them, or how it can be broken down. But that you want it broken down . . . I know."

"You know," said Deke without stress, "a great deal."

"Will you come to see Leila tomorrow?" Parson Sand asked.

"I guess so," said Deke. "In the afternoon."

Darah, joining them, overheard question and answer. She gave Parson Sand a grateful look, then veiled the light shining in her eyes at this victory and sat down between them. Deke ignored her.

Parson Sand said, "I liked your songs. I wish you were singing at Gilead Chapel Christmas Eve. My young people would come in numbers for that."

"What time?" Darah asked.

Parson Sand felt a little shock. She had taken his polite remark at face value. "Our carol service begins at midnight," he answered, "and continues for half an hour."

"I'd love to come and do a number for it. We're playing here Christmas Eve, but I think Cardy and I could come if I could sing just after midnight. We'd have to ask Mr. Gelk to put the intermission for that time."

Parson Sand felt a second shock. He knew Andy Gelk and, as if thought of him were a summons, Andy himself, red-faced and genial, came toward their table.

"Now doggone it!" he exclaimed. "Darah, how'd you get the parson in here? Hello, Deke!" He beckoned a waiter. "Sandwiches, chicken, ham, cheese, whatever we got and coffee, all around. Looks like you need feeding up as much as Deke does, Parson."

"Andy," said Darah, "could we get off. Cardy and I, on Christmas Eve to go sing a carol at the parson's church?"

Andy Gelk looked at Parson Sand. "You want her?"

"Very much," said Parson Sand, and suddenly it was true. He did want her.

"Well," said Andy, "last time I tangled with you, you won. I reckon if I set up against you in this, you'll just pass one of them miracles, so I'll give in now. What you gonna sing, Darah?"

"I don't know much about carols . . ."

"I'll send you a hymnal and a list of the carols on the program," Parson Sand offered.

"Fine. I'll take one you aren't using, and Cardy can do an arrangement, and I'll get whatever props I need when I go to Baltimore to shop for Leila tomorrow. Deke, you'll come that night, won't you?"

"Yes," said Deke, "I aim to come wherever you sing all this week, even if it's in a church.". . .

"You still believe things will be all right in time?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I try to believe, too," said Darah. "I keep hoping that something will happen, I don't know what. I suppose it isn't a good thing to wonder too much what it will be." She rose to go. "I found a lovely carol in the hymnal you gave me, one that isn't on your program. I've got the props, and Cardy's made the piano arrangement. But I don't want to tell you any more. It's to be a surprise, really."

"That will be fine," said Parson Sand. "It is good of you to take so much trouble over the details."

There would be a record attendance at the carol service, he knew, not only because Darah was to sing, but also because Deke's strange behavior had become town gossip.

LATE in the afternoon of December 24th, Parson Sand came home for his dinner. All was in readiness for the carol service. The crèche was installed. Over it hung the tinsel star, and it seemed to Parson Sand that there was something more: an air of

COLLIER'S "It's so hard to know what to give a civilian" PERRY BARLOW

He appeared at the rectory the next afternoon, but any hope Parson Sand held that Deke would speak of his trouble was frustrated. Leila's delight covered her father's dour manner, and he promised to come again.

He came daily after that to sit in an intent silence, watching his daughter play, replying politely to Parson Sand's greetings, indifferent to the warmth in the older man's manner.

TOWARD the end of the week Darah came in while Deke was there. He cut his visit short, leaving without any suggestion that she accompany him.

She stopped in the study before her own departure. "There isn't any change, is there?" she asked.

"None that we can see," Parson Sand replied.

"I'm feeling better, though," she said. "I'm less impatient. Has he . . . do you know yet what is making him this way?"

"No. I cannot even begin to understand it, but it is a grave affliction of his spirit."

triumphant waiting for the hour of midnight to come.

He sought intensification of this mood in a quiet hour after he had eaten his meal, and he was still on his knees when Mrs. Andrews knocked at the door to tell him Leila wanted to say good night. He found the child sitting up in bed, her eyes bright with excitement. She had a doll on one side of her, a Mickey Mouse on the other.

"I told them," she said, "they wouldn't have to go away tomorrow."

"Go away?"

"Before, I told them maybe one would go to the poor children, but now I'm going to give my lamb."

"Your lamb?" Parson Sand felt stupid.

"Ummm. The lamb I'm going to get for Christmas. That's what I'm really going to give. My new lamb."

Parson Sand sat on the foot of the bed. He knew about the dollhouse Darah had bought for Leila; the trunk filled with doll clothes Mrs. Andrews had made, the books he himself had selected; the express wagon Darah had bought and tagged, "From Daddy," for Deke had done no shopping.

"Where is your lamb?" he asked.

Leila smiled, "He's coming tonight. He'll be here in the morning, right outside my door, in the hall. And I'll play with him til time for the party and then I'll give him to the poor children."

"Who . . . how do you know about this lamb?" Parson Sand asked.

"Well . . . I told Santa Claus when Aunty took me. I whispered so Aunty couldn't hear, and he said 'Sure.' And then I asked every night after I said 'God bless everybody.'" She yawned. "Good night, Parson," she said, putting her hand in his.

Sleep overcame her. The thin face, so like her father's in feature, so unlike his in the look of peace it wore, relaxed. Parson Sand turned out her light and groped his way from the room. Outside her door, in the hall where the lamb was to stand, he paused. A lamb must be procured. This child, set about with the misery that lay between her father and mother, should suffer no unnecessary blow to her faith. He thought a moment, then went to the telephone to talk with Deke.

"Well, what do you know!" said Deke when the story was told. He laughed, and the sound was as sweetest music to Parson Sand's ears, normal and wholesome as were the next words. "I guess if the kid wants a lamb that bad, I'd better get her one. I'll bring it along when I come out for the carol service, bring it to your house. Be seeing you."

Parson Sand bowed his head on his desk in gratitude. How he'd prayed and schemed! And how simply Deke's response had come about, after all! A lamb. A toy lamb. What strange, what humble, what ordinary, even comical things the Lord chose to work through. Parson Sand, searching for precedent, remembered the strong wind which rent the mountains while Elijah watched, the earthquake which followed the wind, and the fire which followed the earthquake. Only when all the terrible phenomena were passed did the Lord speak . . . in a still, small voice.

WELL, thought Parson Sand cheerfully, there'd been no great upheavals in this affair, but the still small voice had spoken just the same. Spoken on Christmas Eve. Time of joy. Season of gladness. "O tidings of gladness and joy," sang Parson Sand, lifting his head from his arms, picturing to himself the sheepish grin which it was certain Deke would wear when, presently, he set a toy lamb down outside his daughter's door.

But there was no smile on Deke's face when, a little after eleven he came abruptly into the study.

"There isn't a toy lamb in this whole damned town!" he cried. "I got a taxi and went to every store around here. Nobody had a lamb. Nobody. They've all been sold."

Parson Sand was speechless. He could only stare at Deke leaning across the desk to continue with grim, carefully spaced words.

"Now you listen, Mr. Parson. You've been busying yourself with my affairs. Now I'll tell you something. I went to war a year and a half ago. I was so nuts about Darah and Leila I near went crazy. It was all different out there. Trees, sky, everything different. Every day Leila and Darah, they went farther away. One day they went clear away. They weren't real at all."

He paused. Parson Sand made neither sound nor movement.

"The only real thing," said Deke, "was noise. It's still the only real thing. Noise. I don't hear music when Darah does her numbers. I hear noise. How could I tell her that her voice I was always so crazy about before is just so much noise to me? I've listened to her every night this week. Hoping. I've listened to Leila. Every day. But when she talks, it's noise. If I heard her cry about that lamb tomorrow, it'd be more noise. Well, to hell with it!"

He drew a deep breath, set his teeth hard, fixed upon Parson Sand a stare of cold dislike. "I'll go to this carol service," he went on. "I said I would. But when Darah finishes her number, I walk out of the place and I keep on walking. I walk right on to the station and right on to the train that leaves at 12:48. And I won't be back. That's

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what you can tell Darah when you see her after church. And you can tell her something else, something from me. You tell her a guy that gives her a line like the line you gave me about that lamb is no good to her. So you watch the door tonight, Mr. Parson."

He slumped into a chair. Parson Sand sat frozen. Presently through numb lips he whispered, "God help us all!"

Deke roused. "Maybe this God you've been talking up to Darah will send a lamb."

Parson Sand's face grew stern. "You will not walk out that door when your wife finishes her song tonight. You will remain. You will so conduct yourself toward her as to compensate for the humiliation to which you have subjected her all this week. You will cease hearing the noise of self-pity which drowns out the voice of your child, of your wife whose love makes you a man rich beyond words. It is time for us to go to the church."

Deke shrugged his shoulders. "That's what you think." But he rose to accompany Parson Sand.

They went along the path between church and rectory. The night was cold. Little flurries of snow were blown about by a sighing wind. The lights in the chapel window mocked at Parson Sand. His feet were leaden.

The crowd which was still gathering was huge. Every chair was filled, and people stood three deep around the walls. At any other time Parson Sand's heart would have lifted high. As he passed down the center aisle, he was aware of Deke's eyes following him. "Remember," Deke had said low in his throat as they entered the church, "Watch that door."

As though a doom had been laid upon him, Parson Sand obeyed. More people came in. Darah and Cardy arrived, but Parson Sand saw only one face, Deke's.

Darah wore a long blue cape over her evening dress. She had tied a man's white silk handkerchief peasant style over her hair. She was excited and happy over the novelty of the occasion. She touched Deke's unresponding shoulder, came down the aisle, smiled brilliantly at Parson Sand.

The chapel bell rang midnight. Habit placed Parson Sand before his people. Habit instructed him to follow the service on the mimeographed program.

"O Lord, open thou my lips," said parson Sand's voice.

"And my mouth shall show forth thy praise," came the people's response.

And, "Joy to the world," sang everyone blithely, following the programs, thinking ahead to Darah's song which came next, even as they caroled.

"Noise," thought Parson Sand, entering for a dreadful moment into the affliction visited upon the man who stood with folded arms at the chapel door.

Then Darah looked toward Parson Sand. He nodded, stepped aside, and she and Cardy took their places by the piano. She waited beside him through a sweep of soft arpeggios which modulated to minor chords, then gave way to the first measures of a simple melody. The song was unfamiliar to Parson Sand, although he knew Darah had found it in the hymnal.

He felt now only a weary indifference to the whole business. It was possible, he thought, that when her song was finished and it was time for him to speak again, his voice would fail, his feet would take him after Deke, out into the darkness. Darah began to sing:

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

"Long ago," the piano repeated, embellishing the phrase. Darah pulled the cape closer, bent her head, moved a little toward the crèche. There was, indeed, thought Parson Sand, a frosty wind blowing between her and the happiness for which those waiting figures stood. She halted, sang again.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heav'n and earth shall welcome him
When he comes to reign;
In the bleak midwinter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Incarnate
Jesus Christ.

Softly the piano repeated, "stable place sufficed," then crashed the mighty name so that it filled the room with triumph. Darah half turned to the crèche with a wondering look on her face, one hand directing all eyes to the manger.

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb.

From under her cape Darah took a lamb, a toy new and woolly, with a blue ribbon around its neck. Placing it by the manger, she turned and sang the carol's closing lines.

If I were a wise man
I would do my part.
Yet, what I can I give Him—
Give my heart.

There was movement at the end of the room. Deke was moving. But not out into the night. Down the aisle. Toward Darah. She watched him, took a step to meet him, put her hand in his. A hush held the room. It was sustained while, simply and naturally, Darah and Deke moved to stand together with the congregation.

Parson Sand looked from man and wife to the crèche and out over his people. Then in words spoken from memory, animate with joy, he told them the story which begins:

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. . . .

THE END

PUTTING THE PRESS IN ITS PLACE

Each one of the newspapers listed below is definitely associated with a certain American city or town. Thus, when you speak of The Gazette, you think at once of Emporia, Kansas, and the late William Allen White. See how many of these newspapers you can associate correctly with their respective places of publication. Fifteen correct on this test would be a good score; eighteen would be quite close to superlative. Answers on page 56.

1. Courier-Journal	Atlanta, Georgia
2. Bee	Louisville, Kentucky
3. Oregonian	Tombstone, Arizona
4. Tennessean	Springfield, Mass.
5. Courant	Sacramento, Cal.
6. Herald Tribune	Cleveland, Ohio
7. Times-Picayune	Philadelphia, Pa.
8. Constitution	San Francisco, Cal.
9. Enquirer	Nashville, Tenn.
10. Inquirer	Detroit, Michigan
11. Free Press	Hartford, Conn.
12. Epitaph	Salt Lake City, Utah
13. Post-Intelligencer	Denver, Colorado
14. Chronicle	Portland, Oregon
15. Rocky Mountain News	New York, N. Y.
16. Plain Dealer	Seattle, Washington
17. Sentinel	Cincinnati, Ohio
18. Deseret News	St. Louis, Mo.
19. Globe-Democrat	New Orleans, La.
20. Republican	Milwaukee, Wisconsin

—CLIFF MACON

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Lieutenant Benedict made two passes, illustrating dangers and safety precautions. The initial pass was too low, threatening to drag Conway on the ground. To prevent this, sharp knives were set in front of the plane's landing gear. These cut the nylon loop. Sergeant Conway was rolled on his back by the false start, but without injury.

The second pass was successful. Sergeant Conway was lifted swiftly about four feet from the ground, then carried forward and upward in a steep climb. He hung almost directly under the plane. When level flight was resumed he was reeled in. The operation from the time he left the ground until he was in the plane required just two minutes and forty-five seconds.

"The pickup and ride were easy," said Sergeant Conway. "There was little starting jerk. I hardly knew I was off the ground except for the rush of the air."

Of the pilot's technique, Lieutenant Benedict said, "You have to practice until it's instinctive. There's no time, making your pass at 130 miles an hour, to figure the moves one by one. You just nose down, go in, hold her straight and pull up as you hit the loop. It's all over before you realize it. You can hardly feel the pickup. I was worried when I first picked up Conway. He felt light and soft, like a sponge; I was afraid I had broken every bone in his body; but, of course, that was due to the elastic harness. Still, I was one scared guy until the control tower told me everything was okay. Now I know that any trained pilot can get a man off the ground without trouble if both of them handle it right."

Following Sergeant Conway's successful pickup, Captain J. P. Lee-Warner, of the British army, subjected himself to the "snatch-off" without incident.

These recent tests were witnessed by high-ranking AAF officers, headed by Lieutenant General Barney Giles, Chief of Staff, AAF, and Brigadier General Kenneth B. Wolfe of B-29 Superfortress fame, now Chief of Engineering and Procurement for the Air Technical Service Command.

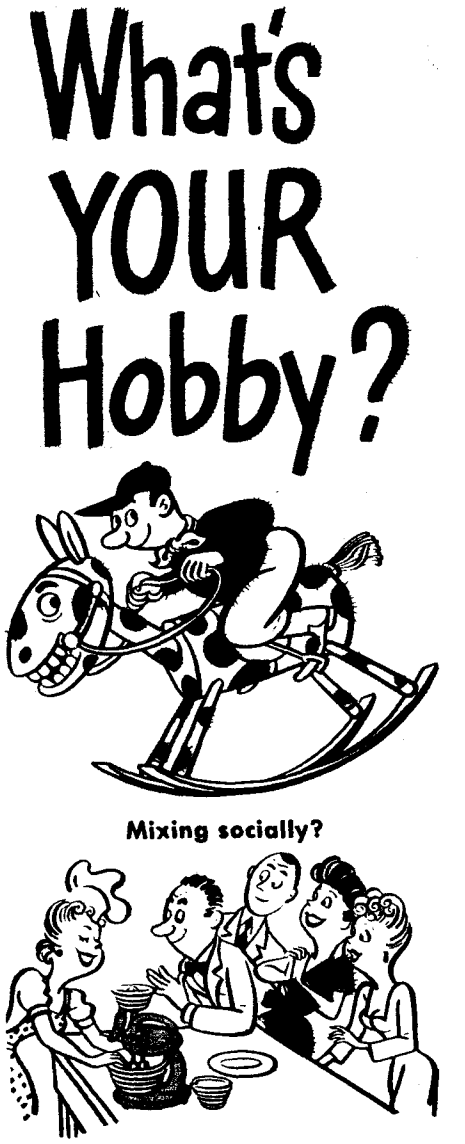
"I'm thinking of the China-Burma-India theater," General Wolfe said. "That's tough country, mountains and jungles that make very hard going for a man on the ground. But there are open valleys and plains, too, big enough for this job. Once the method and equipment are standardized for operational use, we should get back a lot of fliers who would be lost if they couldn't be picked up."

Experiments continue, but Colonel G. V. Holloman, chief of the Equipment Laboratory, is well satisfied with progress to date. "We've given this project a year of intensive study and experiment since the first successful pickup," he says. "We're much better at it now, and we'll get still better. Today we can say that it is a practical procedure. We think that with further improvements and refinements it can become a safe and commonplace operation."

However, a word of warning is in order, especially to those whose airmen may be reported missing. The pickup equipment is necessarily too complicated to be carried by all airmen at all times. Not all men who go down will be able to wave their shirts and be picked up by the next passing planes. But once a man has been located, the ground equipment can be dropped to him by parachute. He can set it up easily without previous experience. He must find an open space reasonably smooth and level, and several hundred feet long. Wind and visibility must be favorable.

But given these things, he can be picked up by a plane properly equipped and piloted. It will not work in all cases. But it will work in enough cases to justify all the time, study and trial put into the project. . . .

PHILIP MCKEE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Bride Upon the Waters

Continued from page 50

...unch of something on a long stick corners of the kitchen.

...w, what in—" he started to say, and ...said, "What you got there, Tessie?"

She stopped and held it up, smiling, and he saw it was a round-shaped piece of wire with some strands of green cotton string knotted around it fastened to a wood handle.

"It's a dust mop," she explained. "You get in the corners with it, and you don't have to stoop to—"

They hadn't yet messed around to see who was boss, but Bryce figured now was the time. "A dust mop!" he roared. "Why, woman, my ma kept the corners of this house clean for more 'n forty years with Pa's worn-out underwear on the end of a busted hoe handle."

"It's durably constructed for long service," she told him, like she was quoting, which she was. "Besides, Bryce Reynolds, it's no skin off your back because it didn't cost a cent. Not one penny! It was free!"

"Something for nothing is a bad bargain," he said. Then he felt his heart crack. "What did you get it with?"

"Well—" She kind of hesitated, and then went on, "It came as a premium with a gallon of floor wax. It's—it's a self-polishing wax. Needs no rubbing. You—you just pour it on."

"You—just—pour—it—on." Bryce's blue denim shirt began to gape between the straining buttons. "Woman." His knuckles cracked like shingle nails in a freeze as he opened and closed his fists. "Woman," he choked out, "for more 'n forty years my ma kept these floors spotless with nothing but elbow grease and lye soap. On her knees!"

His bulged eyes glared around the room and then lit on the closet under the sink. He strode over and yanked the door open, and took out a gallon can. He read the label on it.

"Wardleigh's!" he hollered. " 'Wardleigh's Supreme Self-Polishing Floor Wax! You Just Pour It On!' " He unscrewed the cap and tipped the can; it went glug-glug, glug-glug, thickly, onto the floor. "I'll pour it on for you! I'll pour it on!"

There's no telling how near he came to having that dust mop wrapped around his neck, but Tessie just stood there while the wax poured out and spread slowly to her feet. When the can was empty, she turned and walked toward the attic door.

Bryce had made it clear who was head of the house, and he figured he was master of the situation. "Where are you going?"

She didn't even look at him. "To pack my trunk," she said, and went up the attic stairs.

It was a moment, all right, when things kind of hung in the balance. He might let her go, he thought, except for people laughing about how he lost his wife over the Wardleigh Man.

Then, besides, he was real fond of her and she could cook, or he wouldn't have married her.

BRYCE took big steps to the attic door and slid the latch. "You'll come down when I'm good and ready to let you!" he yelled. Another thought hit him. He went to the window sill and picked up the cowbell they used for calling the hands to dinner. Bryce slid the bolt and opened the door quick. The bell sailed up the stairs and fell on the attic floor with a clang as he slammed the door shut again.

"When you're good and ready to let me be the judge of what this house needs, you give that bell a swing. And I'll let you come down in my own good time."

On his way out, he slipped on the wax and he got the backside of his overalls self-polished.

The rain had started again. There were things to do in the barn, but he didn't want to be too near the house when that bell began to clang, so he put on his beach jacket, picked up a claw hammer, and pocketed some staples. Bryce was going to go over the pasture fence.

COLLIER'S

"My mommy took me to see Santa Claus yesterday. I sat on his lap and gave him my autograph"

ERIC PETERS

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

The pasture stretched up the slope across from Blue Joe Hill, and Bryce was at the far corner toward New Market when he noticed the cattle plunging through the thickets and scrub pine, heading to high ground. Now, with the rain beating down the way it was, they should have been huddling around the pasture bars, wanting in to the tie-up, and it gave him a puzzle. But just then the dinner bell gave out such a clanging that it made him grin.

He followed the fence down to the road, putting in a staple here and there, and when he broke through the brush he saw, just down the road, a light truck he recognized as the Wardleigh Man's. While he looked, the wheels churned the mud around it for a minute and then settled back to the hub caps.

Bryce had to laugh, things were going so smooth. There was Tessie whanging that bell like all get out. He'd put her in her place, and here was the Wardleigh Man in his. When the rain let up, Bryce figured, he'd take the tractor out and yank Calder onto solid ground. He'd find out from Tessie what the wax cost and charge Calder no more than twice that for the favor. He turned away, chuckling, and came to the lip of the hollow. There he stopped, and his eyes bugged out so you could knock them off with a club.

That was the day the Stover-Atlantic Mill dam broke. It wasn't a big dam, as they go now, and the mill hadn't been running since Taft was president. It was seventy years old, and the spring rains had thrown an awful lot of extra weight against it.

There was only what Foster's Daily Democrat called "purely local damage" when it broke. Part of that damage showed itself to Bryce. There was fourteen feet of water in the Hollow, and a solid sheet of it was pouring through the narrow gap of the Stover road. Which was why the cattle had scattered uphill.

THE water was up to the eaves of the Reynolds place, and rising fast. On the roof peak, five feet above it, Tessie was sitting, clanging that bell, and not putting just church work into the ringing, either. Her back was to him, and he judged from it that she was mad—mad and scared.

Just then, he heard the Wardleigh Man behind him, calling in kind of an apologetic way: "Mr. Reynolds! Mr. Reynolds! I didn't want to bother you but I— I wonder if you would be so kind as to take your trac— Golly!" He was standing beside Bryce, staring.

"I can't swim," Bryce commented, miserably.

"I can," the Wardleigh Man said.

Bryce looked down at him. Then he looked across at Tessie's broad beam straddling the ridgepole.

"There's a culvert for ordinary drainage out of the Hollow," Bryce said, "but this ain't ordinary."

"That's so," the Wardleigh Man agreed.

They sat down on a boulder and stared morbidly. The Hollow was narrow and steep; while they watched it seemed like the water rose two feet.

"If we had an ax—" Calder began, looking at the scrub pines and birches. Bryce fisted his chin, saying nothing, staring at Tessie. "If we had your tractor to pull me out—" the Wardleigh Man began again.

"If the dog hadn't had to stop, he'd 'a' caught the rabbit," Bryce said, sarcastically. "Think of something else. They're both deep under, in the barn." Tessie had discovered them, now, and was hollering, ringing and waving her hands. At last, she threw the bell at them.

The Wardleigh Man jumped up, suddenly, like the rock was hot. "You come along, Reynolds," he ordered. "We got a chance to rescue Tessie."

THEY hurried down the road and waded through the mud to the back of the truck. Calder opened the back and began to hand out cans with the label, "Wardleigh's Supreme Self-Polishing Floor Wax. You Just Pour It On."

"Open 'em," he commanded, passing them out. "Lean 'em over the ditch and let 'em pour out. Hurry!"

Bryce, he thought the man's mind had turned, at last, but it kept his thoughts a little off Tessie watching the water climbing up to her, so he kept opening and tipping the cans and listening to the thick glug-glugging of them.

Finally, the Wardleigh Man jumped down, his brow all sweated up, and drained out what was left in all the cans.

"Sixteen," he counted, beginning to cap them. "Well, try is never beat. It might be enough."

He went back to the truck and brought out a big ball of binder twine which he began looping through the handles of each can. Then he bound them around to form a solid block.

"Why, golly Moses, it's a raft!" Bryce said, and the Wardleigh Man gave him a sneer. He wasn't scared of Reynolds one bit, any more.

They lugged it down to the water's edge and it bobbed like a cork. Then the Wardleigh Man stripped down to his long underwear. It looked like the old blue Contoocook underwear you don't see now, but he said afterward that it was Wardleigh's Lumberjack's Special, four-ninety-eight, shirt and drawers, on order only.

It must have been cold as melting snow, but the little feller waded in like it was rain water standing in the sun. There was a pressure against him, and he made slow progress swimming and pushing the cans ahead of him to the roof.

Bryce could only stand there, watching, feeling useless as a man whose wife is having a baby, but Calder finally got to the side of the house and gave Tessie a length of twine to hold the raft. Bryce saw him go to the

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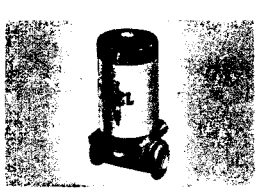

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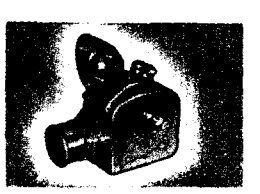

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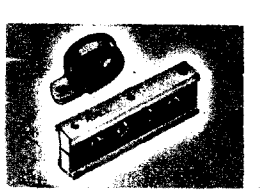

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, and then lower him-
ter a while, his head
t on the edge and be-
ething out onto the

hat'd been stored up
. Calder lowered it,
go down, onto the raft of cans, then got in the water beside it) and balanced the raft while Tessie gingerly lowered herself down onto it.

She screamed once, when it tipped pretty bad, but Calder had just enough weight to right it. Then he struck off for shore, with it before him, his feet churning a wake behind him. His time was better, now, with the water pushing him, and Bryce waded down the road to meet them. He hoisted Tessie in his arms and carried her up to the big boulder.

The three of them sat there for a minute, watching the water. Then Calder got up. "I better get some clothes on," he said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, parading like this before a lady like you, Mrs. Reynolds."

Tessie got up, too, and even though she hadn't a wet stitch on her, and he was soaked through, she threw her arms around him. "You saved my life, Mr. Calder," she told him. "I'm never going to forget it as long as I live. And neither is Mr. Reynolds."

They went down toward the car, Tessie looking like she wanted to carry him. Bryce got up and started after them. He looked back, once, and it seemed to him as if the water wasn't pouring through the gap so strong, now.

Maybe I rushed into this headlong, and too soon, he thought, meaning the rescue, not the marriage, I suppose.

The Wardleigh Man went in the truck and closed the door. When he came out, he had his outside clothes on and his underwear in his hand. Bryce and Tessie took it and wrung it out until it turned pale.

"Now," said the Wardleigh Man, taking out his order book, "sixteen gallons of self-polishing floor wax at two-twenty per, is—"

BRYCE started to fall down in a fit but he controlled himself, seeing Tessie eyeing him narrowly. He was awful glad to see her back on dry land, if it was a foot or so of mud, but he had to make an attempt at keeping his manhood.

"Why, now, look here, Harry," he began, "buying sixteen gallons to a whack is, you might say, buying wholesale. So, then—"

Tessie said to him, coldly, "I've been used to a hard life, I have. I've been married to a logger. But what he didn't spend on drink, he always spent on me. Now, Bryce Reynolds, are you going to stand there arguing whether my life was saved wholesale or retail?"

Bryce made a face like a pan of worms, but he managed to say, "No, dear," and reached for his wallet.

"I won't charge for the binder twine we used, Mr. Reynolds," the Wardleigh Man said, generously, "because it unwinds from the core, and the man it's for won't ever know the difference."

"See?" said Tessie. "It's like a discount. Now, supposing you and me get behind Mr. Calder's truck and put our backs against it while he gives her the gas."

They did so, and it was out in a jiffy. The truck rolled to solid footing and around a bend while they waved goodby in the mud. Well, Tessie waved, anyway.

They heard the truck cough, snort and stop. "More trouble," Tessie said, starting forward.

Calder met them halfway.

"Business is business," he said. "Here you are, Mr. Reynolds." He doffed his hat gallantly to Tessie and went back to the car.

Bryce stood there, holding sixteen dust mops.

THE END

Answers to Putting the Press in Its Place

(Page 53)

1. Louisville, Kentucky
2. Sacramento, Cal.
3. Portland, Oregon
4. Nashville, Tennessee
5. Hartford, Conn.
6. New York, N. Y.
7. New Orleans, La.
8. Atlanta, Georgia
9. Cincinnati, Ohio
10. Philadelphia, Pa.
11. Detroit, Michigan
12. Tombstone, Arizona
13. Seattle, Wash.
14. San Francisco, Cal.
15. Denver, Colorado
16. Cleveland, Ohio
17. Milwaukee, Wisconsi
18. Salt Lake City, Utah
19. St. Louis, Missouri
20. Springfield, Mass.

Scourged Greece

Continued from page 26

But most of them, to their credit, want to stay to help "the keeds." There are lots of "keeds" in Karpenision—seven hundred and fifty of them, who are fed one meal daily at a soup kitchen contrived from the ruins of a baker's oven, a few sheets of salvaged iron and some rocks to hold them down in the wind. The day I was in Karpenision there was a small mound of chick-peas, about twenty pounds of dried beans, a quart of olive oil and a quarter of a washtubful of lentils for the children's meals for two days.

Where do the people sleep? In lean-tos covered with tin which had been beaten straight with stones; the Germans took all tools down to gimlets and sawyer's files. They sleep in damp holes in the ground. Sometimes their heads are dry but their feet are always wet. They sleep six to ten huddled together like herrings in a can.

In such a shelter a mother who'd just given birth searched for a rag with which to wrap her newborn, while two small children held the naked infant. What bedding and blankets the 1,500 people who wandered back to Karpenision after the raids found where they'd buried them, were rotted.

Karpenision needs food but, most of all, it needs blankets, tar paper, nails and hammers to tack into rough shelters. And it needs clothing The people I saw there had everything they owned on their backs and they were blue with cold. And the snows then were still a month off. In this "health resort" ten per cent of the elders had malaria—unknown at such an altitude before—and in the crowded caves and wind-leaky shanties, tuberculosis thrived. All children had become pretuberculars with the glandular condition known here as adenitis.

Total of Victims Unknown

The Germans didn't kill as many outright, perhaps, as they did in Lidice, though there's no way of telling exactly. Half of Karpenision's inhabitants are still unaccounted for. How many died in the mountains of hunger, exposure and exhaustion, nobody knows.

The Germans did leave behind them, however, two time bombs—famine and homelessness—that may kill many more than their weapons. Allied officials trying to cope with the situation were resigned to the fact that in areas recently evacuated by the Germans, more Greeks might die this winter than during the occupation. The Germans planned it that way.

Money has disappeared in the mountains, and the "stabilization" effected by the so-called National Government in Athens by pegging the drachma at six hundred to the pound sterling and a hundred and fifty to the dollar in an effort to brake the inflation was just a distant rumor to the people up there. Physically they've reverted to cave dwelling. Economically they've reverted to barter. They swap one oka (about three pounds) of olive oil for one oka of meat; one of wheat for five lemons; one of wine for two of wheat.

One of the most recently evacuated regions was western Macedonia. Here's what a Red Cross investigator found in a small Macedonian town (total inhabitants, 2,060):

The Germans entered the village on March 18, 1944. Without warning they fired on a crowd of ninety-seven women and children. All were killed. One hundred and forty others were closed in a large barn and burned to death. Kani Kozinidon, aged forty-five, her five children, and two other women were used as targets for mortar practice. Kani Kozinidon survived with fourteen wounds. Sophia Jankou Argyrion had just given birth to twins. Mother and babies were burned in one of the houses.

All older persons of both sexes were gathered up, put into houses near the barn where the 140 had been cremated and were also burned. Schoolmistress Ane Stasia Souli was shot for refusing to dig her own grave. Inscriptions on walls of the town church made by German soldiers indicated that the women who'd been imprisoned there during the looting and burning had all been violated. Mrs. H. Adossides, a Red Cross investigator, said she found the burned hand of a small child outside one of the barns and the bodies of two men hanging by telephone wire in the public square.

No Limit to Destruction

Here the Germans destroyed a total of 1,300 houses and buildings, 2,400 horses, mules and cows, and 8,700 goats and sheep. Fifteen children who escaped the holocaust died of hunger in the hills. The total toll in human life was 303.

It was in Distomo, however, that the Germans achieved their masterwork of brutality. The town, situated on the sunny southern slope of Mount Parnassus, was a prosperous one of 1,960 inhabitants and 450 well-built houses belonging to farmers and shepherds. There were occasional clashes between the guerrillas and the Germans in that region, but the village had never participated. The Germans put a sign up in the village square that the place wasn't to be molested, as reward for its strict neutrality.

On June 19, 1944, eight truckloads of soldiers came up Levadhia road. Just for practice they killed six men working in roadside fields and seized twelve others as hostages. These were locked up in the Distomo schoolhouse. The Germans moved on to Stiri, the next town, and were ambushed on the way. The fight lasted two hours, and reinforcements came up—thirty-seven truckloads of soldiers and artillery. Five Germans were killed and four wounded.

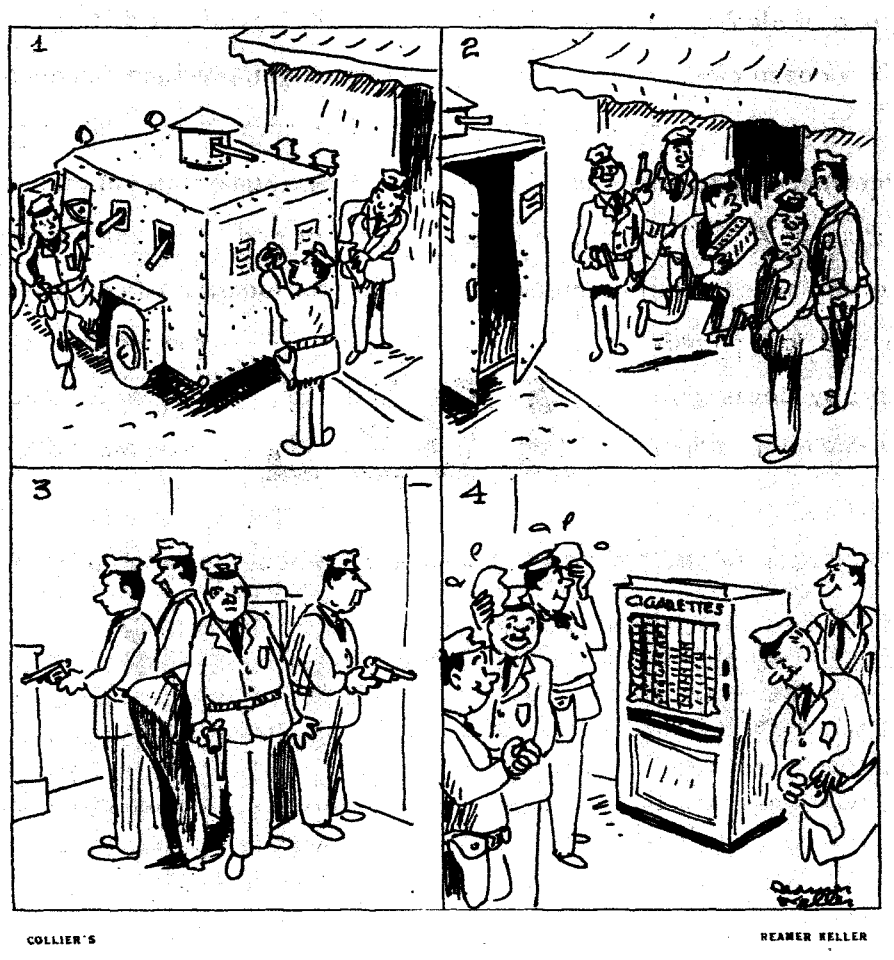
At four-thirty that afternoon, while the men of Distomo were in the pastures gathering up their flocks to bring them home for the evening, the Germans returned to the town. Immediately they executed the twelve hostages with machine guns outside the school. The inhabitants were ordered to shut themselves up in their houses to "keep out of harm's way." The Germans installed themselves on the rising ground around the village while others formed up in squads within the town. At five they received the signal.

Soldiers burst into the houses with knives, bayonets and guns. Fifty per cent of the town's children were killed. A girl, aged eleven, was raped so many times that she died. Efstathia Ralli was raped and her entire abdomen slit open. She was twenty. Giannoula Kyriakou, twenty; Eftichia Kinia, seventeen; and Demetra Karouzou, thirteen, and the child's mother died in the same way. The father of Efstathios Stathas, aged five, saw the calves of his son's legs sliced down to the heels and saw him finally killed with a knife. "Yes, they killed him," his father says. "But why did they torture him?" The father is a bit crazy now.

Among the survivors in all the towns I visited there were many mindless ones. There was one in Karpenision. He goes about with a shaved head and hollow face and with a tattered red blanket about his shoulders. He never speaks.

The Germans on the hillsides above Distomo mowed down the shepherds and goatherds and their flocks as the men and animals returned home. Then they fired the village. So far, 348 bodies have been found in Distomo. There are others, though, lying in the fields. I wonder if the "soft peace" boys would want to save the "good Germans" if they visited Distomo.

THE END



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THE DOUGH YOU BLOW —will bring U.S. woe!

What a boom we were handed by World War No. 1! Money came easily—went easily. Everybody was splurging on everything—from silk underwear to diamond sunbursts. Prices went skying. Sugar eventually hit 28¢ a pound!

Bye-bye, boom. Factories closed; men laid off. Prices and wages sinking fast. Wish we'd banked some of that dough we'd blown a few years back! With jobs scarce, that money would have come in mighty handy, then.

Prosperity. Stocks up fifty points in a week. Again everybody was buying everything—yachts, jewelry, stocks, real estate, regardless of cost. Depression? Phooey . . . we thought we'd found a way to lick depression.

Or had we? Bread lines, apple venders. WPA. "Brother, can you spare a dime?" No jobs. Prices dropping. Wages dropping. Everything dropping—except the mortgage on the house. "What goes up must come down." Depression follows a rise.

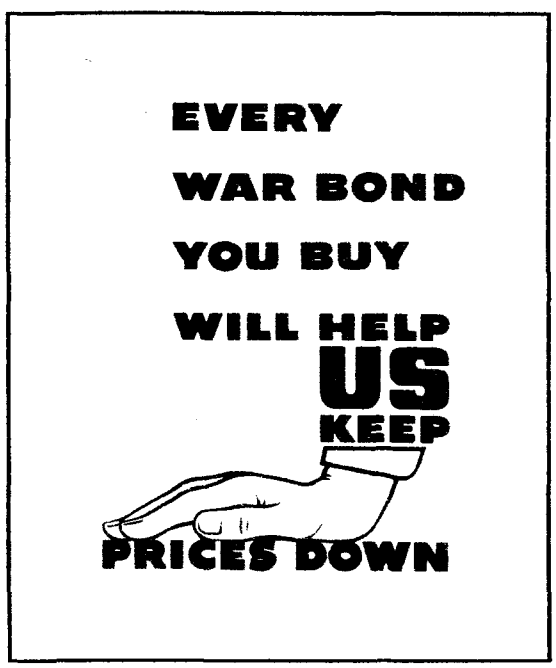
We're splurging again. Americans have been earning more money. But even today there are fewer goods to spend it on—so naturally prices are threatening to rise. We must keep them in check. DON'T LET *IT* ALL HAPPEN AGAIN!

---

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



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Della blinked and George saw two tears roll down her cheeks. "You have to take me off the banquet beat," she sobbed. "Mr. Monday says I'm horrible"

The Banquet Beat

BY ELIZABETH BORTON DE TREVINO

Most gentlemen like their girls slim. But George had his special reasons for preferring a double chin on Della

MISS DELLA DUCKWORTH was far from home and looking for a job. She had on a black pin-stripe tailored suit, a frilled white blouse, her clean white gloves, and a very nice pillbox she had made for herself out of the top of an oatmeal carton, some white ribbon and a bit of veiling. She had been to the Hotel Mauretaine on the corner, to the Lingerie Shop next door, and to the Travel Service Offices, next door to that. Nobody needed anybody. The Courier office was next. The Courier was a morning paper, but Della wasn't particular what work she got, as long as she got something, and soon. She was down to her last pair of stockings, her last twenty-dollar bill, and her last can of malted chocolate.

The city room of the Courier Building was large and unusually quiet; it was eleven in the morning, and George Travis sat at his desk, thinking that life was, despite occasional poker games on his night off, Maria Montez in the movies, and the excellence of the oyster stew at Monty's, rather a dull affair. Then Miss Della Duckworth appeared, and he glanced at her over the top of his horn-rims. Instantly he perceived a change going on inside of him such as happened to Dr. Jekyll. He felt himself gradually turning into a wolf.

"Could you use another man here?" asked Miss Duckworth. "I mean, do you need a reporter?"

"Sure do. Where is he?"

"I mean me. I'm a reporter."

"That so?"

George took a package of gum out of his vest pocket and offered her a stick. He was thinking hard. Something so cute was, by all the rules, also dumb. How could he arrange to keep her around long enough to give Mr. Hyde a chance? It would require a scheme.

"We don't hire women," he ventured.

"Why not?" quavered Della.

"They sit on desks and show too much stocking and get the boys' minds off their work. Besides, they aren't good reporters."

"Why not?"

"They get sentimental. They won't finish an assignment if it gets tough. And they get sick, and can't tackle snowstorms, and are always asking for time off to get married and have babies."

"I don't want any time off. I don't want any babies. I just want a job," said Della.

George put on his hat.

"We'll have lunch and talk this thing over," he said. "They make good oyster stew at Monty's."

They had two oyster stews each in almost complete silence. Then she sighed and smiled. She had dimples and there was a perceptible small space between her front teeth. George thought it adorable.

"Look," said Della. "I'm a liar. I have never done any reporting, except to Ma. But I have to have a job. If I can't get one I'll have to go home to Indiana."

"Well," said George. "We might give this thing a try. Ask me questions. Get the story of my life. Maybe I can make a reporter of you."

Della studied him with her round blue eyes.

"I don't have to ask you any questions," she said. "You are about thirty-four. You have been married ten years, and you are discouraged. Your wife doesn't comb her hair in the morning, and she makes meat loaf too often. Little Joey, he's three, has a bad head cold, and you don't know what to do because little Gertrude, she's eight, has to have her tonsils out next month."

George stared at the phenomenon in tender pride.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORA SMITH

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"You are hired," he said. "You have everything . . . the wild imagination, the human interest, the disrespect for facts. . . . You'll end up as a featured correspondent. Twenty a week, to start."

"Starting when?"

"Right now. Only I have to give you some rules. The Courier hasn't hired a woman in fifteen years, so you'll have to watch your step. Rule One: No sitting on desks, showing your stockings. Rule Two: No unnecessary conversation with the other reporters. You talk to me, instead. Rule Three: No dates with the city-room boys. Rule Four . . ."

"I wonder," said Della, "if we couldn't save the other rules. The first three will be tough enough, at the start."

"All right. What's your name?"

"Della Duckworth."

"Hello, Duckie," grinned George. He felt swell.

GEORGE put her on the churches the first week. She wasn't likely to meet any wolves, on that beat. The Courier had a big Sunday page devoted to religious services, and Della's job was to get a résumé of important sermons to be delivered, church projects, ladies' guild activities and other matters. She did reasonably well, but George didn't see the dimples too often until toward the end of the second week when she suddenly began to bloom.

George suspected the city-room boys and glanced nervously around at them. They all offered to sharpen Della's pencils; they dropped papers near her desk and remained to chat; they wanted to take her home after work. But she only shook her head, making all the little round brown curls bounce. The reporters were not discouraged, only puzzled. George saw them getting into huddles, talking it over, glancing toward Duckie and then toward himself. George walked over toward one of the huddles.

"Let her alone," he hissed, "or the whisky bottle in the gents' rest room will get mysteriously broken every day."

Terrified, they let her alone—for a few days.

Della came in on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by a young man. He was hatless, he had yellow curls and pink cheeks, and he did not wear glasses. Filthy, disgusting, smug type, thought George.

"Mr. Travis, this is Mr. Buckley, the assistant curate of the South Street Church," she beamed. "He's been so nice to me. We're going out to tea as soon as I do my story on the curate's sermon, for tomorrow."

"I'm afraid you can't go out to tea, Duckie," said George, "because you have to go over to South Boston to report a dock strike for me."

"Mr. Travis!" cried Della. "Are you taking me off the sanctimonious beat? Oh, darling! I've been so bored!"

Mr. Buckley looked pained. He remembered important business and excused himself.

"Funny thing," said George, after a phone call, during which he said umph twice, and humph once, "the dock strike's off. In fact, there never was one. But if you're hungry, we could have oyster stew at Monty's."

George put her on the Public Lectures beat. The lectures were scheduled in halls, in universities, in libraries, in clubs, and it seemed safe, George thought. For a while.

Duckie seemed to like the work and told George she would end up by getting educated, but George found himself worrying again. There seemed to be no vital reason for Della's new rose-colored suit, and the little purple beret and purple gloves. Something was up, there was no doubt about it. It was time, George thought wearily, to take a hand in things again.

One night, after she had tapped out her story and turned it in, George took her dancing. He was not usually addicted to dancing, but Duckie fitted into his arms as if tailored to his measure. They moved in rhythmic unison to the music; it was painful to stop.

"Does she still make meat loaf too often?" asked Della suddenly, looking at him searchingly, with the round blue eyes.

"Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays," droned George. "I am misunderstood at home, Duckie."

She opened her new purple purse and took out a piece of paper.

"Give her this," she said, "with my love. It's a recipe for a different kind of meat loaf. I got it from the Tasty Home Meals lecture yesterday at the cooking school."

"Thanks," said George. "And if I may be permitted a few insolent questions, why are you spending all your money on clothes? This new suit, and the flashy hat and gloves? Are you in love with somebody?"

"How do you know," crooned Della dreamily, "when it's really love?"

"You lose your appetite," said George. "And you get so you can't sleep. And you want to shave twice a day, and buy new neckties, and grow a mustache."

"I guess I'm not then," said Duckie. "Because I haven't lost my appetite. I'm hungry all the time. I could use an oyster stew right now."

Over the stew George told her he was thinking of moving her off the lecture beat and putting her on a few hot news stories. Woman's angle stuff. He waited for her to look at him with shining eyes and show the dimples and say "Darling!" But he only saw the downcast lashes, and the little hands playing nervously with the clasp of the purple purse.

"I was so interested in those physical education lectures, over at the Y," she murmured.

George considered. Oh, well, let the kid keep on with lectures, if she wanted to. Some muscle-bound female giving the lessons, probably.

He got a pain in the pit of his stomach the next day when she brought in a picture, attached to her first write-up on the physical education lectures. It was a photograph of Mr. Albert Monday, who did the lecturing. Mr. Albert Monday, said the guide line on the picture, The Perfect Man. You could count all Mr. Monday's muscles, one by one, if you had nothing better to do, and he had a face like a movie star, half Errol Flynn and half Charles Boyer. So that, thought George, was the chunk of mutton for whom innocent girls bought new purple hats and gloves.

George went to the washroom, thinking of the whisky, but the bottle was empty. He smashed it anyhow.

DELLA'S story on the first lecture was so lively, so gay, that the managing editor sent over a chit ordering that she make a daily feature of the lectures and interview Mr. Monday. George was obliged to deliver this revolting news himself, to Duckie.

After that, he scarcely spoke to Della all week but he watched her come and go, prettier than ever. Her stories were good; they were going over, and Mr. Monday and his loathsome muscles were to be seen every day in the Courier.

But on Saturday, early in the morning, long before she was required to show up, Della came in and sat down at her desk sadly. George saw her staring abstractedly at her covered typewriter. Love propelled him toward her.

"What's the matter?" he growled.

"Mr. Travis, how many times can you chin yourself?" she asked him in a mournful voice.

"No times," snorted George, "and I wouldn't if I could. Of all the nonfunctional, asinine, useless wastes of time, energy and vitamins . . ."

"I'm flabby," confessed Della. "And I am four pounds overweight, Mr. Monday says. He is giving me some special exercises. To harden me up. He can't abide flabby women."

"I like my girls soft," murmured George, wistfully.

"But I'm not your girl," answered Della tartly, "and I couldn't make a meat loaf if I tried. By the way, how is little Joey's cold?"

"Bad," answered George, crushed. "He coughs and snuffles all the time." He wandered disconsolately back to his desk. Then the thought came like a flash of lightning.

"Duckie," he said, going back to her desk, "I'm a little shorthanded this week. You've got those physical education lectures to cover, but they don't come on until eight. I'd like you to take over the banquet beat."

"The banquet beat?"

"Yeah. There's a banquet of the United Shoemakers, or the Brother Elks, or the Union of Female Truck Drivers, or something, every night at six in some hotel. They lay out the food, so it'll save you money. Just drop in for your assignment every day, get your supper at the banquet, give me a couple of sticks on it, and then go on to Mr. Muscles. Those banquets are pretty good sometimes. Fried chicken some places. Some places roast beef."

"All right," said Della.

GEORGE watched her like a hawk. She ought to put on ten pounds in a week, on the banquet beat, and Albert Monday would cast her into outer darkness. At first the expansion wasn't noticeable but then it began to happen. Her rose-colored suit got perceptibly tighter. Her rose-colored cheeks got rounder and rounder.

As she left her story on his desk one evening, Della lingered. "They have mostly creamed chicken," she said. "I adore creamed chicken."

George whistled at his work the rest of the night.

On Sunday he went calling on Della at her apartment. He took her a bunch of carnations, and she put them in a copper water pitcher. As she leaned over to arrange the flowers, George triumphantly counted two chins.

"Putting on a little weight, aren't you, Duckie?" he asked fondly.

Della blinked and he saw two crystalline drops roll down the round pink cheeks. He hadn't bargained for that. He jumped up and put his arms around her and pressed her head against his shoulder. She was plump, but it was nice to hold her. He did it as long as he could.

"You have to take me off the banquet beat," sobbed Della. "Mr. Monday says I'm horrible."

"The devil with him," said George.

"Yes, but I want to get off."

"Well," said George, who was now softened to a soggy pulp by woman's tears, "I'll take you off, cupcake. I'll put you on something else. Now, let's see . . ."

"I want to be on a murder," pleaded Duckie.

"A murder?" George drew back, startled. But then he remembered the Courier murder reporter . . . Drew, his name was. A middle-aged man with a paunch and a cigar and fishy eyes. Della ought to be safe on a murder, with Drew.

"We'll see," he agreed, benignly.

"Promise?" begged Della.

Her lips were close and seemed to invite a kiss. "I promise," said George, and he closed his eyes and leaned toward the kiss, but there was some miscalculation. She had turned her head or something. Oh well, thought George, after a little while things will begin to come my way. I can wait.

They walked over to the Courier office, arm in arm. It was just dusk, the gentle hour of diffused colors and thoughts of love.

(Continued on page 60)

Welcome, Sweet Springtime

According to the Old Farmer's Almanac, winter starts December 21st, the sun sets December 20th at 5:14 but stays up till 5:15 December 21st.

Though winter's just started,
This softens the bite:
The sunset comes later
And later each night.

I sing to the sun—
What a pal, what a friend!
To ease the beginning
By hailing the end!

—Margaret Fishback

EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT

THE FIRST OIL-O-MATIC was born of an emergency—the coal shortage of World War I. Although somewhat cumbersome in appearance, when compared with later models, that first Oil-O-Matic introduced the LO-PRESSURE principle which gives more than a quarter of a million owners an advantage offered by *no other oil burner*. Oil-O-Matic LO-PRESSURE features are exclusive, patent-protected. Oil-O-Matic owners know the peace of mind that comes from completely carefree comfort. Because Oil-O-Matic has the best digestion of all oil burners, owners get the utmost efficiency and economy from any prevailing heating oils. And, because of uncannily precise adjustments, Oil-O-Matic is able to convert a minimum of fuel into a maximum of even, healthful warmth. Oil-O-Matics are neither finicky to feed, nor finicky to adjust. The happy experience of owners—through a quarter of a century—*proves* that you can expect *more* from Oil-O-Matic.

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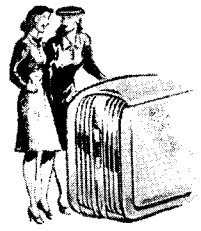
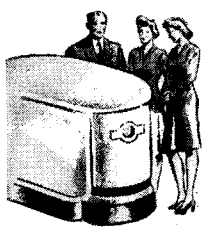

OIL-FIRED BOILERS


WINTER AIR CONDITIONERS

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The Week's Work

GEORGE KARGER-PIX

William O. Chessman

THERE are two good ways of finding out what a man is really like: By talking to the people who work for him, and by talking to the people for whom and with whom he works. Either way, William O. Chessman, Collier's art director, comes out very handsomely.

Mr. Chessman is a big, broad-shouldered man with a deep voice and an abrupt way of speaking. It is easy to see how, first off, he might appear to be a gruff go-getter sort of person. In fact, his seeming gruffness helped to draw him into Collier's in the first place. The former art director, Stuart Benson, had spoken to several people in the trade of Collier's need for a good art man.

"Do you know of a man," he asked, "who can fight with engravers?"

Somebody said, "Certainly! Bill Chessman's your man."

That was twenty years ago this month, and Bill Chessman, now known to everybody as "Chess," did indeed turn out to be Collier's man; only he never yet has been caught doing battle with engravers. His fighting method runs something like this, "Gee, I'm sorry, Hank, but we have to make this change. Think you can do it without too much trouble?"

As for artists, they swear by Chess. Just mention him, and they start off on a eulogy that begins "I'd rather work for Chess than anybody in the business.". . . One after another, they say things like that, and we aren't spreading it on a bit.

One thing they like, it seems, is that Chess says exactly what he means. He is honest about due dates, for instance. He never says "Rush" to an artist when there is no rush. But if he says, "I've got to have that picture Wednesday morning," he means it, and the artist will sit up all night if necessary, so as not to let Chess down.

If he doesn't like a picture, Chess doesn't bother waving his hands around and talking mysteriously about composition and point of view and things. He just tugs at his hair in a characteristic gesture of sorrow and says, "It stinks; that's all." Some of Chess' best friendships have grown out of arguments that started with those words, "It stinks." And in dealing with editors, he uses the same directness, even if it means a head-on collision of opinion. Nobody is ever in any doubt as to where he stands with Chess.

He never tries to do an artist's work for him, ordering him to place the girl here, the boy there, and the flower in the right-hand corner. He says, "I think the men we hire are better artists than I am. That's why we hire them. *So I give them their head. They've turned out* some fine original stuff for us that way."

Chess is always ready to experiment. Under his guidance, Collier's was one of the first publications to use splashy, poster-type illustrations. He and his artists decided that the standard boy-and-girl clinch was pretty tiresome, and they rang a lot of wholesale changes on love-scene illustrations. He has okayed "quality" art work of the kind that used to be considered too high-brow for a popular magazine—and the readers like it.

Chess lives in the country with a pretty wife and a blond 14-year-old daughter, and his chief off-hour pleasures are chess and his carpentry shop. He delights to build fences and cupboards and tables, and his unusual recreation room was his personal creation. If something electrical breaks down, he rubs his hands together and settles down for a happy hour of repair work.

Mario Cooper, Collier's artist, remembers one cold New Year's Eve when his furnace broke down just as he and his wife and the Chessmans were starting out for a party. "Chess tossed off his coat, put on an old work shirt, and together we took the furnace apart and put it together again. When we finished, Chess said, 'I'd rather do that, you know, than go to a party.' "

RICHARD CURT HOTTELET, the war correspondent who wrote The Victor of Aachen, p. 17, has led a pretty risky kind of life these last few years, and as a fighting-front reporter with the First Army for the Columbia Broadcasting System, he's still in an exposed position. But one small risk, at least, has passed. He can now communicate with his wife freely, without danger of arrest.

His letters to his wife, then his fiancée, helped to get him imprisoned in Berlin shortly before America's entry into the war. As a United Press correspondent in Berlin, he visited the British Embassy, and there met the girl who was to become his wife. When the war forced her to return to London, he had to devise trick ways of communicating with her. The U.P. in New York understood that if Hottelet's cables spoke of "orchids," the message was meant for his London girl, and they sent it on. The Nazis were less understanding. When they arrested him they cited the "orchid" messages as some sort of dangerous code, and slapped him into prison. He was exchanged to the U.S. in 1941 and soon after went to London for CBS and married the girl. They now have a child. . . . A. P.

Richard C. Hottelet

The Banquet Beat

Continued from page 59

"Were you very much in love?" asked Della suddenly.

"Oh, off and on," said George. "Never seriously."

"But you got married," accused Della, bitterly.

"Oh, that. Well . . ."

"I don't know why you had to go and marry her, and have Gertrude and that sniffly Joey."

"Listen, baby, I didn't. You wished 'em on me. All three. And the meat loaf too. I am as free as air."

"But you never denied them."

"It seemed pleasant, at the time, having all the credit of a family, with none of the upkeep."

"I see. You think it would be too expensive to get married?"

"Too expensive and too much trouble. I intend to keep on being a happy bachelor," lied George in his teeth.

Della was silent, and George wondered if he had a chance at last. Sometimes, he thought humbly, a girl will hook in to a guy, just because she thinks it would be triumph to *actually get a hard-shelled and protesting* bachelor to the altar. He smiled at her with his most debonair and devil-may-care grin.

THAT very night, a murder broke. Girl found pinned to the floor of a bakery with a large bread knife through her throat. In the Italian district.

"Drew!" bawled George. "Murder!"

Drew hurried over, chewing his cigar.

"Miss Duckworth!"

"Here I am," caroled Duckie.

"Murder in a bakery on Hanover Street. See what you can get on it."

Drew removed his cigar.

"You mean she's on the story?" He looked at Della as if he thought she had forgotten to wipe her nose for at least a day.

"Why not?" demanded Della. "I speak fluent Italian."

"Ha ha," said Drew, without humor. "Well, come along, girlie. We'll take a look at the corpse first. Maybe that'll learn you."

"Remember now, Duckie," counseled George. "Drew does the facts. You put in the sobs."

"Yes, darling!" said Duckie, and she pattered after Drew and out of sight.

She phoned in her stories, and George didn't see her again for three days. Then Drew came in one afternoon to write one copy and he called all the boys around him and began to brag about Della. He acted now as if he personally had discovered her. George edged quietly into the group.

"The kid really can speak Italian," said Drew. "She got the girl's mother to tell the story of her life, and now she claims the thing is an inside job, a family affair. She's going to call me here; thinks she will have a hot tip for me today. Nobody else but Della has been able to get anywhere near the dead girl's family. What I can't figure," he said, "is how George ever picked her, because she actually has brains, that kid has."

"Why you . . ." began George furiously.

"And she's cute, too," went on Drew. "Why you ought to see Abe Flexner of the Globe. He follows her around like a lost sheep. And poor old Abe next to the best murder reporter in this town . . . I'm the best. It's out of this world, the way he looks at her."

George cleared his throat.

He couldn't rest after that. He went to the file room and pulled out some old copies of the Globe. Abe Flexner. Yes. There was his picture, a good-looking, dark-eyed kid *with even white teeth.* George went to the washroom and had some of the whisky. He felt terrible. His little Duckie out among the wolves. Wolves like that Flexner ape. And he had done it himself.

But as the evening wore on he began to get hold of himself again. After all, he reasoned, one mustn't deaden one's brain, when one's loved one is in danger. One must plot. He wanted a plot by which he could flummox Flexner.

Della's tip came in and it was hot. Drew did a front-page story on the solution of the murder mystery, and George ordered Della back and made her do a story too. He slapped it on page one and gave her a by-line. Not only that, he put in a box, saying, "Courier girl reporter scoops the world on Bread-knife Murder."

George had been a reporter once himself, and he figured that love would turn to hate in the bosom of the scooped.

George gave Della a raise and took her to Monty's for a stew. He asked her about the case.

"It was thrilling," cried Della. "I just

"We didn't have to use artificial snow this year. That's the real thing"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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